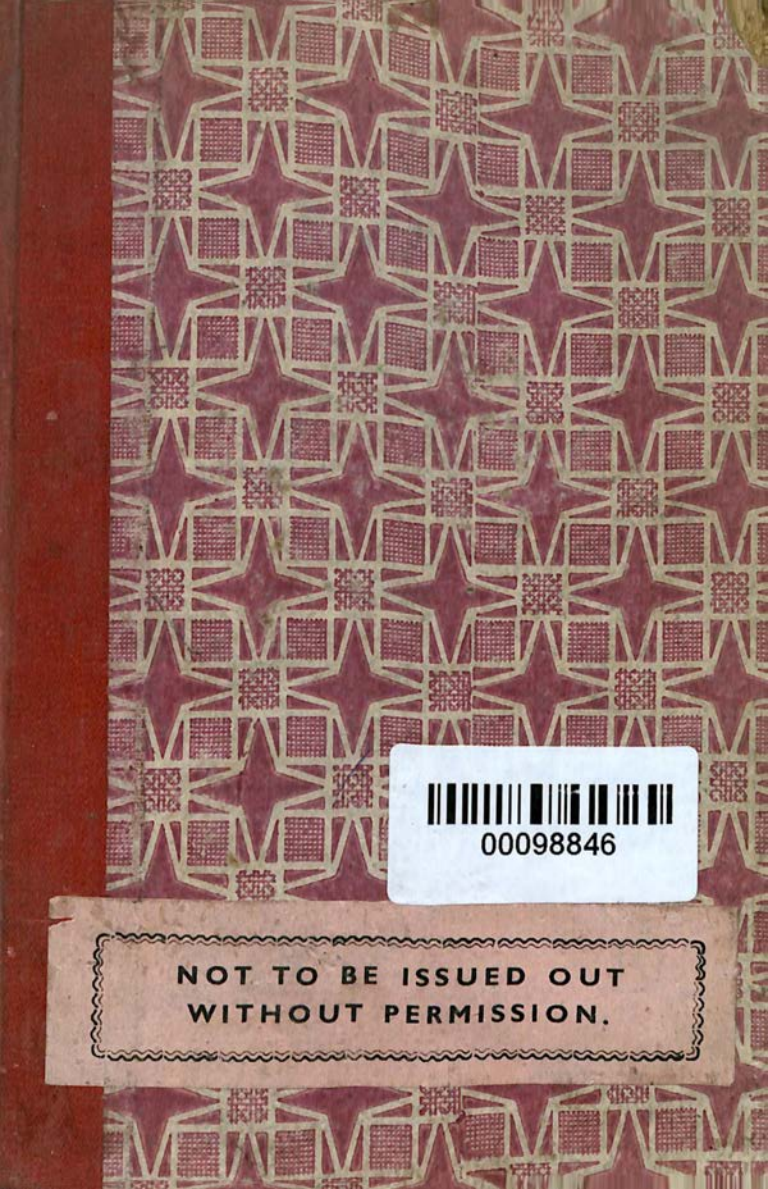
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# LETTERS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD

# Letters

of

# Matthew Arnold

1848-1888

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL

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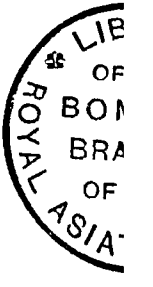
"O world, as God has made it! All is beauty:
And knowing this is love, and love is duty."

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# LETTERS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD

## *To Lady de Rothschild.*

THE ATHENÆUM, *January* 28, 1869.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—I hope a copy of my book[1] has to-day gone to you; and I have also sent a copy of it to Mr. Disraeli, as I told you I should. It will be very kind of you if you will tell him that it needs no acknowledgment, but that I should like him to look through the Preface about the Nonconformists and disestablishment.

I look forward with great interest to your reading what I have said, and am inclined to think you will not, in general, disapprove. And now I have done with social and political essays for a long time to come.

I have been examining a multitude of pupil teachers this morning, and heard that I should see you the first day I go to the Free School. But in March I mean to propose quartering myself for at least one night if not two at Aston Clinton. With kind regards there, believe me, dear Lady de Rothschild, ever most sincerely yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## *To his Mother.*

HARROW, *February* 4, 1869.

The Italian Government has proposed to me to take charge of Prince Thomas of Savoy, the young

[1] *Culture and Anarchy: an Essay in Political and Social Criticism.* 1869.

Duke of Genoa, and have him to live here with my own boys while he is at Harrow. Everybody seems to think it a most desirable thing, and, as I had something to do with the original project of his coming here, I have promised to take him, sooner than that the project of sending him here should fail. The General who has been his Governor is gone over to Italy to see the Duchess of Genoa, the Prince's mother, about it, and Count Maffei has written to General Menabrea, so that in a few weeks it will be settled. Flu has no objection to the boy's coming, and she, after all, is the person most concerned by his coming, and, as I told Count Maffei, the person who will do most for his welfare. The Continent has so much interest for me that I should not at all dislike this connexion with it, and I think the children would like it very much. His Governor would live in London, and come down on Sundays to take the Prince up to his chapel, and so on, and we should have neither governor nor priest living in the house.

M. A.

*To the Same.*

HARROW, *February* 20, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—The middle of next month will suit us to perfection, and you must give us as long as ever you can. We shall all talk and think much of your coming, now that the time has been named, so you must not disappoint us. To-day it is quite beautiful here, and the apricot-trees are quite covered with blossom. One of Flu's daffodils is now quite out, and the others are coming up delightfully. I had a capital game of racquets with Dick before luncheon, and now I am going to walk to the station with Flu and the little girls to give some message about a parcel;

we shall have Rover[1] with us. I shall be very glad for you to make better acquaintance with Rover. Atossa,[2] or Toss, as we generally call her, now lies stretched out on the floor by me, letting the sunshine bathe all her deep, rich, tawny fur over her stomach; her ways are beautiful, as you will see when you have been with her a day. I did not dine with K. yesterday, but shall on Monday. Huxley wanted me to dine with him last night at the annual dinner of the Geological Society, of which he is President, telling me I should hear Bright speak. But neither Bright nor William Forster, who was also to have been there, came; but there was the Duke of Argyll, and Lord de Grey, and Arthur Stanley. Huxley wanted me to speak, but this I always arrange beforehand, if I go to one of these dinners, not to be called upon to do; after-dinner speaking is a thing of which the conditions are such that it is almost impossible to do it well, and I leave it to the public men whose business it is. Huxley himself is an admirable speaker. Stanley made a poor speech for the Church. The two lords made the best speeches after Huxley. Huxley brought in my *Culture and Anarchy*, and my having made game of him in the Preface, very well in one of his speeches. Arthur Stanley moved his chair round to me after dinner, and told me of his delight with my Preface, and how entirely the ideas of it—particularly those of a passage about Constantine—were exactly what papa would have approved. I have also had an interesting letter from Lord Lytton about the book, which I will send you soon. Dr. William Smith, of the *Quarterly Review*, came up to me a day or two ago with his hand held out, saying he forgave me all I had said about him and the *Quarterly*, which, he added, was a great deal, for the sake of the truth and usefulness of

[1] A retriever. [2] A Persian cat.

what I had said about the Nonconformists. He said he was born a Nonconformist, was brought up with them, and had seen them all his life, so he was a good judge. The Preface is much read in London, and will be more, I think, as the questions on which it turns are more and more prominent. Meanwhile, the Liberal newspapers one and all attack it, and this, too, they are likely to do more and more. The *Spectator* has an article to-day, not on this book, but on my *Macmillan* lecture,[1] in which —— shows his strange aptitude for getting hold of the wrong end of the stick, entirely misapprehending my use of the terms *modern* and *adequate*. For instance, I call both our literature and Roman literature quite as *modern* as Athenian literature, only incomparably less *adequate*. When I say *adequate* —— makes me say *modern*, which is just an embroilment of all my real doctrine. Coleridge on Keble[2] I have read. There is much to interest me, and there must be more to interest you; but my one feeling when I close the book is of papa's immense superiority to all the set, mainly because, owing to his historic sense, he was so wonderfully, for his nation, time, and profession, European, and thus so got himself out of the narrow medium in which, after all, his English friends lived. I said this to Stanley last night, and he quite agreed. My love to Fan and to Rowland. I wish she could come with you.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

## *To the Same.*

HARROW, *February* 27, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I am rather pressed for time, so I take a small piece of paper. I went out for

[1] "On the Modern Element in Literature." See vol. i. p. 56.

[2] *A Memoir of the Rev. John Keble, M.A.*, by the Right Hon. Sir J. T. Coleridge. 1869.

my walk with Rover, and met Mr. Templer, who has some pigs I wanted to look at, so I went back with him to his house, looked at his pigs, and bought one of them. Then I had to look at all his other animals, and see four or five horses trotted out, and this took a long while. It is a wonderfully clear, bright day with a cold wind, so I went to a field on the top of the hill, whence I can see the clumps of Botleys and the misty line of the Thames, where Tommy lies at the foot of them. I often go for this view on a clear day. Then I went homewards, and met Flu and Georgina, who is down for the day, and after we had seen Georgina into the omnibus to return to London, I took Flu to the view. Then I came home while she went to five o'clock church, and since then I have had a capital game at racquets with Curtis, a friend of Budge's, and have been round the garden to talk to the gardener and look at the wild daffodils, which are coming on beautifully. Flu and I have been asked to dine with the De Greys next Saturday. She will not go there or anywhere else at present, but as Lord de Grey is my official chief, and I also met him at the Geological dinner, so he knows I go out, I thought I could not but accept, but I have, in general, refused all invitations, and mean to till after Easter. I send you the letters, which you will like to see. Fan may as well keep Lord Lytton's. Mr. White is a leading Independent minister, and is the man quoted in the Preface, which I am glad you liked. However much I may be attacked, my manner of writing is certainly one that takes hold of people and proves effective. I hear on all sides of the Preface being read, and making an impression. The *Daily News* had more reality than I expected—far more than the *Morning Star*. Miss Martineau has always been a good friend to me. I am amused at her rebuking the *Daily News* editor. You will be greatly pleased with

Stanley's article on Keble in the new *Macmillan*. It is full of things you will like. When I was at the Athenæum yesterday, in the morning-room, Alexander, the Bishop of Derry, came up and introduced himself to me, and while we were talking up came Magee, the Bishop of Peterborough, and joined us; and there I stood for a long time talking to my two bishops, to the amusement of some people in the room, which was very full. My love to dear Fan. In about a fortnight we shall see you, I hope. It will be delightful.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

*To the Same.*

KNEBWORTH, *May* 12, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—Our letters crossed last week, and now I write to you from a place very unlike the classroom of a British school, from which I wrote to you last week. This place of Lord Lytton's stands well on a hill in the pretty part of Hertfordshire. It is a house originally of Henry VII.'s reign, and has been elaborately restored. The grounds, too, are very elaborate, and full of statues, kiosks, and knick-knacks of every kind. The house is a mass of old oak, men in armour, tapestry, and curiosities of every description. But, like Lord Lytton himself, the place is a strange mixture of what is really romantic and interesting with what is tawdry and gimcracky; and one is constantly coming upon stucco for stone, rubbish from Wardour Street instead of real old curiosities, and bits in the taste of a second-rate Vauxhall stuck down in a beautiful recess of garden. The house loses, no doubt, by my seeing it so soon after Hatfield, which is a first-rate to a second-rate compared with this at its best. But this might be a much more impressive

place than it is if it had been simply treated. Lord Lytton is kindness itself, but theatrical in his reception of us, and in his determination to treat the Prince as a royal personage. The Prince, who is a dear boy, of whom I am getting quite fond, behaves admirably, but would much rather be let alone. Last week I was staying with the Gibsons at Saffron Walden, the quietest of rich Quakers; now I am staying here. On Wednesday I go to the Rothschilds—changes enough! The most pleasing thing about Lord Lytton is his humanity. He goes into the cottages of the poor people, and they seem to adore him. They have known him ever since he was a boy, and call him Sir and Mr. instead of My Lord, and when they correct themselves and beg pardon he says, "Oh, never mind that." He wrote and asked me to bring either Budge or Dick, or both, but they could not have their exeat yet, and neither of them cared much to come. The Prince, with his Italian tastes, finds this place Gothic and oppressive, and says he greatly prefers Byron House. There is a Mr. Julian Young staying here, very pleasant company, who knew Edward at Torquay, and I have heard Edward talk of him. There is also Lady Sherborne, who used to live close by Charlton, and who knew Edward there. I like her. Last night we had the Catholic priest from Hertford at dinner, and this morning the Prince and General were sent over to Hertford to Mass in Lord Lytton's carriage—ten miles. To-night the rector of Knebworth dines here. The church is in the park, at a stone's-throw from the door. In this vile east wind everything looks harsh and gloomy, but the park, with its trees, deer, and water, is really beautiful. We depart at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, and till Wednesday I am quiet at home. Before I left yesterday I saw dear Flu start for Laleham in a waggonette with

two greys, and Rover barking before them. She had the two little girls, Mrs. Tuffin, and Price on the box. They were laden with plants, wreaths, and flower-crosses for the dear graves, and I was very glad Flu should have an opportunity of making this expedition, which has been long in her mind. On Tuesday she will go up and see her mother, as I shall be at home. I have leave for Chenies, the Duke of Bedford's trout-fishing in Buckinghamshire, on Thursday and Friday, and the Rothschilds will probably drive me over there from Aston Clinton. This evening the east wind is breaking in rain, and I do hope I shall have good weather, by which I mean soft, wet, cloudy, or blowing weather, for these two days. I have finished the proof of my poems, and have put several geographical notes, for instance to *Resignation* and to *Obermann*, which I think will add to the interest. The University printers have done the book admirably. I expect it will be out in a fortnight. My love to Fan and to dear Mary and her boys.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

*To the Same.*

HARROW, *June* 5, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—At Fox How to-day it must be quite heavenly, and how I wish I was there! I have had a hard week, and indeed my work will not leave me a single free day till the end of July. But from the 1st of August I shall be free and ready for Fox How whenever you like. The summer holidays here are a strict six weeks, and end quite early in September. . . .

My book[1] was out yesterday. This new edition is

[1] *Poems*, two volumes. 1869.

really a very pretty book, but you had better not buy it, because I am going to give it Fan, and shall bring it with me to Fox How, and the order of arrangement in this edition is not quite the final one I shall adopt. On this final order I could not decide till I saw this collected edition. The next edition will have the final order, and then the book will be stereotyped. That edition I shall then have bound, and give you. I expect the present edition will be sold out in about a year. Macmillan tells me the booksellers are subscribing very well for it. My poems represent, on the whole, the main movement of mind of the last quarter of a century, and thus they will probably have their day as people become conscious to themselves of what that movement of mind is, and interested in the literary productions which reflect it. It might be fairly urged that I have less poetical sentiment than Tennyson, and less intellectual vigour and abundance than Browning; yet, because I have perhaps more of a fusion of the two than either of them, and have more regularly applied that fusion to the main line of modern development, I am likely enough to have my turn, as they have had theirs. Two articles in *Temple Bar*, one on Tennyson, the other on Browning, are worth reading, both for their ability, and as showing with what much greater independence those poets are now judged, and what much more clearly conceived demands are now made both upon them and upon any modern poet. Jane will very likely have told you that my chance of a commissionership under William's Bill[1] seems small, Gladstone stopping the way. This is natural enough, and if I can get income enough to be at ease, I can hardly bring myself to wish for a position which will substitute, more than my present position, administrative work for literary, which latter work is, after all, my true business.

[1] The Endowed Schools Act, 1869.

I have been reading a book by Reuss, a French Protestant, on the first development of a theology out of data supplied by Christianity, which papa would have delighted in. You know that Stanley has been at the General Assembly of the Scotch Church. He says he heard my Preface most intelligently quoted by one of their divines. My love to Aunt Jane, Fan, and Rowland.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

*To the Same.*

HARROW, *June* 12, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—It was in my scheme of yesterday to write to you, but after being at work on school reports all the morning I went out a drive with Flu and the little girls at half-past three, and as we came back was put down at the cricket-ground to look for a few minutes at a match between a Cambridge club and the boys here. The match was a very good one, and on the ground I met such a number of people I knew that I was kept longer than I meant, and when I got back here the General was come, and all hope of writing at an end. Yet to-day and yesterday are anniversaries[1] on which I would not fail of writing to you. They remind us well how little time has to do with the things of the spirit; since, measured by time, Papa's absence from us is greater than his presence with us, but measured by reality how much greater is this last! The drive we took yesterday was to Belmount, an isolated round green hill rising out of this plain, and with the chain of high ground of Stanmore, Mill Hill, Hampstead, and Harrow surrounding it. We left the carriage in a green lane at the foot, and walked over the grass among magnificent trees to the top;

[1] Of Dr. Arnold's birth and death.

and there, just below us, I showed them Canons,[1] where papa was with the Plumers in his early life, when so much was commencing in him. The country is beautiful just now, and I should very much like you and Fan to see it once in its summer fulness. The hay harvest is going on everywhere, and is a very good one; but it gives hay fever to Budge and the Prince. Fanny Lucy is happily exempt thus far.

The Prince is troubled in his mind about Spain,[2] but dismisses the thought as much as possible. It is a matter of which I shall be able to talk to you, but I cannot write. I heard the other day from Morier, the British Resident at Darmstadt, that Princess Alice is quite fascinated with my *Culture and Anarchy*, uses all its phrases, and knows long bits by heart. The Crown Princess is now reading the book. You will see that it will have a considerable effect in the end, and the chapters on Hellenism and Hebraism are in the main, I am convinced, so true that they will form a kind of centre for English thought and speculation on the matters treated in them. I dine to-morrow with the Merivales, to meet Lord Lawrence, whom I have never met. My love to Fan, Aunt Jane, and Rowland. How delicious would Fox How be this early Sunday morning! I write before breakfast.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

*To Lady de Rothschild.*

The Athenæum, *Monday, June* 14, 1869.

Dear Lady de Rothschild—Alas! the speeches *are* on the 1st of July, but Mrs. Butler is going to

[1] Near Edgware; once the residence of Sir John Plumer, Master of the Rolls, 1818-1824.

[2] A majority of the Cortes decided to offer the Crown of Spain to Prince Thomas of Savoy, Duke of Genoa, October 3, 1869. It was declined January 1, 1870.

send you an invitation, and I think you had much better come, as a speech-day is a thing to see once. I will get back from London in time to call for you at Dr. Butler's (where Lord Charles Russell will be lunching), and take you down to Byron House for five o'clock tea before you return to London for your dinner. This is not so good an arrangement as your dining with us, but it is better than your not coming to Harrow at all, which I know will be the upshot if you do not come to the speeches.

I am beginning to think seriously about Wildbad, and shall try perhaps to get some information from Baroness Meyer. Mr. Baillie, the Baden chargé d'affaires, who is now over here, recommends it strongly, and says if we go in August he will come over there for some time from Baden, and as I like both him and his wife very much, this is a further inducement.—Ever most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To his Mother.*

THE ATHENÆUM, *June* 18, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I return you dear K.'s note. I hope some day, in an article on Frederick Robertson, to say something as to the character of the impulse which papa gave to the life and thought of the generation which felt his influence; and I hope to do it in a way you will like. Crabb Robinson's *Memoir*,[1] just published, is full of mentions of papa and of Fox How, but the book is far too long, and has much that is twaddling. It is quite settled, I imagine, that I am not to be one of the three Commissioners under William's Bill; and I am well content, though I should have been interested in the

[1] See vol. i. p. 351.

work had it fallen to me to do. But the work these Commissioners will do is not in the least the real work I want to see done in secondary education; and it is better, I am convinced, at least for me, to act upon the public mind till it is willing to employ the means that are really required, rather than to labour at doing what can be done with the imperfect means it is at present prepared to concede. For instance, the real thing is to substitute a skilled and much simpler machinery for the endless Boards of Trustees scattered all over the country; but the public mind is not prepared for this, so William's Commissioners are to deal with all the Boards of Trustees seriatim, and try and persuade or compel them to improve the trusts committed to their charge. It is something to do this, but the main thing is to bring the public mind to allow you to do more than this; and it is in this line that I have worked, and am likely to continue to work.

As a clergyman's son I am pleased at the figure the Bishops are cutting in the Lords' debate; and after all that is said against the old training, how infinitely superior is the Lords' debate on the second reading of the Irish Church Disestablishment Bill, conducted by men who have had the old training, to that in the Commons, where half the people are new men, with the training, supposed to be so much better, of business and practical life! I very often see the Bishop of Peterborough here. He appears to have perfectly charmed his audience. Thirlwall spoke admirably, and the Archbishop very well. The Archbishop of York speaks to-night. He will speak for the second reading, but will not vote, and he tells me that Tait will not vote for it either. The Bishop of Oxford will both vote and speak for it.[1] The second reading

[1] Both the English Archbishops and the Bishop of Oxford abstained from voting on the second reading.

is sure to be carried, and I think the House of Commons will also accept the Lords' amendments, which will make the material condition of Irish incumbents a good deal better. It is mainly to this point they will go, I believe.

I write now because to-morrow I shall be fishing at Wotton with Dick, who leaves Harrow by the 6.30 train after school this afternoon. I meet him at Euston, and we reach Dorking at half-past eight or nine, where we shall find Evelyn's carriage waiting for us. I think we shall return on Sunday evening. You seem to have had terrible weather in Westmoreland; here it is cold, but the wet will do for our fishing. My love to Fan and Aunt Jane.—Ever, my dearest mother, your most affectionate M. A.

*To the Same.*

HARROW, *June* 26, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I wrote last to you just before I went to Wotton, where we had two very pleasant days, though the fishing is a little too preserved and tame for my taste. But the country is beautiful, and the fishing, which was a little too lazy for me, just suited Dick, who got twelve large trout, besides small ones which he threw in again. We went to the top of Leith Hill, which is a noble, wild scene of heath and scattered pines and whortleberries, with an immense view. Wotton is itself most picturesque, and the Elizabethan quadrangle in front, with two griffins keeping guard over the entrance, dogs lying on the grass plot, and a charming mediæval-sounding clock from the clock tower, made one feel in a dream. On Thursday I dined with Fanny du Quaire, and

met Browning, Gabriel Rossetti, the artist, and Lady Llanover's daughter, Mrs. Herbert of Llanarth; it was rather pleasant. . . . To-day we have one of the masters and his wife to dinner to meet the General. I cannot explain by letter all about the Prince and the throne of Spain, but it is just ascertained, to the poor boy's intense relief, that nothing will be done immediately, or probably for some months to come. Most likely he will come back to us next term, which at one time we did not think likely; and indeed it is not impossible the whole thing may go off, and he may remain here the three years at first intended. We like him more and more, and if he stays with us we must bring him to Fox How some day.

I looked in to see the match between Rugby and Marlborough at Lords the other day. Rugby had it hollow, but there were not enough people there, and I scolded Jane for not going. I shall go on the 28th of next month with Flu and the boys to see the match between Rugby, which has a splendid bowler this year, and the Marylebone Club. . . . The *Spectator's* review [1] was a very satisfactory one, and will do the book good. I suppose I must change back the "Gipsy Child" to its old form, as no one seems to like the new one. It is absurd to quarrel with the multiplication of editions this time; this is a collected edition rendered necessary by the poems being out of print. Swinburne writes to urge me to reprint the "New Sirens," but I think that had better wait for a posthumous collection.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

[1] Of the *Poems*.

*To the Same.*

HARROW, *July* 17, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—The heat is over 80 under the shade of the trees in the garden, and in the house, with all we can do to keep the house cool, it is 75. We had two or three hours' hard rain one morning this week, and this prevents things from looking burnt up, as they were this time last year, but the heat is as great as any we had last year. I have seen mention of rain and storms in the north, but Northumberland was the only county specially mentioned. Tell me what your weather has been this past week. It is now that I feel inspecting most trying, for the railway carriages get baked, and the incessant travelling in them in the heat of the day is fatiguing; however, I have only a fortnight more of it. Flu is gone to London to-day. She has been gay this week, for on Tuesday we dined at the Star and Garter with the Leafs—a party of some thirty people,—and I send you the bill of fare which, with a bouquet, was in every one's plate, that you may see what one of these Richmond dinners given by a rich City man is. The Leafs drove us back in their open carriage, first by Isleworth and the river, and then by Osterley Park. This was delicious, and dear old Rover ran all the way to Richmond and back with the carriage. Then last night the Farrars gave an "at home," to which, as he is Dick's tutor, we felt bound to go. He has the one fine house in Harrow, the house which was Lord Northwick's, with a handsome entrance and large rooms; and really it all looked like a very good evening party in a grand house in London. To-night we have the equerry who has relieved the General, a M. dal Verme, and the Abbé, but no one else. The Abbé is a

simple, retiring old gentleman, and will not come if there is any party. On Wednesday we have the Forsters, and the Farmers are coming to meet them. I consider Farmer,[1] on the whole, the most interesting person here. He has genius in his own line, and his origin and antecedents—he was the son of a Nottingham Chartist workman, and has been out in the streets throwing stones at the military—make his experiences something exceptional. Tommy's song[2] is going to be sung at the concert by Forbes, the boy whose singing he himself most admired. But every one has been delightful about it, and Gore, the head of the eleven, who is a good singer, and was with Tom in the choir, has also expressed a wish to sing it. How I should like dear Fan to hear it with us! I must go, for Farmer has begged me to. You would like to hear the children talk about Fox How—the House of Paradise, as Dick calls it. I am sorry to find Edward is really going to Norway. You see how the Irish Church Bill is going. What made the proposition[3] of the Lords so weak was that the Lords did not seem to recommend it with their whole heart, but rather to stumble into it, as a means of altering the Bill. One cannot imagine the Lords originating such a proposition from a pure love of justice, if Gladstone's counter-project had not been there. The Protestant Dissenters will triumph, as I was sure they would. But I am equally sure that, out of the House and the fight of politics, I am doing what will sap them intellectually, and what will also sap the House of Commons intellectually, so far as it is ruled by the Protestant Dissenters; and more and more I

[1] John Farmer, organist of Harrow School, and afterwards of Balliol College.

[2] "Good Night and Good Morning." Words by Lord Houghton, set to music by Matthew Arnold's eldest boy.

[3] Concurrent Endowment.

am convinced that this is my true business at present. I am really surprised myself at the testimonies I continually receive to the influence which my writings are gaining. The Irish Lord Chancellor O'Hagan asked Sir John Simeon to introduce him to me the other day, and spoke to me in a way which astonished me of his interest in my works. He said he was all for concurrent endowment, but it would break up the Liberal party: Simeon said the same. You should have seen last week's *Saturday;* there were three, if not four mentions of papa in it. All of them you would have liked. Read the life of a Father Hanaghan, or some such name, written by Bishop Ullathorne. The *Saturday* said he reminded them of papa, and there is truth in the parallel.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

*To the Same.*

THE ATHENÆUM, *August* 2, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—Flu wrote to you last week, so I left my letter that it might precede us by only a day. The children look forward to coming more than I have ever known them do, and the "House of Paradise" is the ordinary name by which Dick describes Fox How. This naturally adds to my pleasure in coming, which does not need any addition. Every year I come I like it more, and I was saying the other day that if any one were now to ask me whether I would sooner be going to Switzerland in August or going to Fox How, I could honestly say Fox How. We have had no hard rain since Wednesday, on which day it poured from about seven in the morning till one in the afternoon; since that we have had one or two showers, but no more. The sky, however, is very cloudy and unsettled, the glass keeps falling, and we hear

of rain and storms all about. It appeared by your letter that you did not have Wednesday's rain, but by this time the familiar drops must surely have descended, and there must be water in the pipes again. I so hate to see the grass burnt and the watercourses dry that I hope you will have had a good soaking downfall before we come. Will you order a carriage to meet us as usual by the half-past four train at Windermere? We leave Willesden, as last year, by the 9.9 train. I have to-day done my last piece of official business; to-morrow I shall be making all my preparations at home. I have just parted with dear old Edward, who starts for Norway with rather a heavy heart, and with an ice belt to prevent sea sickness. . . . He would much rather be coming with us to Fox How. He and his boy came to us on Saturday, and we had a pleasant day together yesterday. On Saturday Flu and I went together to Laleham. It was exactly a year since we had driven there with darling Tommy and the other two boys to see Basil's grave; he enjoyed the drive, and Laleham, and the river, and Matt Buckland's garden, and often talked of them afterwards. And now we went to see *his* grave, poor darling. The two graves are a perfect garden, and are evidently the sight of the churchyard, where there is nothing else like them; a path has been trodden over the grass to them by people coming and going. It was a soft, mild air, and we sat a long time by the graves; it is what Flu likes best in the world. I daresay she will be very depressed the first day or two at Fox How, but I am sure coming there will do her good.

Lake has written to tell you of his appointment.[1] I have seen Gladstone's letter to him. I am very glad of it. He is one of the old Rugby set, and I like their

[1] To the Deanery of Durham.

coming to the front. Lake will also fill the place well, and has earned it better than nine out of any ten men who were likely to have it. He has had many disappointments and deferred hopes, and now he gets a splendid prize—that magnificent cathedral and city, a noble house, a sphere he can be widely useful in, and £3000 a year. Kiss Fan for me, and tell her my poems are selling very well.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

### *To the Same.*

HARROW, *November* 13, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I was much interested and touched by your letter, showing your willingness still, as always, to receive and comprehend what is new,[1] instead of shutting your mind against it. It was natural too that your thoughts should revert to your eldest brother. I had already thought of him. It is not man who determines what truths shall present themselves to this or that age, or under what aspect; and until the time is come for the new truth or the new aspect, they are presented unsatisfactorily or in vain. In papa's time the exploding of the old notions of literal inspiration in Scripture, and the introducing of a truer method of interpretation, were the changes for which, here in England, the moment had come. Stiff people could not receive this change, and my dear old Methodist friend, Mr. Scott, used to say to the day of his death that papa and Coleridge might be excellent men, but that they had found and shown the rat-hole in the temple. The old notions about justification will undergo a like change, with a like opposition and cry of alarm from stiff people, with a like safety to true

[1] "St. Paul and Protestantism," *Cornhill Magazine*, October and November, 1869.

religion, as in the former case. It is not worth while to send you the lucubrations I receive, but the newspapers I forward (the organs of the Independents and Baptists) will show you how entirely I have reached the special Puritan class I meant to reach. Whether I have rendered St. Paul's ideas with perfect correctness or not, there is no doubt that the confidence with which these people regarded their conventional rendering of them was quite baseless, made them narrow and intolerant, and prevented all progress. I shall have a last paper at Christmas, called "Puritanism and the Church of England," to show how the Church, though holding certain doctrines like justification in common with Puritanism, has gained by not pinning itself to those doctrines and nothing else, but by resting on Catholic antiquity, historic Christianity, development, and so on, which open to it an escape from all single doctrines as they are outgrown. Then I shall have done with the subject, and shall leave it.

Flu will have told you of our luncheon party on Tuesday, which went off very well. . . . The morning afterwards I had a mounted messenger over here from Gunnersbury[1] at eight o'clock to ask me to come and spend Saturday and Sunday there to meet Disraeli and Lady Beaconsfield; but I cannot go, and do not much care to. I shall meet them on the 3rd of December at Lord Chesham's. I had two pleasant dinners at the Bunburys'. The first night I sat by the new Bishop, Lord Arthur Hervey, whom I found very pleasant, and on the other side was a real Sir Joshua sort of beauty, Miss Napier. I had a very heavy day of inspecting on Thursday; however, I got back here last night, just in time for a not very interesting dinner-party, and to-night we have the Lingens to meet Count dal Verme. On Monday the Marquis Rapallo, the

[1] Baron Lionel de Rothschild's villa.

Prince's step-father, is coming down to dine quietly and have a talk with me. I think the Spanish danger is pretty well blown over. Tell dearest K. on no account to exert her eyes to write. I shall know that she will give me her real interest and attention, and that is enough. My love to Fan.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

Does it not strike you that the Rugby candidates[1] are few and little known?

*To the Same.*

HARROW, *December* 5, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I have had a long walk with Rover in the fields beyond Northolt, which are quiet and solemn in this gray weather beyond belief. Since I came in I have paid a visit to Flu, who has been quite unwell. The cold came on so sudden and so bitter that it was enough to try anybody; but my habits of air, exercise, and morning bath are great preservatives against chills. Flu was to have dined with me in London on Wednesday with the Merivales, and it is so long since we have dined out together in London that I quite looked forward to it; however, the cold was so sharp on Wednesday morning, and she was so far from well, that a dinner-party with such a journey before and after it was out of the question, and I went alone. I met the Vaughans, and they both seem radiant with happiness in being at the Temple.[2] Lord Lorne was there, and the party was altogether rather pleasant. I came down here at twelve at night, and rejoiced that I had not Flu with me. On Thursday we had a visitation from the

[1] For the Head Mastership.

[2] Dr. Vaughan was appointed Master of the Temple 1869.

Baron Rosencrantz, a Danish diplomate who married an acquaintance of Flu's, and three of his wife's family to luncheon; the General appeared also, and these early entertainments are always boring to me. Flu, too, made her cold worse in showing them about Harrow. On Thursday evening I went to Latimer, and met Disraeli and Lady Beaconsfield, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Count and Countess d'Apponyi, Lady Ashburton, Colonel Clifford, and Henry Cowper. Dizzy was in high force, and it was agreeable. He said to me across the table at dinner, *à propos* of something that was mentioned, "Sweetness and light I call that, Mr. Arnold, eh?" The Cheshams were very kind, as they always are, and, as I had to go to Aston Clinton on Friday, they wanted me to return to them yesterday and stay over to-day, but I would not. I left at eight on Friday morning—a sharp frost, but the wood, and valley, and stream, and all that chalk country of Buckinghamshire looking beautiful. I inspected my school in London, and got to Aston Clinton for dinner. To appreciate the power of wealth you should go to that house in weather like this, which I have twice done. The perfection of all the arrangements makes it quite unlike even a great and comfortable house like Latimer. At Aston Clinton too there was a pleasant party and a wonderful dinner. They sent me to the station next morning, and the horses danced rather than trotted, it was so slippery. We had the General to dinner, but he is in rather bad spirits, thinking his position with the Prince uncomfortable since this Spanish affair. To-morrow I dine with the Literary Club, and on Tuesday with the Butlers; on Saturday Flu and I go to Rugby till Monday. I send you two letters, one from Stanley, one from Henry Reynolds, Principal of Lady Huntingdon's college at Cheshunt, whom I like very much,

and it will show you how amiable the better Dissenters are to me. I think nearly all the new periodicals have something or other about me, which show how much more what I write is coming into vogue. I use the word for Fan's sake. My love to her.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

*To the Same.*

HARROW, *December* 13, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—This will not go till to-morrow, but I will write it at once, as to-morrow I shall be tied and bound all day. Flu and I started for Rugby on Saturday at four, and at the station at Rugby we recognised in the gaslight dear old Tom. The Stanleys arrived soon after us, and at nearly eight we sat down to dinner a party of nineteen in the old dining-room. Most of the party were Rugbeians of Temple's [1] time. Of the old set there were only Stanley, Tom Hughes, Tom, and myself. Flu and I were in your old room, and I had papa's dressing-room. Sunday morning was fine and frosty, and out of the dressing-room window the hollies and copper beech in the garden, and the line of Scotch firs beyond the kitchen garden, looked quite as they must have looked on so many mornings to him. At breakfast the same party as the night before; chapel at half-past ten, and after chapel Stanley, Lady Augusta, and I went over the chapel together. At one was early dinner, then we went and saw the Charles Arnolds. At four was chapel, and Temple's sermon was admirable, even beyond what I had expected. He reminds both Stanley and me of papa in his extraordinary force and earnestness,

[1] Dr. Temple resigned the Head Mastership of Rugby on being made Bishop of Exeter, Christmas 1869.

with the utter absence of verbiage. Every word tells. Perhaps he throws more emotion, and even passion, into his preaching than papa did, but, on the other hand, he does not give quite the same impression of depth and solidity. What he said about papa was as good as it could possibly be; but you will see it in the *Pall Mall*, for Tom Hughes was taking notes for that newspaper, and I am sure he will have given the passage about papa. Then we went back to tea, and at twenty minutes after six Flu, I, Tom, and the Stanleys started for the new church to hear Temple there. He was to preach for the completion of the tower. The doors were thronged like the access to a theatre, and it was a tremendous business getting in. Miss Moultrie gave me a seat, and dear old Moultrie read the lessons, exactly in that up and down style, not without grandeur, which Mary imitates so capitally. . . . Temple's sermon in the church was as good as that in the chapel, and remarkable as showing his strong Church feeling and sense of the value and greatness of the historic development of Christianity, of which the Church is the expression. We came back to a great supper at about nine o'clock, and after supper Stanley, till prayers, read aloud to me in Temple's study Hayman's[1] *Testimonials*. Both he and I think they are such as will perfectly enable the trustees to stand by the appointment they have made, unless they really wish to go back from it. After prayers I got dear old Tom to come to my dressing-room, and had a long talk with him. He seems doing well with pupils at last. Walter, who arrived late on Saturday night, departed after the afternoon chapel on Sunday. This morning the Stanleys, Flu, and I came up together, and it was a pleasant journey. Flu and I are going to the consecration of Temple on the 21st. Lady Augusta told me a pendant to the story I told

[1] Dr. Hayman succeeded Dr. Temple as Head Master of Rugby.

you of Princess Alice. Princess Louise said to her the other day, "Vicky (the Princess of Prussia) says she has no patience at all with Mr. Arnold." You will have seen Lingen's[1] appointment to the Treasury, which he has well earned. It is probable one of the assistant secretaries in the Education Department will succeed him. I have one or two interesting letters to send you, but they must wait till next week. We have just parted from the Prince; he is a dear boy, and I should not like to think we were never to see him again. My love to Fan. I greatly liked hearing from her.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

*To the Same.*

THE ATHENÆUM,
*February* 21, 1870.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I must wait here till after five o'clock in order to vote at the ballot for candidates, and I will employ the extra half-hour that gives me here in writing to you. I have an obstinate cold, and have had it for a fortnight, but it is only in my head, my chest and throat have been quite free. But I am full of headache and stupidity, and unable to taste or smell. The Bishop of London[2] is writing close by me, and has just interrupted me to ask me after you, and I have told him the anecdote of your going on Rydal Lake. I have skated several times, on the days when the wind was not so violent. At Harrow we have had very little snow, and consequently some ten days of skating. For the boys it is delightful, and I am very fond of it too. Budge has again done very well, being sixth this second

[1] Mr. (afterwards Lord) Lingen, Permanent Secretary to the Treasury.
[2] Dr. Jackson.

fortnight; Dicky is fourth, but it is his second term in the form. Budge's well-doing is a great pleasure to me, and I think he improves in all respects together. Walter is coming down to-night to dine with us; we have not seen him for an age. Flu went up to hear William's speech, and dined and slept in London. On that night when I went to bed about twelve o'clock I missed Toss,[1] who is generally by the fire in the room where we sit; when I went upstairs there she was sitting upright in the middle of my bed waiting for me. There was no fire in the room, and she never sleeps on our bed, but that night she missed Flu, and came there to inquire for her and to keep me company. She curled herself up on the counterpane by my side, and whenever I woke in the night she sat up instantly and looked at me; directly I lay down she curled herself up and slept again, and so she remained till I went down to breakfast the next morning. She is a most interesting cat, and we get fonder and fonder of her, though we have just put her on two meals of meat a day instead of three, as we thought too much meat tended to promote inflammatory action of her lungs, which are delicate. There are several things I should like to send you, but I have none of them with me here. Walrond, who has had a great disappointment in not being made a Commissioner in his department, has written me a really charming letter, which shows how excellent and also how feeling a man he is. I will send it you. I think William's Bill[2] will do very well. I am glad it is so little altered since I heard its contents in November. His speech in introducing it seems to have been a great success. I have not read Miss Mitford's *Life*, but the extracts I have seen show it to be very pleasant reading. If you ever read a new novel, read

[1] The Persian cat. [2] The Education Bill.

*Annals of an Eventful Life.* Tell Fan that the lines[1] in my second *Cornhill* article, "Below the surface stream," etc., are my own, and I think them good; I have seen them quoted in four places since. It is a pity you do not see the *Saturday*, as papa is so often mentioned in it, particularly with reference to history. I met Temple here a day or two ago, looking very well in his new dress.[2] I told him I approved of his withdrawal of his Essay,[3] which the Liberals, who turn religion into mere politics, are so angry with him for; he seemed pleased. I told him also that I thought the *Essays and Reviews* could not be described throughout as "a free handling, in *a becoming spirit*, of religious matters," and he said he quite agreed with me, and thought Pusey's note to the *Times* quite just. He is a fine character. My love to Fan.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

## *To Lady de Rothschild.*

THE ATHENÆUM, *April* 1, 1870.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—A thousand thanks. Mr. Farrar[4] started last night, but the letters have been sent after him, and will reach him at Paris. They looked so profoundly mysterious and Oriental that I longed to be going to make use of them myself.

[1] Below the surface-stream, shallow and light,
Of what we *say* we feel—below the stream,
As light, of what we *think* we feel, there flows
With noiseless current strong, obscure, and deep,
The central stream of what we feel indeed.

"St. Paul and Protestantism," *Cornhill Magazine*, November 1869.

[2] As Bishop.

[3] The first paper in *Essays and Reviews*.

[4] The Rev. F. W. Farrar (afterwards Dean of Canterbury) visited Palestine with a view to writing his *Life of Christ*.

I sent the very kind note written by Sir Moses Montefiore to Paris along with the letters of introduction.

The violets arrived when I was away inspecting, and they were at their second day when I saw them; but they were delicious even then, and their arrival, and the skill with which they were packed, had charmed the whole family. How much longer shall you be at Aston Clinton? I have a vague project of proposing myself to you when I inspect Princes Risborough and Whitchurch—both of them reached from Aylesbury, and Aylesbury is reached from Aston Clinton. Mrs. Arnold and the children are going into Leicestershire for the Easter holidays, and I am going with them; but I must return and inspect schools again on the 21st. The week following, from the 25th to the 30th, shall you be at Aston Clinton, and would it suit you if I came to you for a day?

Macmillan chooses this very suitable day to give a dinner to all his authors, and I am just starting for Streatham with a toothache, and the prospect of an endless dinner and a return to Harrow in the middle of the night in the east wind.

My kindest regards and renewed thanks, and I am always, dear Lady de Rothschild, most sincerely yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To the Same.*

HARROW, *June* 1, 1870.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—It is most kind of you to ask me to your ball, which will certainly be a beautiful one; but I have long since made my arrangements to pass the 8th and 9th at Chenies, those being the two days given me for the Duke of Bedford's water there, and fishing being a pursuit for which my

years and my habits disqualify me less than for most other amusements. I wish you would let me send you Count dal Verme, the Prince's equerry, in my stead. He is as ornamental in a ballroom as I am the reverse. Young, very good-looking, and an indefatigable dancer. If you send a card for him to me here, I would take care he gets it.

I could not be in your neighbourhood without coming to see you, but I have not been there since, though I dine very near you to-night.

I hope the day I have fixed for Aston Clinton will suit you. It *must* be this month, as the office year for schools ends at the end of June, and all the cases of a year must be done by that time. I should like to have shown you some of the Nonconformist speeches at the recent May meetings, full of comments on my preface to *St. Paul and Protestantism.* We shall see great changes in the Dissenters before very long. But I must write a School Report instead of talking to you. It is very early, and the garden on which I am looking would be delightful but for this starving and depressing want of rain.—Ever, dear Lady de Rothschild, most sincerely yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*P.S.* 1.—I hope you read a letter in the *Pall Mall Gazette* the day before yesterday proposing a Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs. It was mine. The only thing I have written there this year.

*P.S.* 2.—Count dal Verme was at the Queen's ball the other night, and knows a good many dancing people, so he will not wander through your rooms in a state of destitution, which is sometimes an objection to asking a stranger.

## *To his Mother.*

HARROW, *June* 7, 1876.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I have been reporting school cases till my head aches and my fingers are tired, but before I go out I will write a line to you, that I may send you Lord Salisbury's letter. Nothing could more gratify me, I think, in the way of an honour, than this recognition by my own University, of which I am so fond, and where, according to their own established standard of distinctions, I did so little. I had no notion they would give me this degree[1] yet awhile, if they ever gave it me; the position of a man of letters is so uncertain, and, according to a maxim that a prophet is without honour in his own country, more uncertain in the eyes of his own University than anywhere else. And I have no doubt it is owing to the accident of a young and original sort of man, Lord Salisbury,[2] having the making of the list that I owe my being included in it. I do very much hope dear old K. and Walter will manage to come up and see it. Edward was going up any way for an All Souls dinner to Lord Salisbury on the 20th. The degrees are given on the 21st, so he will certainly stay. Flu and I were going to the Toms, but the Henry Smiths claim a promise made by us when we refused to go there for a Commemoration some years ago, that if ever we came to a Commemoration we would come to them; and to them we shall have to go. They want us to bring Lucy and Nelly, but I think we shall only take Lucy. What I should like would be for Jane and William to go to the Toms, who would be enchanted to have them.

[1] Doctor of Civil Law at Oxford.

[2] Lord Salisbury was elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford on the death of Lord Derby in 1869.

Julia is, as you have said, hospitality itself, and they really seem to have abundant room at present.

Your visit was delightful, only it ought to have been longer. Since you went I have had a bad cold, which for two or three days was on my chest, and made me feverish; now it is in my head, and only makes me stupid. Oxford was beautiful, and dear Flu enjoyed it, I think; but three immense dinner-parties are not the way of visiting I like best. I had a walk with Tom up towards my old Cumner county on Sunday, but I generally had the impression of being somewhat driven, and of seeing too much the sort of people one is always seeing in London. To-morrow I am off for Chenies; in this vile drought there can be no good fishing, but I shall have the sight of that sweet clear stream, and peace. Edith Wood is with us for a week, and to-night we have one or two of the boys of the school to dinner. Tell Fan, Macmillan is going to give me Hooker's new book. I have seen it, and it is delightful. He tends to unify varieties, while Babington tends to multiply them; so to me he is a much more satisfactory man. I went this morning to find the goatsbeard, and there was the plant in abundance, but, as it was a little past noon, not a single flower open. You will like to see the enclosed from Church;[1] his sense of the importance of the distinction I have drawn out between Hellenism and Hebraism shows his width of mind. It is a distinction on which more and more will turn, and on dealing wisely with it everything depends. My love to dear old Mary. Kisses to the boys. Have you any signs of rain?—Your ever affectionate M. A.

[1] Afterwards Dean of St. Paul's.

*To the Same.*

*June* 16, 1870.

"My dearest Mother—I have two letters to thank you for, one which crossed with my former one, and your letter of this week. Last week I had two delightful days at Chenies in spite of the brightness and dryness. I had a heavy obstinate cold, but the second day, finding my feet burnt by the dry chalky soil, I took off my shoes and stockings and waded for five hours barefooted and ankle deep in the clear pebbly borders of that beautiful trout stream. My cold was well next day, and my feet have been happy ever since. I had splendid fishing. I only wish you could have seen the fish—my basket full of great trout as long as my forearm. Tell Fan I should like to take her to Chenies with me, and to send her into the woods to botanise while I fished. This week I went on Monday into East Essex to inspect, and slept at Walton on the Naze. The Naze is a real nose of a sort of clayey cliff running out into the German Ocean. The sea is glorious in this sunshine; it is only at the seaside that I never wish for rain. I had a long walk past the Naze at the top of the cliff, and returned by the sands, which are beautiful. The inn is very good, and though the country inland is dull, it is ancient, and has old farms and churches; besides, one looks at nothing but the sea. Tell Fan the slopes of the clay cliff were covered with the wild parsnip, its broad hats of yellow honey-coloured flowers very rich and tempting. Tell her I have also found out that the Essex plant I thought was hemlock is the sheep's parsley; and the true hemlock I have discovered near Harrow, such a handsome plant, and quite unmistakable when you have once seen it. I will take her straight to it when she comes to us next spring.

Mr. Gibson has sent me another copy of his *Essex Flora*. I had given away the first, so I am getting quite a botanical library. I will be sure and bring the Hooker with me to Fox How. I wish dear Fan would have come to Oxford, and I am sure a place would have been found for her; however, it will be something to have three of one's brothers and sisters to see an event which certainly gives me very great pleasure. I think Lord Salisbury has made his selection[1] very well, inasmuch as he has made it very various. You will see some of them in the *Guardian*. I have heard besides of Lord de Grey,[2] Sir William Mansfield,[3] Sir James Shuttleworth, Reeve, the editor of the *Edinburgh*, and Dr. Smith, the editor of the *Quarterly*, Darwin, and one or two more. It will be a hot and tiring two days, but pleasant to look back upon. How Mary must have chafed at not being able to vote for Mr. Paget![4] I am glad Mr. Heygate had so good a majority, for while the Liberals lean so on the Protestant Dissenters and adopt all their prejudices without believing in them, and simply to get political power by their help, I have no desire for Liberal candidates to win. It is said Gladstone has taken William's Bill[5] entirely into his own hands, and neither William nor Coleridge are to speak to-night; but we shall see. Gladstone, who is always shifting, is this year in a much more Anglican mood, as I judge by a curious letter he wrote me a week ago. My book is doing very well. Reeve tells me he intends to have it reviewed in a sense of strong agreement and approval in the *Edinburgh*.[6] My love to the two girls; kisses to the little boys.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

[1] Of recipients of the D.C.L. degree.
[2] Afterwards Lord Ripon. [3] Afterwards Lord Sandhurst.
[4] At a bye-election for South Leicestershire. [5] The Education Bill.
[6] "Arnold on Puritanism and National Churches," *Edinburgh Review*, April 1871.

*To the Same.*

HARROW, *June* 25, 1870.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—You will believe that I have often thought of you during this last week, though I did not wish for you in the heat and excitement of the theatre. What Bryce[1] said was very happy, and he is to send me an exact copy of it, which you shall have; there was more about papa than the *Times* would have led you to think. I felt sure I should be well received, because there is so much of an Oxford character about what I have written, and the undergraduates are the last people to bear one a grudge for having occasionally chaffed them, but I did not think they would have shown so much warmth and cordiality. Perhaps the satisfaction of the older men—the Masters of Arts in the area—was what gave me most satisfaction. Bryce told me that having to present me was what gave him most pleasure in the whole affair. He performed his part very well, and so did Lord Salisbury perform his. He told me afterwards it had been suggested to him that he ought to have addressed me as *Vir dulcissime et lucidissime.* He is a dangerous man, though, and chiefly from his want of any true sense and experience of literature and its beneficent function. Religion he knows, and physical science he knows, but the immense work between the two, which is for literature to accomplish, he knows nothing of, and all his speeches at Oxford pointed this way. On the one hand, he was full of the great future for physical science, and begging the University to make up her mind to it, and to resign much of her literary studies; on the other hand, he was full, almost defiantly full,

[1] Public Orator at Oxford; afterwards the Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P.

of counsels and resolves for retaining and upholding the old ecclesiastical and dogmatic form of religion. From a juxtaposition of this kind nothing but shocks and collisions can come; and I know no one, indeed, more likely to provoke shocks and collisions than men like Lord Salisbury. All this pressed a good deal upon my mind at Oxford, and made me anxious, but I do hope that what influence I have may be of use in the troubled times which I see are before us as a healing and reconciling influence, and it is this which makes me glad to find—what I find more and more—that I *have* influence.

Flu and I have had an offer from the Royal Society's expedition to be taken with them in a Government vessel, free of all expense, to see the eclipse from Etna in December. Tennyson is going, and it is rather tempting, but we shall not go. The majority on the Education Bill is a great relief; it will now, if William has tolerable luck, get through safely this session. I thought Gladstone's speech very good. I think William's powers of management will come out now for what remains to be done. I have felt for him much, and for my own part have been heartily glad I was not Secretary. Flu is gone to Laleham. She has sent Rowland the *Pall Mall* with an account of the Oxford theatre. My love to dearest old Mary and Fan.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

*To the Same.*

LONDON, *July* 18, 1870.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—On Sunday I was at Wotton with Dick, and had not a free half-hour. In the morning we were at church, then in the afternoon we walked over to Abinger, the place which the first

Lord Abinger bought, and from which he took his title, and which has been bought by Farrer,[1] the Secretary to the Board of Trade, an old friend of mine. It is a beautiful place, looking upon Leith Hill and Ewhurst windmill, and that great Greensand range which has such an incomparable view over Sussex to the South Downs. Then we came back and bathed, and at half-past six dined, and at half-past seven were sent by Evelyn in his carriage to Dorking. We got to London at a quarter past nine, and left the London Bridge station in one of the greatest crowds I ever saw, the fine weather having brought out the whole world, and not a cab to be got. We toiled in the heat through the crowd, carrying our luggage, but we had passed the Bank before we got a cab, and were hopelessly late for the ten o'clock train from Euston, so we had to drive all the way down to Harrow. Flu, Budge, and the little girls did not return till yesterday. Walter came and dined with us, looking well and seeming in good spirits, though I should not like the prospect of two months of London in this weather. Dick and I left the match at Lord's at five o'clock on Friday, when it was already perfectly clear that Harrow would be beaten. You know how Dick enjoys Wotton, which is truly beautiful at this season of the year, and where he has everything that a boy most likes. On Saturday evening I caught a trout of two pounds ten ounces—think of that as you look at the Rotha!—and another of two pounds six ounces. Evelyn has imported a herd of twenty reindeer from Lapland, and it was most interesting to see them. One of the fawns, who is an orphan, and brought up on goat's milk, Dick led with us all the way on our Sunday's walk to Abinger. Tell Fan that in one of the lanes we passed the hemlock growing at least

[1] Afterwards Lord Farrer.

twelve feet high, perfectly magnificent, and making one understand how it can be a tree. I hope you will tell me what rain you have had in last week. With us since Friday it has been real summer weather. To-day the public schools shoot at Wimbledon, and Budge and Dick are gone over in their uniform; Budge really does very well as an officer. But I think the school will be beaten in the shooting. The dinner to meet the Crown Princess was a little stiff, but she was very gracious when I was presented to her, and said she had read all my books. Tennyson was there, and very cordial. He wanted me to come on from Evelyn's to stay with him at his new place near Haslemere. I send you a letter, which you need not return; taken with the *Spectator*, it will give you a notion how various are the comments on my last article.[1] The question is, is the view there propounded *true?* I believe it is, and that it is important, because it places our use of the Bible and our employment of its language on a basis indestructibly solid. The Bishop of Manchester[2] told me it had been startlingly new to him, but the more he thought of it, the more he thought it was true. Now I must go back to the school I have been inspecting this morning.

Love to dear Fan.—I am always your most affectionate M. A.

*To Miss Arnold.*

HARROW, *October* 9, 1870.

MY DEAREST FAN—My letter this week must be to you, to convey to you all my love and good wishes for your birthday. You have a kind of *locum tenens* in Clough's poems for the book of Dr. Prior on the

[1] "Puritanism and the Church of England," *Cornhill Magazine*, February 1870. [2] Dr. Fraser.

English plants, which is to be your real birthday present. As soon as the new edition is out, you shall have it.

Flu and the little girls will have told you of our expedition to Walton. We are now settled down here till the holidays, though few weeks will pass without my having to sleep at least one night away from home. As one's years increase, and the desire to fulfil certain projects while one has yet time becomes keener and more pressing, the interruption caused by the continual travelling-about which inspection requires becomes trying. Only by much more rigorously laying out what I mean to do than formerly, and sticking much more rigorously than formerly to what is thus laid out, instead of going off on any new fancy or scheme that may turn up, can I hope to get along without self-dissatisfaction and constant impatience. The times are wonderful, and will be still more so; and one would not willingly lose by negligence, self-mismanagement, and want of patience what power one has of working in them and having influence on them. But the power of self-management and turning one's circumstances to the best account is the hardest power in the world to acquire; half the wasted lives one sees are due to the want of it. I have been feeling this very much lately, and the great thing is not to stop at feeling it, but to act as is requisite for one who strongly feels it.

I am interested in the Marquis Boyl, who is over here to attend to the Prince. He has served much in the army, and been both with the Prince's father and the King. The King's good points he seems to feel strongly, and says, what I believe is quite true, that the swaggering look his common portraits give him is not the least in his character, that he is perfectly simple and good-natured; at any rate, the Prince's father was, he says, charming. He evidently thinks that great difficulties will have to be got over at

Rome; but the Italians are good politicians, and I think they will get over them. Their real danger is that their upper and richer class is so formed on the model of the upper and richer class in France, corrupted like them, and likely to prove, when any pinch comes, enervated too, like them. What there is below in Italy I do not know. One cannot clearly tell what there is below in France either, but events will show us this very soon. I am inclined to believe in a fund of virtue, and consequently of strength, somewhere or other in the great mass of the French nation, more than in that of the Italian. The extracts from the *Journal des Débats*, given in the *Times* of yesterday, were most interesting, but they looked rather black for Paris. The letter of Surgeon-Major Wyatt, on the other hand, also most interesting, was at the same time full of good promise for the defence and self-recovery. My love to dearest mamma. Do you think Rowland would be disposed to come here? You never mentioned the pennywort, and whether you have it in Westmorland. Once more many and sincere good wishes for the tenth. I remember you an hour or two old.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

*To his Mother.*

HARROW, *Tuesday* (*November* 1870).

MY DEAREST MOTHER—On Sunday when I was going to write to you Gerald Slade arrived, and as we had not seen him since he went to Paris this time last year, I had to give up the afternoon to him. Yesterday I meant to have written to you from the Athenæum, but I had no sooner got there than I had first a Frenchman, a M. de Frangueville, who wanted to see me; and then an American, a Dr. Parsons; and when they had done, it was time to start for Harrow.

Dr. Parsons was full of the veneration they had for papa in the United States generally, and in Boston particularly. On my way from the east of London to the Athenæum I called in Bond Street, but found Walter had started at eleven that morning. I should think his journey would be very interesting. He was to go by Harfleur, and from thence as straight as he could to Tours. I cannot myself believe in peace, because the people who are in possession of Paris lose their hold on affairs the moment the elections, which are the preliminary to peace, are held. They are not likely to give this up of their own free will, and I do not see who is to make them. I have just finished re-reading Bunsen's life, with great interest. The way he vitally connected different great branches of knowledge and made them all serve one object is truly German, but German of the best kind. His conclusions and ideas are nebulously expressed, and with too great a desire to draw everything to an Evangelical and Lutheran form of expression. But his meaning seems to me almost always right, and he was anticipating almost all the religious world is coming to. I had forgotten his dying directions to all belonging to him to keep up their connexion with England; this is very touching. The connexion he gave to his different lines of study, and the ardour with which he followed them, are just what we want. It is incredible how much more Englishmen, even busy Englishmen, might study if they really chose to, and incredible how much more fruit they would get from what study they accomplished if they combined it and made it move towards one end. Above all is this the case with religious people. How much more might they get done than the Bible reading, which is now nearly all that they manage, and how much more profit they would get from this Bible reading if they combined it

with other things, and other things with it. Thank you for the two notices. My expostulation with the Dissenters has rather diverted attention from the main essays, but the two things, the position of the Dissenters and the right reading of St. Paul and the New Testament, are closely connected; and I am convinced the general line I have taken as to the latter has a lucidity and inevitableness about it which will make it more and more prevail. Poor Mr. Healing is laid up with a feverish attack, so I have to work without an assistant. Budge is much higher again this fortnight. I believe Prince Amadeo goes to Spain after all. My love to Fan.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

*To the Same.*

HARROW, *Wednesday* (*November* 1870).

MY DEAREST MOTHER—On Sunday Gerald Slade's arrival stopped my writing to you, and yesterday and the day before I was driven from morning to night. To-day it will be the same thing, so if I am to thank you for your letter it must be before I dress. It is a fog, and for the first time I cannot see at a quarter to seven, and have been obliged to light a candle. My getting up is rather governed by the daylight, but when it comes to not being able to see at seven o'clock I hope to go back to six o'clock again, and to use lights. To-day I am going first to South Kensington to hear the opening lecture of Huxley's course to ladies on Physical Science; there is much talk of introducing the elements of this in our elementary schools. Masters generally teach it very badly, and from book and by memory, just as they teach their geography and history. Very little good is thus done, and as the physical science people all say that this is the wrong

way to teach their matters, and that no good is done by teaching them so, I want to hear Huxley with my own ears, before a class where he will be obliged to be extremely elementary. Then I go on to the Wesleyans at Westminster to lunch with Dr. Rigg, the Principal. Having both before and after lunch to be busy in the practising schools, I shall not get away till half-past four, and shall drive to Euston, doing a little shopping for Flu on the way, and arriving here only in time to get about half an hour's Greek reading before dinner. After dinner I am disposed to be sleepy if I attempt more than to talk to Flu, help the boys if they want help, and read the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but I must try and mend in this respect. If I could do my School Reports in an evening it would be a great thing gained, and as they do not excite the brain, there is no reason why I should not. But the days slip away, and the many projects I have are no nearer their completion at the end of the week than they were at the beginning. So it is with us, and those who come after us, as Goethe says, will make just the same complaint. Yet, after all, it is absurd that all the best of my days should be taken up with matters which thousands of other people could do just as well as I, and that what I have a special turn for doing I should have no time for. I send you an unexpected note[1] from Kingsley, which well shows the generous and affectionate side of his disposition. I did not know he was reading *Culture and Anarchy*, or that he had not read it long ago. With Swinburne the favourite poet of the young men at Oxford and Cambridge, Huxley pounding away at

[1] "I have at last had time to read carefully your *Culture and Anarchy*, and here is my verdict, if you care for it: That it is an exceeding wise and true book, and likely, as such, to be little listened to this autumn, but to sink into the ground and die, and bear fruit next spring—when the spring comes."—Charles Kingsley's *Life and Letters*, vol. ii. p. 338.

the intelligent working man, and Newdigate applauding the German Education Minister for his reactionary introduction of the narrowest Protestantism into the schools, and for thus sending psalm-singing soldiers into the field who win battles — between all these there is indeed much necessity for methods of insight and moderation.

Fan will have seen that the *Pall Mall* put straight what was amiss in the announcement of my refusing for the School Board. My love to dear old Susy and to John.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

*To the Same.*

BRITISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOL SOCIETY,
BOROUGH ROAD, LONDON,
*November* 15, 1870.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I daresay I shall hear from you to-morrow, but I will write this afternoon while I have opportunity. It is a long, tedious business this week, hearing the students give specimen lessons at the Training Schools. There is little real utility in it, and a great deal of clap-trap, and that makes the expenditure of time the more disagreeable to me. However, I get a good many notes written, and odds and ends of things done. I have finished correcting the press of my *St. Paul and Protestantism* for the second edition. I shall send you the book, and I shall be glad you should have it in this second form, instead of in the first, for a good many things are brought out clearer, and the principal treatise is put directly after the preface, so that the book will no longer have the appearance of making that which was secondary—the part about the Dissenters—primary. You will have seen the *Guardian*, and the way they

improve the occasion against the Dissenters is very amusing, and not at all unfair. My book and mode of criticism they could not like, and no church can like it, for it is a mode of treatment which inevitably brings to light the unnaturalness and artificiality of the mode they have themselves adopted, and which must be fatal to their mode in the end. I send you an interesting letter I have had from a man who was one of the Rugby masters, and is now head of the Fettes College in Edinburgh. It is something to have had in one week two such letters as his and Kingsley's. You need not return the letter; on second thoughts, though, you may send both it and Kingsley's to K. I must go and see that dear old thing some day, but she is the wrong side of London for us, and it is not easy.

Dear old Dick had a happy birthday, though it was a whole school day. Amongst you all he is quite a rich boy, and the Prince gave him a racquet, as he gave Budge on his birthday a football, showing just discernment of what they would like, dear boy. He is in great spirits, delighted to be free for ever of Spain, for I think he dreaded it might come on again when he was older. Tell John I have a small venture in Turkish, Spanish, and Italian stocks, in order to quicken my interest in modern history. But what a time we have come to, and how truly we may say as we look round Europe, "The fashion of this world passeth away." The danger for this country is the utter absence of a policy in any of our public men. They have not even a notion of such a thing being possible, but look anxiously to the public mind and its wishes, and endeavour to comply with them. The public mind and its wishes being blind and uncertain things, our policy is blind and uncertain, and so we drift, and shall go on drifting. A man to

rule the public, instead of being ruled by the public, is what our foreign policy wants, but this we are not likely to have at present. Tell Walter from me I am very glad he is taking lessons in French. He should do this with steady determination. Nothing is so useful as taking lessons when one is in the country itself, has opportunities of daily speaking, and already knows the language pretty well. I do not imagine you need be in the least anxious about him. It is curious how here every one seems pleased with the French success at Orleans.[1] We shall see what will come of it. I do not believe the end is just yet. . . . The *Times* generally has been poor, and old Russell[2] twaddling. It has been a great thing for the *Daily News*, which has increased its circulation immensely, and I am glad of it, for I like the paper. Now I must stop. My love to Susy and Fan, and to John, and remember me most kindly to his father and mother. —Your ever most affectionate M. A.

*To the Same.*

HARROW, *December* 4, 1870.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—To-morrow I dine with the Literary Club and sleep in Waterloo Place, as Mr. George Smith kindly puts at my disposal his rooms over Smith and Elder's. The rooms are delightful, and the situation most convenient—at the bottom of Waterloo Place, and quite close to the Athenæum. My interview with the Income Tax Commissioners at Edgware the other day, who had assessed my profits at £1000 a year, on the plea that I was a most distinguished literary man, my works were

[1] Orleans was re-occupied by the French, November 9, 1870.
[2] W. H. Russell, war correspondent of the *Times*.

mentioned everywhere and must have a wide circulation, would have amused you. "You see before you, gentlemen," I said, "what you have often heard of, *an unpopular author*." It was great fun, though going to Edgware was a bore. The assessment was finally cut down to £200 a year, and I told them I should have to write more articles to prevent my being a loser by submitting to even that assessment, upon which the Chairman politely said, "Then the public will have reason to be much obliged to us." I wrote to dear old Tom on his birthday, and I saw K. on Friday. The week after next I hope to dine with her. My love to Fan. I hope Rowland's cold is better.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

*To the Same.*

HARROW, *January* 31, 1871.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I send you also three or four letters which, as I know you like to see letters, you may as well read before they are burnt. I think I will have Max Müller's letter again. I do not know that I have anything in his handwriting, and I find that the desire gains upon me to have some one letter, at all events, to refresh my living impression of celebrated men I have known, in case they should depart before me. I am troubled at having absolutely nothing of Clough's except his name in one or two books. The one thing I had, a poem written in a letter, was asked for that it might be published, and has never been returned to me. The half-dozen letters of Sainte-Beuve's I have kept are a great pleasure to me. You will like to read dear Henry Bunsen.

It is an unspeakable relief to have the war, I suppose, over; but one may well look anxiously to see what is in the future for the changed Europe that we shall

have. Immense as are her advantages and resources, it does not seem as if France *could* recover herself now as she did in 1815, or indeed could recover herself within our time at all. Whatever may be said of the harshness of such a sentence, it is yet true that her fall is mainly due to that want of a serious conception of righteousness and the need of it, the consequences of which so often show themselves in the world's history, and in regard to the Græco-Latin nations more particularly. The fall of Greece, the fall of Rome, the fall of the brilliant Italy of the fifteenth century, and now the fall of France, are all examples. Nothing gives more freshness and depth to one's reading of the Bible than the sense that this is so, and that this testimony is perpetually being borne to the book of righteousness, though the nation out of which it came was itself a political failure so utter and miserable.

The qualities of the French genius, their lucidity, directness of intellect, and social charm, must always make themselves felt, as the far higher qualities of the Greeks did and do. But it is quite a question whether the practical military and political career of France may not be now ending, not again to revive, as that of Greece did after the Macedonian Conquest.

I had written before breakfast down to the end of the last paragraph but one. Since that time I have dressed, breakfasted, and read dear old Tom's letter and yours. I am now at a Pupil Teacher Examination in Covent Garden. How I wish I was disturbing that quiet which you and Fan set so much store by! I manage to skate daily, but it is partly in the dark, after my return home. They are proposing for me a *perfect* district: *Westminster*, and a small rural district round Harrow. And I have made no application, said not a single word! My love to Fan and Mary, dear things.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

*To the Same.*

HARROW, *February* 11, 1871.

MY DEAREST MAMMA—The house is all in confusion with preparing for the theatricals, and I am banished to my dressing-room, where I will first employ myself with writing to you. I am afraid they will not know their parts very well, but if they do, Budge's acting is sure to be good, and to see the Prince as Mrs. Bouncer will, at all events, be very amusing. Count dal Verme and the Abbé are coming down, and the two foreign governesses from Mrs. Goose's[1] are invited. I believe that is the whole audience except ourselves. The piece begins at half-past six, and will be over before eight, when we shall dine in my library while the children dance, and they will have supper there afterwards. The theatre and ballroom is the dining-room. . . .

Parliament seems to have opened stupidly, but so it often does when one expects it to open very interestingly. Disraeli's heavy pompous pounding seems to have been more wearisome than ever, and Gladstone's emotional verbiage much as usual. The old actors are worn out, and the public begins to tire of them; but the new actors do not yet appear. At the Athenæum yesterday I talked to the Bishop of Salisbury,[2] who asked for you; also to Vaughan, who did the same. Vaughan seems very well and happy, and really brimming with playfulness. To-day we have a sharp return of frost—the thermometer at 27. By the end of this week we shall have the French assembly at work. Did you read the French correspondent about that singular people this week? He said what has so often struck me, and what in one way or another I have more than once said about them. But

[1] Mrs. Goose kept a school for young ladies at Harrow. [2] Dr. Moberly.

this is a moment requiring more *root in themselves* than, alas, they have! My love to Fan.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

*To the Same.*

HARROW, *March* 12, 1871.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I am alone here to-day with the children, Flu having gone up yesterday afternoon with the Prince to stay till to-night with her sister, Mrs. Wood. Last night I had the four children to dine with me, and after dinner, when Budge was gone to his work, the three others begged me to read poetry to them, and I read them several things of Wordsworth's, and was pleased to see how greatly they enjoyed it. Lucy says she likes very few poets, but she likes Wordsworth. This evening I have promised to read them "The Brothers," which will have a special interest for Dick, because he has been up the Pillar, and seen the Pillar stone. The little girls and I went to church together this morning, and they are to read the psalms and lessons to me presently. Meanwhile we have been a walk to our lane again, and have found a number of white violets, to the great delight of Lucy and Nelly, who are as fond of wild flowers as even I could wish. This being an old place, the violets come up all over the grounds, even in little sheltered crannies of the gravel walk by a gate. Dick has discovered four more plants of the wild daffodil coming up, so now there are eleven; but they are on the north side of the hedge, unluckily, and I rather doubt these coming into flower. Things are coming forward most beautifully, and I have been pruning two favourite rose-trees to-day. I quite hope we shall be in good looks when you come. . . .

I send you two letters, as you like to see letters

of this kind; one is from Sir Louis Mallet, of whom you know; the other is from John Morley,[1] the editor of the *Fortnightly*, who has several times attacked my things severely, but who has certainly learnt something from me, and knows it. But more than half the world can never frankly accept the person of whom they learn, but kick at the same time that they learn. You may burn the letters when you have read them. My love to dear Fan. What a day for Fox How, if your weather is like ours! —Your ever most affectionate M. A.

*To the Same.*

THE ATHENÆUM, *March* 20, 1871.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I send you an Edinburgh note, which may burn after it has shown you what faithful hearts are scattered about the world, and another from Deutsch, the Talmud man, which is worth keeping as an autograph, if Fan can muster energy to have the autograph book put in a proper state, and to go on with it. I find it very useful and interesting to know the signification of names, and had written to ask him whether *Jerusalem* meant "the vision of peace" or "the foundation of peace"; either meaning is beautiful, but I wished for the first, as the more beautiful. However, you will see what he says. I should have written to you yesterday, but was taken out for a walk by the little girls. Our white violets have spread and prospered, but one of the young Harrow masters has found them out, and has been unprincipled enough to carry off some plants, for which I gave it him well yesterday, catching him almost in the act, and coming away with his spoil.

[1] Afterwards the Right Hon. J. Morley, M.P.

I know of but one clump of blue violets near Harrow, and that is kept well picked by village children. However, we found one or two in it, to the little girls' great delight. Tell Fan the daffodils respect themselves too much to blossom in our dull soil, and are all running to leaf without any flower.

What news from Paris![1] One hardly knows what to wish, except that the present generation of Frenchmen may pass clean away as soon as possible and be replaced by a better one. I am not sorry that the English sightseers who, with the national vulgarity, have begun to flock over to the show of fallen Paris and France, should be put to a little fright and inconvenience. One thing is certain, that miserable as it is for herself, there is no way by which France can make the rest of Europe so alarmed and uneasy as by a socialistic and red republic. It is a perpetual flag to the proletaire class everywhere—the class which makes all governments uneasy. I doubt whether the Departments will have the energy to coerce Paris; they would like to, but they have never done it yet.

*To the Same.*

THE ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
*Tuesday, March* 28, 1871.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—The little girls and my walk with them are fatal to my Sunday letter, for I do not get back till five, or a quarter past, and then it is just time to go up to chapel. I had been on Saturday to the bank where our white violets grow, and found them very abundant. I gathered only half a dozen, that there might be a good harvest for the dear little girls; but on Sunday morning some

[1] A revolutionary outbreak, March 18, 1871; preceding the establishment of the Commune.

one must have found them, for when we arrived in the afternoon there had been a clean sweep made, and two or three growing out in the field, and nearly hidden by the grass round them, were all we could find. But we had a delightful walk, and to find the immense promise of cowslips everywhere was a great consolation. Yesterday I was detained late into the afternoon by having to lunch in Hackney with some school managers I am now taking leave of. They are Independents. He is a great tradesman in Shoreditch, and the place and people were such as I should never have seen and known if I had not been an inspector, such as I have now seen and known in great abundance, and such as it is very good for one to have seen and known. There are great regrets in that large part of my district which I am leaving. My success has been due entirely to a naturally, I hope, humane manner, and then to the sense of my entire fairness. I shall be rather curious to see what will be my experience in dealing with clerical managers; they will certainly be less interesting, because so much more what one has been familiar with all one's life. But I imagine also they will be more inclined to expect to have the law a little strained in their favour, and less content with plain absolute fairness than the Nonconformist managers.

I have just been reading dear old Sir John Coleridge's[1] letter to Liddon. It a little wants drive and consecutiveness, but it is very amiable and pleasing. I like to think that I shall see you and dear Fan so soon. Since yesterday we have an east wind of the harshest March kind, and I tremble to think how detestable Dartmoor will be if it continues, and how impossible will be all fishing. Paris does not make

[1] Sir John Taylor Coleridge, formerly one of the judges of the Court of Queen's Bench. The letter dealt with ritual disputes.

me so angry as it does many people, because I do not think well enough of Thiers and the French upper class generally to think it very important they should win. What is certain is that all the seriousness, clear-mindedness, and settled purpose is hitherto on the side of the Reds. I suspect they will win, and we shall see for a time the three or four chief cities of France Socialistic free cities, in an attitude independent and hostile to the more backward and conservative country. Nothing, however, that any of them now make can stand. There is not virtue enough amongst any of them to make what may really endure.

I hope this will reach you before you leave Fox How. A good journey to you both. My love to dear Fan.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

*To the Same.*

THE ATHENÆUM, *April* 3, 1871.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I hoped to have been able to tell you something about a very agreeable mention of papa in the preface to Ihne's *History of Rome*—a new and very good history by a German,—but the book is not here yet. I shall hope to have seen it between now and when I meet you. In general the Germans are very supercilious about works of learning by modern Englishmen, and, indeed, are apt to omit the mention of them altogether. This makes Ihne's tribute the more valuable.

The wind has changed and a little rain has fallen. I hope enough will fall during this next week to fill the Darts, East and West. Tell dear old Edward I am very much looking forward to my visit. It is probable the Prince[1] and his gentlemen will come down

[1] The Duke of Genoa.

to Plymouth for Saturday and Sunday. He is to see some of the most noteworthy places in England and Wales before he takes his departure, and the General proposed to fix Plymouth for Easter Sunday, because that would give them another glimpse of Dick and me. Term ends to-morrow, and the General, Count dal Verme, and the Abbé are all coming down to dine with us, and the Prince will return to town with them after dinner. That will really be his departure from us as our inmate, and very much we shall miss him. The King of Italy has given me the Order of Commander of the Crown of Italy, which will be an agreeable remembrance of this connexion, which has been so perfectly successful. No British subject may wear foreign orders in England, but when Fan travels in Italy with me and Fanny Lucy she will see me, if I go out to dinner, brilliant with the decoration at my button-hole. It is also proposed to make me a magistrate for the county of Middlesex, but this last distinction I intend respectfully to decline.

We had Signor Cadorna, the Italian Minister, down to dine with us on Saturday, and the Butlers came to meet him. Dear old Budge has been doing much better this term, and I think he will get his remove. Dick has been kept out of school by one or two bad colds, and this makes his total of marks low. He talks greatly of seeing you all, and I think did not much want the Prince and his suite to come, lest it should be an obstacle to unmixed family enjoyment. Tell dear Edward I shall probably write to him on Wednesday about ordering rooms for the Prince's party at the hotel. I do think Plymouth is a place to show to foreigners. They have already seen Portsmouth. They will then visit Birmingham, Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and York, leaving Oxford for a future visit, as it is now vacation there. I wish you could see

the photograph book Flu is giving to the Prince, in dark blue morocco—the Harrow colour—with the Harrow arms, and the photographs of all the Harrow masters, the Byron House family, the school celebrities, and so on. Now I must stop. Love to my two dear children, and believe me, your ever most affectionate

M. A.

*To the Same.*

THE ATHENÆUM CLUB,
PALL MALL, *May* 31, 1871.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I was rather expecting a letter from you, and now it turns out you were expecting a letter from me, so I will at any rate not let you, now you have written, wait for an answer. It was delightful having you at Harrow, and there seemed no reason—and as far as I can see, *was* none—why it should not have gone on for ever. I have had a number of letters since you went that you would have liked to see. I send one that came this morning from old Henry Dunn, an Independent, and a great interpreter of the Apocalypse, who was for many years Secretary to the British and Foreign School Society. You may burn it when you have read it. I will send you a letter from a Nottingham newspaper editor, if I can lay my hand upon it. I have been asked to take the chair at a meeting to give away prizes at Manchester and to make an address, and Manchester is one of the places where I mean some day to hold forth, but I cannot do it at present. I saw the *Spectator*, but the commendations and objections one meets with are so various that I have ended by not much attending to any of them, but saying, as I told Edward, with St. Paul, "He that judgeth me is the Lord." P——'s verses always seem to me to want any real reason

for existing, but, so too, I daresay, to a great many people do mine.

The Paris convulsion is an explosion of that fixed resolve of the working class to count for something and *live*; which is destined to make itself so much felt in the coming time, and to disturb so much which dreamed it would last for ever. It is the French working man's clearly putting his resolve before himself and acting upon it, while the working man elsewhere is in a haze about it, that makes France such a focus for the revolutionists of all Europe. There is no person or thing, as you say, to give one any satisfaction when one regards France at present; yet probably she is by no means, as might be expected, on the way to lose all her importance and influence in the world.

I have come in to dine with George Smith, in order to meet old Charles Lever, who wrote *Jack Hinton* and all those books, and is now Consul at Spezzia. I shall go back to-night. On Saturday afternoon I go to Oxford, returning on Monday to dine at home and depart again with Holmes for Chenies. He takes me in his carriage. At Chenies I sleep two nights; perhaps I should have felt the refreshment of the excursion more if I had made it in complete solitude, or with only Dick. You will have heard that Budge has got his remove, to our great pleasure, and may now, if he does well, be in the Sixth after the summer. The upper forms are the forms where a boy gets real benefit, and it will make a very great difference as to my keeping him at Harrow now that he has got this remove. Tell Fan, with my love, Mr. Gibson says our plant is, he is almost sure, the *Sium angustifolium*; but my letter was two or three days in reaching him, as he was absent from home, and the specimen hard to make out without the flower.

M. A.

*To the Same.*

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT,
WHITEHALL, *June* 11, 1871.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—Fan's delightful letter has come this morning to tell us of your safe arrival at Fox How, and to make us all talk of the dear place. It is sad to think of the dry streams, but what a comfort to hope that your water-supply is now permanently safe. I always think of you here, now that you like the place and know it so well. The dryness begins to make itself felt in the ground, though the green remains and the grass crop is heavy, owing to the rains in May and the cold since. To-day it is warm, but the rain will not come. I have just been out with Lucy and Nelly to clear some superfluous apricots from the trees. We gather a stray strawberry or two, but they have not done well this year, and we shall have but few. Then there has been an alarm of the pigs in the garden, and there were the pretty little fellows trotting about among the beds. They are so small that they can get through the iron fence when let out into the field, and they must not be let out till they are bigger. The whole family has been engaged in driving them back, and with much laughter this has at last been accomplished. Now Flu and I and the two little girls are going to see old Mrs. Butler[1] at Julian Hill, then I shall take a short walk by myself and come back to work. The weather at Chenies was gloomy and dismal, but in the fishing I did very well, getting eleven brace the first day, and twelve brace the second, not counting the many small ones I threw in. All I kept were of about half a pound and upwards. I know the river well, and the fishing

[1] Widow of Dr. George Butler, formerly Head Master of Harrow.

is so undeniably good that trout are always to be caught unless one's own awkwardness hinders. I had a Harrow master there to fish with me each day, to their great pleasure, and I was very glad to be able to get this pleasure for them. Now my next fishing will be at Evelyn's. I send you his letter, as you are mentioned in it. You may burn it. Budge has just come in with the news that he has gone up in his new form during his first fortnight from 40*th* to 14*th*. I think he will write to you in answer to your letter. He is enchanted at his rise, and if he holds anything like this place, it will make him sure of the Sixth Form after the summer, and my plans about removing him will have to be changed.

We had the four children to dinner yesterday to celebrate our anniversary. It seems only a year or two ago we were married. It has been a great happiness ever since my marriage that you all took so to Fanny Lucy, and she to you. Flu and I dine to-morrow with the Bensons in London, and on Wednesday I dine with the Bagehots at Richmond. Things go on in a blundering fashion in the House, but if the Ballot Bill is really pushed this Session, William is sure to do it well. What a blessing that things are really getting quiet again in France! I cannot but think the Comte de Chambord their best chance. He would wound fewer *vanities* than any one else, and that is a great thing in France. My love to dear Fan. —Your ever most affectionate M. A.

## *To the Same.*

BELL' ALP, *Sunday*, *August* 18, 1871.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—We have had not a word from any of you since the telegram which told us of

the children's arrival at Windermere. I think there must be a letter at Lauterbrunnen, and I shall write and tell the postmaster to send it on to us at Bern. I think too there *may* be a letter at Thun. On getting this, will you write to us at the Grand Hotel, Paris, where we shall be on Saturday, and then we shall get news of you to a recent date. I am not without hope a letter from you may reach us here to-day. Flu found a letter from her sister, Mrs. Benson, but from no one else. We are resting here to-day, our first rest, and very pleasant it is. For the first time we meet several people we know, and whom you know by name, at any rate—Mr. Brodrick[1] and Mr. Roundell;[2] George Sumner,[3] who was with me at Balliol, a son of the Bishop of Winchester, and his wife and grown-up family; a daughter of Dr. Wynter, the President of St. John's, newly married, and her husband and sisters. There are other English besides, and the hotel is quite full; but there are not very many English in Switzerland compared with the number to be seen here in some years. It is Germans one meets with everywhere, and no doubt they like to go abroad and show themselves after their great successes. Going to Thun, and afterwards at Interlaken, we met a newly-married Viennese couple, very good-looking and pleasing, who were much taken with Dick and his good mien; but in general the Germans are uninteresting people of the middle class type. French there are none. Flu will have told you of our wonderfully interesting visit to the ruins of Paris. The ruin was far greater than I had any notion of, but the natural tendency of Paris to gaiety and splendour is indestructible, and the place is fast on

[1] The Hon. G. C. Brodrick, afterwards Warden of Merton.
[2] C. S. Roundell, afterwards M.P.
[3] Afterwards Bishop of Guildford.

the way to have all its old fascinations over again. The French are certainly much subdued, and that improves them greatly as to external manner; within, I fancy they deceive themselves and feed themselves on nonsense as much as ever. Crossing the Jura was delightful, and coming down the Val de Motiers Travers, where Rousseau lived for some time. I admire the Jura more every time I see it, and all its streams are clear and beautiful—not like the snow water of the Alpine rivers. They will have told you that I met my old guide at Thun, and have taken him with us. A guide is not absolutely necessary over the much-travelled passes we have followed, but he is the greatest possible convenience as an attendant, hiring ponies and carriages, arranging luggage, and so on. Ours is now nearly sixty years old, well known for his pleasantness and respectability, and received at all the inns as an old friend. Dick has become great friends with him. Perhaps the Wengern Alp pleased me somewhat less than in old years, but it is too much beset with tourists, beggars, and places of entertainment. In one respect we were lucky—we saw the grandest avalanche from the Jungfrau I have ever seen in my life, and I have seen many. To see and hear an avalanche is something quite unique. A bed of snow and ice is quietly lodged above a great precipice, you hear a sound of thunder, and see a great bank break off and pour like a waterfall down the precipice for several minutes, while clouds of snow-smoke rise like the vapour of a waterfall. The Grimsel I had never seen before, though I had twice meant to cross it. We had rain and some thunder on the top. I had pushed on, and left them all far behind, as I thought, but through the mist I heard the voice of Dick, who had seen me aloft, and insisted on following me instead of remaining with his companions at the Hospice. We

had got over the summit, and were perfectly drenched, when I thought that Flu would probably not leave the Hospice in the rain, and would be uneasy about us, so back we turned, but near the top we met her. She gets on very well, though there are places where she sees a great descent below her which make her nervous. We have been to the service, and meanwhile the post has come in, and brought us a delightful budget from you all. I am so very glad dear old Budge gets on so well with you all, and he has written a most pleasant and *newsy* letter to Dick. Hearing from Fox How has overcome all Dick's continental interests, and made him desire to set off at once, and travel night and day to that blissful place. But we shall hold to our plan; to-morrow Leutenbad, Tuesday the Gemmi, Wednesday back to Thun, on Thursday to Bern, on Friday to Paris, travelling all night, and arriving in Paris on Saturday morning, on Sunday to England, and on Monday, the 21st, I hope to Fox How, so as to be with you by dinner time. I think it is as much absence as Flu could bear, though she enjoys her tour, on the whole. I myself feel more and more the deep satisfaction dear papa always felt in coming to Fox How even from the Continent; but I am one of the true likers of the Continent, as he too was, and when I look out of the window and see the Simplon route zigzagging up on the other side of the valley towards Italy, I cannot help sighing to think I cannot follow it. The Valais is itself a sort of foretaste—a rude foretaste—of Italy: the villages high on the hills, and the white churches, one to every cluster of houses; and religion, such as it is, entering into the whole life of the people, so unlike the Protestant cantons. But I must not begin about this, nor about the flowers, though you must tell dear Fan there is not half an hour in which they do not make me think of her.

The abiding impression, however, is that the Westmorland vegetation is thoroughly Alpine. Most of the plants are the same, and spread in the same proportion; but there are more varieties here, and richer in colour and larger in form. Then there are one or two marked plants which we decidedly have not; chiefly the rhododendron, the great gentian, and a large purple umbelliferous plant, also a peculiar thistle. But on this subject too I could go on for ever. I calculate this will reach you on the 17th, so if you write at once to the Grand Hotel, that will be just right. Now I must stop, for the postman goes back again to Brieg almost directly. We look directly from our window to the Matterhorn and the yet greater Mischabel, a name which sounds as if the Hebrew race had been in these valleys. This morning everything was clear and brilliant, but now it is cloudy. The air is like champagne. I bear the walking very well, and Dick does capitally. My love to all.—Your ever most affectionate M A.

*To the Same.*

THE ATHENÆUM CLUB,
PALL MALL, *September* 25, 1871.

MY DEAREST MOTHER— . . . To lose six days has been a serious matter to me just now, when I have this Birmingham lecture[1] on my hands. I have been able to read a good deal and make some preparation for it, and also I have carried the second part of *Literature and Dogma*[2] through the press, and given it the form I finally wished; so I have not been quite idle. But I have a good deal before me in the next few weeks.

[1] "A Persian Passion-Play," delivered before the Birmingham and Midland Institute, October 16, 1871.

[2] In the *Cornhill Magazine*, October 1871.

How delightful it is to hear of you all keeping such an affectionate regret of our party, after having had them such a very long time! We were all very low at first coming back, and my spirits, which generally are not slow to rally, were kept down by toothache. But we continually talk of you, and with the children Fox How is always the favourable end of every comparison. Their feelings to that dear place, its inmates, and its mode of life, are a constant pleasure to me. We find the cow quite as pretty as we expected, and the calf was such a beauty that I was inclined to rear it, but the experts were against me, and said we should have no milk if we did keep it, so I consented to let it be sold. You get next to nothing for a calf at this age, because the risk of bringing it up without its mother at this season of the year, and the race being used to another climate, is supposed to be so great. Our stable arrangements are very good, and it is a satisfaction to see the stable utilised. Poor Blacky, the cat, has had an accident in our absence, its hip having been injured, probably by a stone. He can only go on three legs, but he seems happy, so I will not have him killed, and Flu and Nelly will probably take him to the bonesetter at Watford. Toss more beautiful and bustling than ever. The two pigs are grown very large and handsome, and Peter Wood advises us to fatten them and kill our own bacon. We consume a great deal of bacon, and Flu complains that it is dear and not good, so there is much to be said for killing our own; but she does not seem to like the idea. Your ham is excellent. The Woods came on Saturday, and stay, I hope, till Wednesday. . . . Now I must stop. Let me have full accounts of you all, and tell Fan to go on writing. We like to hear all you can tell us. Our peaches were splendid, but there were too few of them. We have a very respectable crop

of pears, but they are not yet fully ripe. How is Susy? Kiss her, Fan, and Francie for me. Tell Francie we have battledores and shuttlecocks waiting for her in my room at Byron House. God bless you, my dearest mother.—Ever your most affectionate M. A.

What a horrid fall in Great Westerns!

## *To the Same.*

THE ATHENÆUM CLUB,
PALL MALL (*October* 17, 1871).

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I have just come back from Birmingham, where the lecture went off very well. I was the guest of the Kekewiches, who said they knew you. He always reminded me of Tom, and I like her and her children too. We had a dinner-party of Members of the Council of the Institute, and I heard there would be a very full audience at the Masonic Hall, where the lecture was held; and so there was—they say nine hundred people, and nearly two hundred turned away. They received me very well, and I discoursed to them for an hour and twenty minutes, and made a short speech in answer to a vote of thanks afterwards. I am glad I did not take their money, as it made me quite indifferent about pleasing them so as I gave them a lecture which satisfied myself; and I did pretty well satisfy myself, though preparing the lecture bothered me a good deal. A *résumé* of it is given in the Birmingham paper to-day, but it is rather a hash, and I would sooner you should wait to see the lecture in its true shape in the *Cornhill* in December. When I arrived I had time for a walk before dinner along the Hagley Road, which I once knew so well;

and oh, how superior is that red sandstone country, with its hollies and dingles, to our clay country about Harrow! I went on and on till I got to high ground, and could see Bromsgrove Lickie,[1] with its true mountain outline, fading in the evening light. The Council insisted on paying my journey, as they said that even Dickens, who, as their President, took no money for his addresses, always had his journey paid. I refused at first, but Kekewich produced the two guineas this morning, and said the Council had sent them, and I was not to be allowed to go without them. After Oxford, where there are comparatively so few people, and what there are overdone with lectures and languid in their interest, an audience such as a place like Birmingham gives you is very animating. I shall some day try Manchester also, and perhaps Glasgow. What was said about papa by the proposer and seconder of the vote of thanks to me was just what you would have liked, and in my response I disclaimed the title of *Doctor*, which they were giving me all round.

Two brothers, well-known local people, called Mathews, were at the dinner; it shows how high the feeling runs that one of them is for the League,[2] another against it. The League have a meeting to-night in the very Masonic Hall where I lectured. I should like to have been there. It is curious how agreeable to them is an agitation such as that they are getting up about school fees. So dull are their lives, and so narrow is their natural circle, that these agitations are stimulating and refreshing to them in the highest degree; and that is really one reason why a movement of the kind is so vital and so hard to meet. The Liberal party being what it is, and English public life being what it is, if the clergy and the denomina-

[1] A range of hills.

[2] The Education League, to promote Secular Education.

tional schools make the slightest blunder, or give the least opening to the enemy, they are lost. If the clergy are exceptionally judicious and reasonable, and if untoward accidents do not occur, it may be possible to make head against the Millite and Mialite coalition. But things in England being what they are, I am glad to work indirectly by literature rather than directly by politics.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

*To the Same.*

THE LODGE, MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE,
*November* 12, 1871.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—Here we came on Friday, in bitter cold weather, and a very cold place this is. But I am glad to be here. The place is very striking, and interests me the more as a decided offspring of Rugby. It has many merits I did not know of: the college, I learn, was the old inn, but I did not know that this inn was the old home of the Hertford family, a house built by Inigo Jones, and in a style I particularly like and admire. The old garden, bowling-green, sward, and yew-trees still subsist, and give an air to the place of age and of style beyond anything that Harrow or Rugby can show. Everything else is new, but has been well built, to match with the great house which forms the centre. The chapel I like better than Harrow, because it is a regular college chapel, with the arrangements of one, and not like Harrow—a church with a chancel. The church of the town, with a grand old tower, groups with the college buildings, and adds to their effect. The Farrars have a delightful house, and the garden goes down to the river Kennet, a genuine chalk-stream, like the Itchen. To the south of the valley where Marlborough lies

there stretches away Salisbury plain; to the north are the Marlborough downs all the way to Swindon; to the east is Savernake Forest, where Flu and I have been walking with Farrar this afternoon—a glorious forest, reaching five miles in each direction, full of oaks, beeches, birches, and thorns, with the high fern of a deep red all through it, and at every twenty yards groups of deer in the fern. It is a delightful place. Young Tennyson, Tennyson's son, breakfasted with us yesterday, and walked all about the place with me afterwards. I like him very much; he has a queer look of his father. This morning Farrar preached in the chapel. We dine at six, and there is chapel again at half-past seven or eight. Yesterday and Friday we dined at half-past seven, and had parties of the masters and their wives. To-morrow in the middle of the day we return. The two little girls are enchanted with their visit; you know how fond they were of Mrs. Farrar's three elder little girls, who are the prettiest and liveliest children in the world; and the younger ones, of whom there are many, tapering down in size and age to the recent baby, are very attractive children too. I think Farrar is very happy here, and I myself would sooner have this house and £2000 a year with no boarders than I would have double the income with a houseful of boarders. I think I told you I am going to repeat my lecture at Leamington, and possibly at Oxford also. At any rate, I am going to dine and sleep at the Henry Smiths' on my way from Leamington, so I shall see dear old Tom. I heard from the Prince[1] this morning, but I am afraid his English is beginning to get a little less easy to him.

I have written till no one but a short-sighted man could see at all, and now I must stop. Love to dear Fan.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

[1] The Duke of Genoa.

*To the Same.*

HARROW, *November* 28, 1871.

My DEAREST MOTHER—I daresay I shall have a letter from you this morning, but I write before it can be here, in the early hours. I have been a good deal at home lately going through the returns for the new Act. I make my inspector of returns come down here at ten, and I go through the papers with him till luncheon; he lunches with us, and we take a half-hour's turn to see the football, and then work again till the omnibus takes him away at half-past four. He has done his work very well, and likes all the bustle and business of communicating with school managers on all sorts of matters, and they also like much to be so communicated with. I like to set my man in motion, lay out for him the range of the information I want, suffer him to get it in his own way, and at whatever length best suits him and the managers, hear his story, and then decide on the recommendation to be made. There are a few points of real difficulty sometimes in making a recommendation, and here I think I am useful. There is no difficulty in all the rest; others can do it quite as well as I can, and I am glad not to spend myself upon it. It is, however, what I have generally been spent upon for the last twenty years so far as public education is concerned.

I have just been called to the door by the sweet voice of Toss, whose morning proceedings are wonderful. She sleeps— She has just jumped on my lap, and her beautiful tail has made this smudge, but I have put her down again. I was going to say that she sleeps on an armchair before the drawing-room fire; descends the

moment she hears the servants about in the morning and makes them let her out; comes back and enters Flu's room with Eliza regularly at half-past seven. Then she comes to my door and gives a mew, and then, especially if I let her in and go on writing or reading without taking notice of her, there is a real demonstration of affection for five minutes such as never again occurs in the day. She purrs, she walks round and round me, she jumps in my lap, she turns to me and rubs her head and nose against my chin; she opens her mouth and raps her pretty white teeth against my pen; then she will jump down, settle herself down by the fire, and never show any more affection all day. . . . I forget whether I have written to you since Leamington. It was a much less interesting audience than the Birmingham one, but I read, I think, much better, and indeed a great part of the lecture I spoke without looking at my notes. I think you will be interested by the lecture when you read it in the *Cornhill*. I have finally refused to address the London Clergy at Sion College, but I think it likely I may address the South London Working Men's Institute on the *Church of England*. That will be a curious experiment. I had rather not begin with a very large audience, such as one would have if one addressed working men in Birmingham or Manchester. I would rather see first with 200 or 300 how I get on, and how they receive what I say. M. A.

This time three years ago we were just preparing to take dear little Tom to Laleham.

### *To Lady de Rothschild.*

HARROW, *December* 8, 1871.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—I am very unworthy of so much good music, but it will enchant Dick, and I always like to see Mademoiselle Molique, and still more do I always like to see *you*. However, on the 20th I *cannot* come; I shall be in the middle of the examination for certificates at one of the London Mining Schools. Will it do if we come on the 21st? I *think* I could catch the six o'clock train on the afternoon of that day. Then we would stay the 22nd with you, and return here on the 23rd, for the 24th is my birthday, and I must not be away from home on it.

On Saturday I am going to Hampden to *shoot!* I was once very fond of it, but have now fallen quite out of practice; however, Grant Duff insists upon it, and I am sure to be delighted when I find myself in the woods.

The Baroness Meyer has desired me to say to the Grant Duffs that she wants to make acquaintance with them. Do you know them, or shall I say the same for you? He is very accomplished and intelligent, and she is not only intelligent, but very pretty and pleasing besides. And at Hampden they are not very distant neighbours of yours. My kindest regards at Aston Clinton.—Most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*P.S.*—Write me a line to Hampden, please.

### *To his Mother.*

HAMPDEN, *Tuesday, December* 12, 1871.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—First let me thank you for your note and say that I would rather have a book for my birthday present than the ring you speak of; and

there is a book lately published in Germany, a Bible in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Luther's German, which costs just £1, and is a miracle of cheapness at that price, which would be the very thing.

I am here at this interesting old place, from which John Hampden went up to London with his escort of freeholders, and the great hall has a bench running all round the wall, on which, no doubt, the freeholders sate. It is an immense rambling old place in the midst of the Chiltern Hills, with exquisite woods, vistas, and single trees; very lovely its woods joining those of another similar place—Chequers. The present representative of the family cannot afford to live here, and Grant Duff has taken it for three years, and will probably stay much longer, as he very much likes it and it suits his children. He asked me several times to come here in the spring and summer, but I could not come. In spring when the beeches are coming out, or in autumn when they are turning colour, the place must be at its perfection. The shooting is very good. I shot yesterday, and did nothing but miss, I am so out of practice; and no doubt I shall do nothing but miss to-morrow, but there is nobody to be annoyed by it, so it does not matter, and the being out is a great amusement to me. Poor Mrs. Grant Duff has been dangerously ill since they came back from abroad, and is still confined to her room. We go and see her at five o'clock tea, and again for an hour after dinner. Sir John Lubbock is here, whom I like very much. . . . I go away to-morrow afternoon, and shall get home to dinner. On the 21st I am going to Aston Clinton with Dicky till the evening of the 23rd. Mme. Norman Neruda, the violinist, will be there, and Dick will so much like it that as Lady de R. kindly asked him to go with me, I could not refuse. Sir John Lubbock is near me, and his room is hung with tapestry and haunted.

One of the family committed suicide there. Sir John Lubbock was put there rather than I, because as a man of science he is supposed to be exempt from all superstitious fears.

Grant Duff heard from the Duke of Argyll to-day that yesterday afternoon he received a telegram from the Queen to send to the Viceroy of India to the effect that the doctors were somewhat more hopeful about the Prince of Wales.[1] This looks promising, and if to-morrow's papers do not announce his death, there will be a turn in people's minds, and we shall expect him to live. His illness and the feeling it excites very much strengthen the Crown.

I think it is very natural you should like to get out, but perhaps it is safer you should remain at home in this weather. I think much more of the trial of cold to people of a certain age than of the trial of fatigue, for as to fatigue, nature will not let them reach it without warning them, but as to cold there is no such protection. So though I countenanced your expedition to your firs, I do not think I countenanced your visit to the Wheatley Balmes. Now I must stop or I shall be quite frozen. Love to Fan.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

*To the Same.*

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT,
WHITEHALL, *December* 23, 1871.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I waited till to-day that I might hear of your progress, and Fan's account this morning is, I suppose, to be considered decidedly good, only I shall be anxious to hear that all cough and oppression are quiet again.

[1] It was announced, November 23, 1871, that the Prince of Wales was suffering from typhoid fever.

Now I must send you all my best possible wishes for Christmas and thank you all for your letters and wishes for my birthday. You in particular and Fan and Rowland for your presents. The book I shall order when I go to London on Wednesday. I think I told you what it is, an incredibly cheap and well-edited edition of the Bible in the original Hebrew and in three famous versions—the Greek, the Latin Vulgate, and Luther's German. I have made progress enough in Hebrew to want a Hebrew Bible, and the Greek text has been so much improved by recent editors that I am glad to have the Greek text as it is now received instead of the old inaccurate edition I had at Rugby. The Vulgate Latin will not now be mended, but even of this, the Papal Bible, and approved as the one sound version by the Council of Trent, the good edition is printed not at Rome but at Frankfort! It is a noble version, the Latin, the one which, next to our own, most gives the accent and impressiveness of the original. It is curious how much less, for the Old Testament, the Greek gives this. The fatal thing about ours is that it so often spoils a chapter (in the Old Testament) by making sheer nonsense of one or two verses, and so throwing the reader out. You see how your present has carried me on.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

Should you not like to hear A. P. S. in Grey Friars Church?—the very church where old Janet Geddes threw her stool at the surpliced clergyman.

*To the Same.*

HARROW, *January* 14, 1872.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—The sun is shining in at my window so brightly that I can hardly write.

How unlike the darkness of the Sunday that I passed last week in the "climes beyond the solar road"! But it was delightful to visit those climes and their inhabitants, and most of all because, after all I had heard of your coughing and weakness, I should never have believed how entirely you were your own dear self unless I had seen you with my eyes. K. will have told you of our pleasant day at Wharfeside. Very pleasant it was, and Flu was none the worse for her journey to London, nor for the theatricals. . . . I am going to-morrow to Lord Chesham's to meet Disraeli. I found Lady Chesham's letter here on my return, urging me to go; and though I very much wanted to stay and work in quiet here this week, I thought I should be sorry afterwards if I did not go, just at the approach of the Session, and with the Conservatives in a state of hope and joy. I shall return here after breakfast on Tuesday. I found your present here on my return, and yesterday morning I unpacked it, and I cannot tell you what pleasure I had in examining it—reading the prefaces and looking at this and that famous passage. It is a miracle of cheapness, and it is said to be almost entirely without errors of the press; this is the third edition, and it has been sifted so carefully. It will bind very well in five large volumes. The possession of it will very much stimulate my attention to Hebrew. I have found too a presentation copy of the new edition of Sir John Lubbock's *Pre-Historic Man*. This is a subject which is always tempting, and I shall read the book, I hope, this year. I have been to church alone with Lucy this morning, and now I am going to take a walk with her and Rover. The boys do not come down till the holidays end. I quite reckon on seeing Edward, tell him. My love to dear K., Edward, and Fan; I think you have no more

with you now. You will like having the Stanleys. I should like to be at home for their visit.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

*To the Same.*

HARROW, *Sunday, January* 21, 1872.

MY DEAREST MAMMA—To-morrow I begin inspecting again, and I look round at my room and my books with sorrow to think how little I shall see of them. I read in your Bible every day, and it gives me great pleasure. In Isaiah xlvii., where Babylon is reproached for her hardness to Israel, "upon the ancient hast thou heavily laid thy yoke," ancient is said to mean "poor old Israel." I had my doubts whether it did not mean rather the chosen *eternal* people of God, as at Isaiah xliv. 7, "since I appointed the *ancient* people," where the meaning of ancient is certainly this. Yesterday I looked for myself at the Hebrew, and found that in the two passages the word is, in the Hebrew, not the same; but in the second passage it is a word meaning *everlasting*, and in the first it is a word meaning *old;* and this sets the question at rest. I tell you this to show you by an example in what a real way your present is of use and instruction to me.

I met that famous Jew, Dizzy, on Monday, and he was very amiable; what strikes one most when one sees him at a place like Latimer, where he wishes to be agreeable, is how very pleasant and amiable he is. He expressed great pleasure at meeting me, and talked to me a good deal. He said very few characteristic things; his reason for not having a speech this recess: "The ministers were so busy going about apologising for their failures that he thought it a pity to distract

public attention from the proceeding," was one of them. He told me he really did not know whether the Collier scandal[1] would be brought forward in the House of Commons; his own opinion was that the Lords was the right place. He said that the Liberals had never yet been able to get on without a Whig for their head, and he did not believe they at present could get on without one: Gladstone was not a Whig, but a sort of Radical, and there was no Whig forthcoming; Lord Granville had not weight enough, etc. From another source I heard that Dale of Birmingham says the Dissenters really wish to see the Government out of office; they think that in opposition they can make their own terms with them and get the command of the party; and moreover that there are some very difficult and unpopular bills to pass, such as a Licensing Bill, of which a Tory Government had better have the unpopularity than a Liberal Government. What is curious in Dizzy is his great knowledge about county families and their history; I really think not from anything servile, but because it interests him in bearing on English life, politics, and society. It was a small party: Lord Ebury and his daughter, Lady Westminster and her son, and Vernon Harcourt. Old Lady Beaconsfield was there, and in great force. I am asked to dine at the Admiralty with the Goschens on Wednesday, and on Friday to go to the Meyer Rothschilds at Mentmore till Monday, but I shall do neither the one nor the other. If Flu's cold does not get better I shall take her on Wednesday to the sea for a few days. My love to Rowland.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

[1] Concerning the elevation of the Attorney-General to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

Matthew Arnold's second son, Trevenen William (referred to in these Letters as "Budge"), died at Harrow, February 16, 1872, aged eighteen years.

He was thus commemorated by the Rev. E. M. Young, then a Master at Harrow, and the Rev. H. G. Robinson, Prebendary of York :—

In Obitum
Pueri Dilectissimi
T. W. A.

Heu, geniale caput! cum vix adoleverat aetas,
Cui subiit nostrum te quoque posse rapi?
Te levitate pedum, firmo te robore ovantem,
Heredemque tuae deliciasque domus?
Nam neque prospiciens, ut frater amabilis, ictum
Tarda languebas in tua fata mora;
Nec messem, velut ille, ferens maturus opimam
Sponte dabas falci, quae legerentur, opes.
At socios inter notissimus unus, amicus
Nulli, quin penitus diligereris, eras:
Quem regum ille nepos fidum sibi sensit Achaten,
Nec puduit teneris saepe dedisse manus.
Idem aliquid vultuque hilari salibusque valebas,
Plus tamen ingenii simplicitate tui;
Quippe puer germanus eras, nec seria rerum
Frons tua norat adhuc praeposuisse iocis.
At libris si forte vacans laudisque paternae
Et sancti fueris commonefactus avi,
Te quoque crediderim toties optasse merendo
Dignum aliquid tantae stirpe dedisse domus.
Dis aliter visum—iam ludi finis agendi,
Pensi finis adest: talia linque, puer!
Non opus humanis, ut iam doceare, magistris,
Praemia, ni fallor, nostra minoris habes.
Est aliquid te nosse tamen, si pariete ab illo,
Nomen ubi posthac triste legere tuis,
Discet ovans aetate puer nec pulchra iuventa
Membra nec ingenium mite vetare mori.

E. M. Y.

Ah, kindly youth! of foot so fleet and light,
So frankly joyous in thy growing might,
Heir of a name to live in time's long tide,
A mother's darling, and a father's pride;
How could we think to see thee snatched away
In the fair dawn of manhood's opening day?
Not like thy well-loved brother's fate was thine,
Long to anticipate the stroke divine,
From far to watch it as serene he lay,
And slowly languish from the world away;
Not thine, like him so early ripe, to yield
Some gathered firstfruits of a harvest field;
But thine to be amongst thy comrades true,
Well known of all, and loved by all who knew.
The generous scion[1] of a kingly line
Gave thee his faith and prized the gift of thine;
And childhood's sportive arts and simple glee
Wooed thy regard and were not scorned by thee.
Winning that playful wit, that gay, bright smile,
More winning still that soul untouched by guile;
A soul that loved the light, nor recked to stray
Amidst the gloom of life's more serious way.
Yet well we deem that in thy studious hour,
When roused by some bright page high hopes had power,
To thy young soul diviner promptings came,
Thoughts of a father's praise, a grandsire's name,
And woke the proud resolve to win the meed
Of some befitting work or worthy deed.
It might not be—for thee life's game is done,
Life's task is ended, rest thee now, fair son!
No need for thee of human teachers more,
Thine a diviner school, a loftier lore.
Small is thy count of earthly contests now,
Of crowns that wreathe an earthly victor's brow.
Yet to have known thee will not be in vain
If, while he marks in yonder sacred fane
Thy name's sad record on the storied wall,
Some mirthful playmate shall this truth recall:—
*Nor comely form, nor kindly heart can save*
*From Death's quick summons and an early grave.*

[1] The Duke of Genoa. H. G. R.

## *To his Mother.*

HARROW, *February* 18, 1872.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I do not know that I shall write much, but I must tell you what pleasure it gave us to have your letter and Fan's this morning. When I wrote last Sunday there was not even a trace of illness to be seen in Budge, though I hear now he had been much knocked up by running a mile very fast the day before; but he was entirely himself all Saturday and Sunday, and indeed particularly gay. When I came home on Monday evening Flu told me that Budge had gone to bed with a bad cold and toothache. I saw him three times that evening and found him very sick and miserable. I concluded he had a bilious attack, such as I often used to have when a boy, and that he had a cold with it. So it went on, headache taking the place of toothache, and I cannot say I was the least uneasy. But, when Victorine called to us on Friday morning and I found him light-headed wandering about the room, I was very uneasy; he knew me, however, and said, "ah! papa!" but I went off at once for Dr. Tonge, the doctor who lives nearest. When I came back he seemed dropping into a heavy doze. I had to go very early to London, and he seemed in the same heavy doze when I left him. The rest you have heard; when I saw him again at 2 P.M. all the doctors were there, besides Hutton, who had come down with me; and it was clear there was no hope. He never showed the least spark of consciousness, till his breathing ceased with a sort of deep sigh. How fond you were of him, and how I like to recall this! He looks beautiful, and my main feeling about him is, I am glad to say, what I have put in one of my poems, the

"Fragment of a Dejaneira."[1] William Forster has just come. Walter has written a very feeling and kind letter. Love to Fan and to Rowland.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

*To Wyndham Slade.*

HARROW, *Wednesday, February* 21, 1872.

MY DEAR WYNDHAM—Your kind note carried me back to the day when we stood in the crowd at Boulogne with those two little boys, both of them now gone. Mrs. Arnold liked having your dear wife's letter, who always noticed Budge so much. You will have heard that, having been in perfect health up to that time, he seemed last Monday week to have taken a chill and to have a bilious cold. He had much sickness and headache, but the doctors treated it as a very ordinary case; and even on Thursday night, when light-headedness came on, they still treated it as an ordinary case, till on Friday morning the light-headedness suddenly changed into a kind of torpor, congestion of the brain and lungs set in rapidly, and at five in the afternoon he was dead.—Affectionately yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

He is buried to-morrow at Laleham, by his two brothers.

[1] But him, on whom, in the prime
Of life, with vigour undimm'd,
With unspent mind, and a soul
Unworn, undebased, undecay'd,
Mournfully grating, the gates
Of the city of death have for ever closed—
*Him*, I count *him* well-starr'd.

## *To his Mother.*

HARROW, *Sunday, February* 25, 1872.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I like to hear from you and Fan and to think how Fox How will always be associated with my poor Budge to us, but I can hardly bear to write about him. Fan's letters give me so much pleasure, as those from the dear Quillinans. I send you one or two others that I think would have given Budge himself pleasure: one from Coleridge, whose position at the Bar he greatly admired and often talked of, and one from George Grove at the Crystal Palace, whom he used to like to go and visit. But Flu will make a selection for you.

Everything here reminds me of him so much. He made no pretensions about liking flowers or anything else, but he was the one who really cared how the garden was laid out, and kept asking his mamma questions what she was having done about the beds; then he never passed a morning without giving an eye all round the place, seeing how the animals were getting on, what the gardener was doing, and so on.

I do not think we shall stop here beyond Christmas. It is possible we may take Aunt Susanna's house at Laleham. A vault has been made, and the three brothers are together, and I am better pleased myself, although if Budge had not died I could not have borne to disturb the other two.

Poor old Mrs. Butler, Dr. Butler's mother, died last night. In her last wanderings she kept talking of "those poor parents," for we had been much in her mind—Budge was so well known to all here. I cannot write his name without stopping to look at it in stupefaction at his not being alive.

You will have been pleased at Tom's boy[1] having done so well.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

*To the Rev. E. M. Young.*

HARROW, *Saturday, March* 2, 1872.

MY DEAR YOUNG—Your verses[2] give me very great pleasure, and I think they are, besides, very pleasing in themselves. Nothing will ever eradicate from me the feeling of the greater subtleness and adequateness, for a topic of this kind, of Latin Elegiacs than of any other description of verse. I wish you would send me a few more copies. I am not quite sure whether, in the expression *libris vacans*, libris is meant for the ablative or the dative; whether you mean "though withdrawn from books" or "in his hour for books."—With many and sincere thanks, I am always yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To William Steward, a working man at Bedford.*

HARROW, *May* 8, 1872.

DEAR SIR—I have read your essay[3] through with much interest. It has both intelligence and patience, the two qualities which for dealing with social questions are most needed. I agree least with your remarks on education. Too much time is wasted over grammar, but it is true, as Goethe said, that no man who knows only his own language knows even that. And as to

[1] Matthew Arnold's nephew, W. T. Arnold, elected Scholar of University College, Oxford, February 24, 1872.

[2] See p. 78.

[3] On "Hindrances to the Advancement and Contentment of the Working Classes," quoted in the preface to *Literature and Dogma.*

useful knowledge, a single line of poetry, working in the mind, may produce more thoughts and lead to more light, which is what man wants, than the fullest acquaintance (to take your own instance) with the processes of digestion. However, your over-estimate, as I think it, of what is called "useful" knowledge is common to you with many. The merit of such pages as your pages 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12 is shared with you by but few of those who write and speak on the matters there treated, and I value it very highly.—Believe me, dear sir, faithfully yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To the Same.*

HARROW, *May* 30, 1872.

DEAR SIR—I have read your letter with much interest, and am pleased to find how much agreement there is between us. I entirely agree with you that its Tory and squirearchical connexion has been and is of the greatest disservice to the Church of England.

I am sending you a little book,[1] which will show you that I am trying to help popular education in an untried, but, as I think, an important sort of a way. Do not trouble yourself to thank me for the book, unless anything occurs to you with respect to its design.—Very faithfully yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

[1] *A Bible-Reading for Schools.* 1872.

*To George de Bunsen.*

HARROW, *June* 10, 1872.

MY DEAR BUNSEN—Many thanks for your letters, —your two letters. I had not expected you to write about my great loss when it happened, or even to hear of it, for these losses hardly reach the outer world, though they reach and affect deeply one's own life; but I liked to have your kind and feeling words, now that an opportunity for saying them offered itself.

Your pamphlet about the Seminaries, and still more your letter, gave me the information I most wanted. Two points occur to me: 1. Are Seminarists at the end of their first or of their second year course taken away to be schoolmasters, if there is pressure; or is this quite against the rule? 2. "Der Eintritt in den Schuldienst steht den nicht seminärisch vorgebildeten Lehrern ebenso offen, wie den Seminar-Abiturienten." I particularly want to know in what proportion non-seminarists are employed, and on what conditions? Have they to undergo the leaving examination of the Seminary before they are admitted to posts as teachers?

Samuelson says, I am told, that it is now common in Prussia for youths to get private preparation where and how they like from sixteen to nineteen, and at nineteen to enter the profession of public teaching in the popular schools, no question as to their religion or religious instruction having ever been asked. Can this be so?

I have told Macmillan to send you a little book of mine, because it is an attempt in which I think your dear father would have taken an interest. What *literary* interest the little book has is rather special, for readers of the English Bible, but you have

enough *English* in you to make you not insensible even to this. Its educational interest is more general. Into the education of the people there comes, with us at any rate, absolutely nothing *grand;* now there is a fatal omission (*alles grandioses bildet*, as Goethe says), and my little book is an attempt to remedy it. I am afraid it will be used first in schools of a higher kind, but I am not without hope it will reach the *Volksschule* at last.—All affectionate wishes for you and yours.—Most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To William Steward.*

HARROW, *June* 11, 1872.

MY DEAR SIR—I must write one line of thanks to you for your interesting letter. I should be very sorry to think that masterpieces of our English literature, such as a play of Shakespeare, or Milton's *Comus*, which you mention, would never be read in our popular schools; but I think they will be read all the better, and with the more appreciation, if there is some such basis as that which this Bible reading proposes to give. And, after all, Isaiah is immensely superior to Milton's *Comus*, in all the more essential qualities of a literary production, even as literature.—Truly yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To M. Fontanès, a French Pasteur.*

BYRON HOUSE, HARROW, MIDDLESEX.
*September* 20, 1872.

CHER MONSIEUR—Votre lettre arriva pendant que je voyageais en Suisse; rentré chez moi, je me hâte

de vous en rémercier bien sincèrement. On attache toujours du prix à un suffrage inattendu ; et puis, je venais de suivre dans les journaux le compte rendu de vos débats au synode, et de la lutte si courageusement soutenue par vous et par vos amis ; celà me fit parcourir votre lettre avec un intérêt tout particulier. Votre sympathie me flatte et m'honore ; mais vous vous trompez en pensant que mes armes eussent pu vous être utiles dans un conflit comme celui que vous venez de subir. Au contraire, vous êtes plus avancés que nous ; je ne poursuis que de loin et par des voies purement littéraires une réforme religieuse que vous abordez plus franchement. Dire en face, et au milieu d'une assemblée religieuse, au parti soi-disant orthodoxe, des vérités telles qu'il lui a fallu écouter de la bouche de vous et de vos amis, c'est ce qu'on n'oserait pas ici. Du moment qu'on l'osera, un pas énorme aura été fait ; à present, devant le gros public et la majorité religieuse, la minorité libérale du clergé est tenue à parler avec une grande reserve, à ménager beaucoup ses adversaires, à ne faire qu'effleurer les questions vitales, à n'attaquer de front que des parties minimes du dogme suranné que toutes nos églises, même celles des dissidents, subissent encore. En même temps, il faut le dire, on réussit à tenir en échec les sections violentes de la majorité, à les empêcher de la dominer et de lui imposer une politique rétrograde. C'est beaucoup ; mais ce n'est pas assez pour familiariser les esprits avec l'idée, si nécessaire pourtant, d'une véritable révolution à accomplir dans leurs croyances religieuses. En France et en Allemagne les églises Protestantes ont acquis cette idée, et elle les possède, bien qu'elles n'arrivent pas encore à y voir clair. Dans tout celà, elles me paraissent, je le répète, plus avancées que les nôtres ; en revanche nous avons, je crois, une bien plus grande masse d'esprits s'occupant sérieusement de religion,

masse dont le mouvement sera un jour très fort, et il commence, ce mouvement.

Le Dean Stanley est le chef très brillant et très adroit de la minorité libérale du clergé anglican. Mieux que personne, il a l'instinct de la politique qu'il faut suivre, politique très reservée pour le fond des doctrines, très ferme pour tout le reste, et bien décidée à ne pas se laisser effrayer. Si vous viendrez en Angleterre, je serai charmé de vous mettre en relations avec lui ; de sa part aussi, il sera heureux de vous connaître. Ne vous attendez point, cependant, à trouver ici une école théologique de quelque valeur ; nous n'avons rien de pareil à votre école de Strasbourg. Cette critique des Actes que vous demandez, vous la trouverez chez vous plutôt qu'ici. En parlant de St. Paul, je n'ai pas parlé en théologien, mais en homme de lettres mécontent de la très mauvaise critique littéraire qu'on appliquait à un grand esprit ; si j'avais parlé en théologien, on ne m'eût pas écouté. Je vous enverrai un petit travail sur Isaïe que je viens de publier, et qui réussit assez bien ; il vous fera apprecier le caractère tout littéraire et tout lointain de mes tentatives dans ce grand champ de la réforme religieuse. J'aurai, j'espère, un jour le plaisir de vous serrer la main et de causer avec vous sur toutes ces choses ; en attendant, agréez, cher Monsieur, mes vifs remerciments, et l'expression des sentiments d'estime cordiale avec lesquels je suis.—Most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To his Mother.*

*Monday, December* 23, 1872.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—It is all settled about my holiday ; another inspector has been officially entrusted

with my district from February to the end of May, and it really seems almost too good to be true. But Rydal will be a very pleasant episode first. On Saturday I had an agreeable dinner at the Coleridges, though Henry Taylor is not very interesting; he talks too slow and is a little pompous. But Boxall was there, and Fergusson the architect, and Wm. Spring Rice, and Sir Frederick Elliot—all people I like. The house is quite beautiful, and the library has received the last improvements since I saw it. Yesterday morning I went down to Belgravia and heard Wilkinson;[1] he is a very powerful preacher from his being himself so *possessed*. But it was a very striking sermon—on missions[2] and the *Times* article upon them. The notion was that we are corrupting here from over-vitality, too much life crowded up in too narrow a room, and that the best remedy was to return to the old gospel injunction—go and preach the gospel to every creature. This was in answer to the common objection—begin with your heathen masses at home. He despaired of home, he said; he had at first thought it was the right place to begin, but he now saw the will of God was not so; and then came pictures of the life of the poor in London, and of "society" in London, and of the Church in England, all fermenting and corrupting, he said, from too much vitality being jammed up together in too narrow a space; the only remedy was to disperse into missions. We ought all to wish to go, and to bring up our children to wish to go. His triumph was when he met the natural question—why don't *you* go then? He had wished to go, he said, prayed to go; he still hoped to go, but was

[1] The Rev. G. H. Wilkinson, Vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square; afterwards Bishop of Truro, and of St. Andrews.

[2] December 20, 1872, was observed as a Day of Intercession for Missions, and this observance was satirised by the *Times* next day.

not yet suffered; he thought it was because of the sins of his youth and that he was not found worthy; and he compared himself to Moses not allowed because of his faults to enter the Holy Land himself, only permitted to send Joshua. You see what awful risk he ran here of being unreal, even absurd; and he came out triumphant. He was so evidently sincere, more than sincere, burnt up with sorrow, that he carried every one with him, and half the church was in tears. I do not much believe in good being done by a man unless he can give *light*, and Wilkinson's fire is very turbid; but his power of heating, penetrating, and agitating is extraordinary. He has no merit of voice; only one tone, a loud and clear, but rather harsh one. I saw Henry Coleridge for a few minutes; the first time for years. I thought he would never have let my hand go; at last he said—"Matt!!—I expected to see a white-headed old man." I said that my white hairs were all internal. He himself is greatly aged; he is very like his father. Love to all.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

## *To M. E. Grant Duff, M.P.*

HARROW, *Christmas Day*, 1872.

MY DEAR GRANT DUFF—On the day of your Jewish and Princely Ball I shall be in Westmorland, whither I go the day after to-morrow, to stay till the 15th proximo.

I read your address[1] with real admiration of its briskness and brightness; the redaction so good; a *résumé*, and so much to be resumed, and such danger of falling into the catalogue style, and this danger perfectly escaped.

[1] To the electors of Elgin and Nairn.

As to the Liberals, I believe that the wish and intention of the best and most intelligent of them is as you say; but what they actually manage to get done is very often not "as reason would," but as violent and ignorant influences in the mass of their party will; and I cannot look upon it as a triumph of reason, though it passes as one of the triumphs of the Liberal party.

We shall not start for the Continent earlier than the first week in February, and before that time I shall see you and bring the little red book.

You do not mention Mrs. Grant Duff's health, so I hope and trust she is well again. A happy Christmas to you and yours. I hope you told Mrs. Grant Duff how enchanted I was with her two youngest.—Ever sincerely yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To M. Fontanès.*

MENTON, *Mars* 16, 1873.

MON CHER MONSIEUR—Votre lettre me trouve en voyage et au moment de repartir; il faut cependant que je vous addresse un mot de remercîment. Je voudrais savoir aussi, si, par hasard, vous vous trouverez à Paris du 15 mai au premier juin; cette quinzaine de jours j'espère pouvoir la passer à Paris avant de rentrer en Angleterre; j'ai fort peu de chance de venir à Havre, et je crains que vous n'ayez, bien qu'un peu anglomane, aucune intention bien arrêtée de visiter l'Angleterre. Vers le 15 mai donc, veuillez, mon cher monsieur, m'addresser un mot à l'hôtel Chatham, à Paris, pour me dire si je pouvais avoir le grand plaisir de vous voir à mon passage.

Je n'ai pas voulu dire que la litterature chez nous n'avait pas ses coudées franches lorsqu'il s'agissait de

chose religieuse ; ce que j'affirme, c'est qu'aucun corps religieux, aucune réunion religieuse n'aurait pas, chez nous, traiter les questions de dogme avec la franchise qu'a montrée votre synode. C'est en quoi vous avez sur nous un avantage, selon moi, considérable ; en revanche, nous avons le gros public qui s'émeut pour ces questions religieuses, qui s'en mêle, qui veut les voir vidés au fond ; c'est beaucoup, et à cet égard vous aurez, je crois, quelque chose à nous envier. Mon livre nouveau,[1] par exemple ; il n'y a qu'un mois qu'il est publié, et déjà il en est à sa troisième édition. C'est grâce à son sujet et à l'intérêt que le public y prend ; car, en général, tout ce qui vient de moi s'écoule très lentement. On me dit qu'il est fort attaqué, ce qui n'est jamais un mal pour un tel ouvrage ; mais j'ai défendu de m'envoyer aucune revue, voulant me distraire autant que possible, pendant les quelques semaines que je pourrai donner à l'Italie, de toutes les affaires de ma vie habituelle. Cela est cause que la seule critique de mon livre que j'ai reçue c'est votre lettre si pleine d'adhésion et de sympathie ; j'en suis bien reconnaissant ; depuis votre précédente lettre, et la lecture de votre discours au synode, vous êtes des trois ou quatre personnes dont le suffrage, dans ces questions de critique religieuse, m'est le plus précieux. —Believe me, most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

[1] *Literature and Dogma : an Essay towards a Better Apprehension of the Bible.* 1873.

## *To his Mother.*

ROME, HOTEL D'ITALIE,
VIA DELLE QUATTRO FONTANE,
*Sunday, March* 30, 1873.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I have not yet had an answer to my last letter to you, but you have been very good about writing. We found one letter from you when we arrived, and another has come since. We have also very good news of dear Dick. There is a letter from him this morning, dated the 25th; he is full of the thought of coming to us. We left Mentone yesterday, Saturday, week, on a rainy morning, but it soon cleared, and we had the most beautiful journey possible along the Riviera. Occasionally for ten miles one would like to have the slower mode of travelling with horses, but, on the whole, the railroad is a gain. But the superiority of this western Riviera, which I had not seen before, over the eastern Riviera, is very great, and the whole way from Savona to Genoa is as beautiful as a dream, Genoa and its tall white lighthouse and the mountains behind and beyond it being visible all the way. At Genoa we went to an excellent inn, the same I was at before, the Hotel Veder; but our day had been tiring, for the sea had in one place washed the line away, and at the end of a tunnel, in the dark, we had all to get out, and, carrying all our cloaks and small parcels, to make our way up a bank to the high road, along the high road for some three hundred yards, and then down another bank to a new train, which was waiting for us on the Genoa side of the Abyss. Sunday was a beautiful morning, and Flu and the children were charmed with Genoa. We went to the English service, and then to the public gardens, from which the view is so beautiful; in the afternoon we drove out to the Cemetery. The moun-

tains interested us the more because immediately round Genoa they look just about the height of our Westmorland mountains, and are really not much higher; they are also bare nearly to the foot, as ours are, and not unlike in shape. The colour is the great difference. The next morning the two little girls and I drove to the Church of Santa Maria di Carignano, from the top of which there is a celebrated view of Genoa. It was the first tower they had been up, but the steps are the broad, easy steps of Italy, not the dark, narrow staircase of a Gothic tower. They were as much enchanted as their dear grandpapa's grandchildren ought to have been, and we could have stayed there for ever. The Mediterranean was quite calm, with ships moving gently in all directions over it, and all the Riviera by which we had come was before us, just a few lines and spots of snow on the upper part of the mountains. Then we went to get money, to take tickets, to lunch at the famous Café, and finally to one of the palaces as a specimen of the rest, the one where the pictures are best. I had seen all the palaces, and knew it would tire my companions to death to go the round in one day. We dined at the five o'clock *table d'hôte*, and at seven in the evening we started for Rome. We have circular tickets, which oblige us to be at Milan in forty days from our leaving Genoa, but give us entire freedom as to where we stop, and how long, and we gain immensely by paying all in one sum at once. We decided to give up Naples, partly because of the expense of extending our journey, partly because it leaves something to be done hereafter, mostly, however, because of the accounts we hear of fever and sickness at Naples. The little girls have hitherto been so well, and the pleasure of our journey so depends on their being well, that I do not wish to run any risk. Our tickets enable us to go to Venice if we like, but I

think we shall stay three weeks here and a fortnight at Florence; and that, with a day at Bologna and another at Ravenna, will exhaust our time. We must be at Milan on the 2nd of May, then we shall have ten days for the Italian lakes. At Alessandria (to go back to our journey), about nine at night, we had to change trains, and as there was a crowd, we paid something extra and got a coupé, thus ensuring being by ourselves, and the children had a good night, and did not wake till we were descending the Apennines upon the wide valley of Florence. At Florence we washed and breakfasted at the station, and in less than an hour were off in another coupé for Rome. This day was delightful. Our coupé went forwards, and so we could see everything. We went by Arezzo, Lake Trasimeno, Perugia, Assisi, Spoleto, Terni—all new country to me. The weather glorious and the day never to be forgotten. At Otri, where the Nar joins the Tiber, we got into the Campagna sort of country, and the flowers in the low, wooded hills here were something wonderful. Tell Fan the only drawback in Rome is that one longs to be out in the country among the flowers at this best of all seasons for them. We wound round Soracte, and came into the true Campagna, and reached Rome about six, great bunches of narcissus in the fields of deep rich grass accompanying us up to the very walls of Rome. We went first to the Costanzi, but have moved here, to a new hotel, on the top of the Quirinal Hill, where we are very comfortable. You may imagine how often I think of papa here. About Rome I must write again, but here one ought neither to write nor to read, but to use one's eyes perpetually, and then to write and read after one has left Rome and gone somewhere where eyes are less wanted. We are going now to the Aventine, then the English burial-ground, then the tomb of

Cecilia Metella on the Appian Way. It is delightful to see how my trio enjoy it. The Storys (the American sculptor) are particularly kind. They are close by in the Barberini Palace.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

*To Miss Arnold.*

ROME, *April* 17, 1873.

MY DEAREST FAN—I must manage to write you a few lines, though we hear next to nothing from home, and are so hard driven with sight-seeing here that it is very hard to write. We had a few lines from mamma yesterday, which told us that by the middle of this week you would be at the Forsters'. I wrote a long letter to Jane, and begged her to let G. Smith and the Council Office know of my address here; but I conclude she had left London for the Easter holidays when my letter arrived. If you write by the post of the 23rd to the *poste restante* at Florence your letters will reach us in time. If you write two or three days later, write to the Hotel Cavour, Milan. But on the 2nd of May we shall go to Turin with Dick, and shall go through the tunnel with him. At Culoz we shall probably turn aside to Geneva while he proceeds to Paris, but it is possible we may all return to Paris together, the travelling with so large a party is so overwhelmingly expensive. Then after three or four days in Paris, Flu and the little girls would return, I should stay in Paris a week longer to see a number of people I want to see. But our journey has been well worth doing, if only for the sake of this month at Rome, and we shall get a clear week in Florence besides. I am trying to put down notes of what I see in Rome, which will enable me to fix it to some extent in my memory; but one sees far too much—

and yet that is inevitable. Imagine our day the day before yesterday. We started at ten, under a Roman sun, for the Farnesina Palace, which is open only on the 1st and 15th of the month. It has some wonderful frescoes designed by Raphael of the story of Cupid and Psyche, and of that of Galatea. The next palace to it has also splendid gardens stretching up the Janiculan Hill, and a great picture gallery besides. Among the pictures is the famous Herodias with John the Baptist's head, from which is the engraving in the Bible picture book we used to look at when we were children. This is the Corsini Palace. Well, after we had screwed our heads off with looking up at the ceilings of the Farnesina, we went to the Corsini, and went through its great gallery—most interesting, but very exhausting. Then Dick and I went up to the top of the gardens, while Flu and the girls stayed in a great shadowed walk of evergreen oaks below. Then we drove to the Piazza before St. Peter's, and lunched at a dirty, abominable restaurant. Then in the portico of St. Peter's we met Victorine by appointment, and split into two parties, one going to the statues in the Vatican Museum, the other to the pictures. I went to the statues, and I could go there for ever, but the more they interest one, the more it takes out of one to look at them. Then the children went to the Capitol to go up the tower and see the view, while Flu and I drove to the Ponte Molle, and home by the Porta del Popolo. Then I went to call on Mr. Marsh, the American Minister, who has been very kind to us, and who is now suffering from an attack of fever. I sate a long time with him, because he liked it. I was to have gone to the Duke of Sermoneta's afterwards, but was really too much done up. The children, however, drove with Victorine to the Coliseum to see the moon rise, which I have seen under better circum-

stances in June. Here was a day! Yesterday made amends. We went by train to Frascati, with the snowy Apennines as clear as possible on our left. At Frascati we got donkeys for Flu and the girls, and started for Tusculum. Tusculum stands on a point of the Alban range, related to the rest of the range, as the Low Man of Skiddaw is to Skiddaw. Directly we got clear of the villas we got into wood, and directly we got into the wood a feast of flowers began. The first I noticed was the dentaria; I think it is the *Dentaria*, a pale lilac flower, with little buttons or teeth; it is rare in England, but grows in a wood near Uxbridge. Then came magnificent butterfly orchises, then the anemone hepatica, and a white anemone to match it. Then the cyclamen, the purple one, covering all the ground. Then the Star of Bethlehem—but I really cannot go on. I sent you the Star of Bethlehem and a sort of orchis, which grows everywhere here. Mr. Ball will tell you what it is. I have found it in white as well as in red, but it grows all over the Campagna. Our road was delightful—a convent here, a villa there, avenues of ilex and stone pine, then the brushwood, with its endless flowers, and then lawns of grass mixed with the wood, grass as green now as the greenest fields in England. Then a bit of broad slab pavement from the Roman times coming into the track, and masses of Roman brickwork standing about on the turf. Finally, above this, a beautifully preserved stone theatre, and above that the top of the mountain point, with a cross built by the pupils of the English Jesuits' College just below, and the remains of the old citadel of Tusculum emerging from the ground. The Alban Hill in front, with the sea coming in beyond the flat Campagna below, was really like the side of Black Combe on a warm, sunny day, with

wind and flying white clouds, and the Irish Sea coming in all along the horizon. The unlike thing was Rome in the middle of the Campagna, and the lovely Italian towns rising from the mountain, with their domes and towers, and the massive convents, and here and there a cypress. It was quite delicious. We came down to a late lunch at Frascati, and I went afterwards to the Aldobrandini Villa for the view from its terraces. Storm-mist as black as ink covered Rome and all that part of the Campagna, but the light on the sea and on the Tiber, as you caught snatches of it on its way through the Campagna near the sea, was perfect. We got back rather late for dinner, and paid a call afterwards, and then I was really too tired to go to a party of Germans at the Archæological Institute on the Capitol, the Institute to which papa belonged. This morning we started for St. Peter's to go up the dome, but arrived too late. It closes at ten, and I thought it closed at eleven. Then we took Dicky to the Pantheon and the beautiful Church of the Minerva, where is Michael Angelo's "Christ," one of the three representations of Christ I most like; then to the Capitol. I saw as much of the statues as the children would let me see, then I was dragged off to see the famous bronze wolf. But I saw too the famous Consular Tables which interested papa so much, the beautifully preserved remains of the identical marble tables with the names of the Consuls which covered the walls of the portico under the Senate House, and which are the most authentic Roman history extant. Then we lunched at Spillmann's; but then the rain came on furiously, and has prevented us from going to San Clemente, a triple church, pagan at the bottom, primitive Christian in the middle, mediæval at the top, which Father Mulhooly, the prior of the Irish Dominicans, was to

show us. To-night Flu and I dine with the Baylys. He once wrote for the *Times*, and was afterwards Governor of the Bahamas. After dinner we go to Lady Paget's reception. The Pagets have been very kind to us, and so has Lady Ashburton, who is here. To-morrow, if it is fine, we are going to Tivoli. Now I must stop, for I am going with old Parker of Oxford, the archæologist, to see the Mamertine prisons before I dress for dinner. They show you the cell where St. Peter was confined, but, at any rate, they are remains of the original prisons of republican Rome. Love to all.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

*To his Brother, Walter Arnold.*

MENAGGIO, *May* 5, 1873.

MY DEAR WALTER—I always meant to write to you from these parts, because we have so often talked of them, and you were often in my mind when I settled to go to Bellaggio rather than Cadenabbia, where I went before. Well, to Bellaggio we telegraphed on Friday from the Hotel Cavour at Milan, and the hotel people at Milan said we were sure of rooms. You must know the crush in Italy is awful, just the same as in summer; whether it is the Vienna exhibition or what it is I do not know, but the fact is so. The crowd may be a little more select, but it is equally a crowd. Friday was a heavenly day in Milan, but Saturday was cold and dull. We had a regular trainful to Como, and on the steamer we were packed like herrings in a barrel, just the summer work over again. It was beautiful, but as our lakes are beautiful, gray and cold, and with an unpleasant ruffling wind which strengthened as the evening advanced. A great

many passengers left us at Cadenabbia, but more still were bound for Bellaggio. As we neared this place, what was my horror to see the Gran Bretagna covered with scaffolding and evidently uninhabitable! We landed in a boat crammed with anxious passengers. On landing we heard that the Villa Serbelloni was choke full, so the only thing was to make a bolt for the Hotel Gessizani, the other hotel, and a very second-rate one. I was nearly first, and got the five beds I wanted, but it was dismal to find oneself in dull rooms at a bad inn in cloudy weather when one had reckoned on charming rooms at a first-rate inn in Italian weather. As we sate at dinner the rain came on, and all night it rained furiously. But the next morning we had the benefit of this in the snowy mountains, which looked like the high Alps. It was fine weather again, but the wind cold and violent; however, after breakfast, I had a most exquisite morning on the promontory covered by the grounds of the Villa Serbelloni. I had never been to the top of it before, and did not know how beautifully it commanded the view, and then the Monte S. Primo, the mountain between Bellaggio and Como, was fairly vested with the purest snow from one end to the other, as if it had been the range of Mont Blanc. But the woods at this season! the lily of the valley everywhere, but not yet perfectly in flower; the helleborine, a beautiful white flower, which we had at Dorking; Solomon's seal, which I have never yet seen except in gardens; the dark purple columbine, and the lovely Star of Bethlehem, which fills the same place in the woods and fields now which the grass of Parnassus fills later in the year. After lunch I took another turn, in the opposite direction, to the Villa Melzi, and up the great steps to the Villa Giulia. Here I was pleased to find the cowslip growing in great abundance: the true English cowslip, but not with as

sweet a smell as ours. The blue of the lake was beautiful in the wind, but the wind was very cold. At half-past five we left for this place, and here we have found the most charming hotel, and a position on the lake which seems to me better than either Cadenabbia or Bellaggio. It was bitterly cold last night, but in the night the wind fell; to-day is without a cloud, and the beautiful lake looks its real self. We had meant to go on to Lugano, but it is impossible to tear oneself away. As I sit writing in the garden under a magnolia I look across to Varenna in the sun, and the "Sour-milk Gill" coming into the lake close by it; and the grand jagged line of mountains that bound the lake towards Colico, almost snowless in August, stand glittering now like the Oberland range. You never saw anything so calculated to make you drunk; and the grass is long and fresh everywhere, and the trees just in leaf: not an atom of the dusty and parched look which comes on later in the year. . . . At Florence I saw the Princess Alice again. I was marking some favourite pictures in the catalogue, at a last visit to the Pitti, when I heard some one behind me say: "So Mr. Matthew Arnold is making notes on the pictures"; and I turned round and saw the Princess. She introduced me to Prince Louis, who was with her, and her suite fell back, and we stood and talked for at least twenty minutes. When I thought they were fairly gone, she ran back again to ask if I had seen Lord Russell's book.[1] I said I had not, but that it would probably be nothing more than a sort of model religion of the British and Foreign School Society, and rather old-fashioned for modern requirements. Upon which she ran back laughing to Prince Louis, saying: "He says Lord Russell's new religion

[1] *The Rise and Progress of the Christian Religion in the West of Europe*, by John, Earl Russell. 1873.

is sure to be old-fashioned!" I was so much asked out at Florence that I was glad to get away; the weather too was detestable; but the place I still thought, particularly on the last morning when I went up alone, early, to my old favourite post at Bellosguardo, the most perfectly beautiful under heaven. . . . I wish you would look in in Fenchurch Street on George Smith (I think 136 is the number, but you will easily find out), and tell him I now give up hearing from him, but all he has got for me had better go to the Athenæum, where I shall find it at my return. Tell him that as a proof of the indestructible sweetness of my disposition, and of my viewing his conduct with sorrow rather than with anger, I send him the enclosed trifle[1] for the *Cornhill*, which I think rather good; and verses I do not often bestow on the public now. Write to me yourself at Hotel Chatham, Paris; a good, newsy, succulent letter. The female part of the family, who write volumes to one another, have treated us very shabbily in the way of letters, but I hope I have learnt like the Apostle, "in whatever state I am therewith to be content." Good-bye, my dear old boy; kindest remembrances to your wife and her sister. I hope we shall soon see you after we get back.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

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In 1873 Matthew Arnold quitted Harrow, and went to live at Cobham, Surrey. Here he rented from Mr. Leaf of Pains Hill a house called "Pains Hill Cottage," which was his home during the rest of his life.

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[1] "New Rome," *Cornhill Magazine*, June 1873.

*To John Sulman, a Sunday School Teacher.*

COBHAM, *June* 29, 1873.

DEAR SIR—Let me thank you for your kind note, and let me say to you at the same time that your own methods with your Sunday School children are probably better than any that I could teach you. Even supposing that I have discerned a truer way of apprehending the Bible than the old one, yet the discernment of this, and the successful employment of it in teaching children, by no means go necessarily together. Those who have best handled the Bible when teaching it according to the old lights to children will handle it best also when teaching it according to the new, if they receive them. And many of those who disapprove the old methods of interpreting Scripture may well envy the devotedness, affection, and skill with which the adherents of these old methods have applied themselves, and do still apply themselves, to meeting and satisfying the religious sense of children. Do not let us doubt, however, but that this may be as successfully and more truly done with the new methods.—Believe me, dear sir, truly yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To M. Fontanès.*

FOX HOW, AMBLESIDE,
*Août* 15, 1873.

MON CHER MONSIEUR—Votre lettre m'a trouvé en pleine tournée d'inspection ; je profite du premier moment des vacances pour y repondre. Oui, j'ai été forcé de hâter mon retour en Angleterre, et j'ai un peu devancé, à Paris, le jour fixé pour mon passage ; c'est.

pourquoi, à mon grand regret, je ne vous ai pas vu ; je priai Scherer de vous faire mes excuses et de vous exprimer mes regrets. Maintenant, je tâcherai de repondre à vos questions. Seulement, je ne parlerai pas politique ; vous me demandez ce que je pense de votre gouvernement de combat, et je dirai seulement que M. Thiers m'a toujours été fort antipathique, et que je serais enclin à lui préférer le Maréchal MacMahon et M. de Broglie ; ceux-ci, par le caractère et par l'honnêteté, m'inspirant plus de confiance que celui-là par son esprit. Je n'ai pas encore lu l'ouvrage de M. Hillebrand, et je n'aime pas trop les jugemens portés sur votre nation par des Allemands. Au fond, le Français est un Irlandais ; soit, mais un Irlandais *latinisé*, et, avec cela, on établit contre les deux hommes une difference profonde. Pour ne toucher qu'à un seul point, mais un point bien important—la chasteté. Le Celte pur, l'Irlandais, est chaste ; le Celte latinisé, le Français, est tout autre chose. Selon Ste. Beuve, Proudhon disait que "la France était tournée toute entière vers la fornication" ; et c'est là, en effet, votre plaie ; or, à cet égard, l'Irlande offre aux autres pays un exemple vraiment admirable, ses fautes sont ailleurs.

Vous avez bien gout, je crois, de vous abonner à la *Contemporary Review*, mais je vous engage à supprimer l'*Inquirer* et de mettre à son place le *Spectator*. L'*Inquirer* a un public bien restreint, il est écrit par des "Unitarians" et il circule parmi les "Unitarians" ; or, la secte des "Unitarians" est numeriquement peu importante, et leur journal est plus ou moins un journal de côterie. Le *Spectator* a des côtés faibles dont vous vous aperçevrez bien vite, mais c'est un journal écrit en vue du grand public et lu par le grand public ; en même temps, il s'occupe beaucoup de choses religieuses, qu'il traite d'un esprit large et libéral. Certainement, il faut lire la vie de Wesley, par Southey : d'abord, Southey est

un esprit supérieur et juge bien, quoiqu'en disent les Méthodistes, Wesley et l'ensemble du mouvement Wesleyen ; après cela, il a des dons de style et de récit vraiment éminents, et que, dans votre qualité de Français, vous saurez apprécier. Sur Cavour, la seule monographie anglaise que je connaisse est celle d'Edward Dicey, publiée par Macmillan ; elle est plutôt un bon article de journal qu'une monographie longuement travaillée et satisfaisante. Vous connaissez sans doute l'ouvrage du Comte Arrivabene ? Quant à la séparation de l'Église et de l'État, je ne vois pas de quelle manière, pour vos maux ou pour les nôtres, ce remède pourrait être bon à quelque chose. Chez nous, pour empêcher l'Église de travailler à ses vraies fins, on a déjà assez d'obstacles dans le mouvement des intérêts matériels et mondains qui nous sollicitent sans cesse ; ajoutez-y l'esprit de Secte, et l'Église aura, moins encore qu'à présent, la liberté d'esprit pour s'occuper des choses divines et éternelles. Chez les nations de race latine le danger est tout autre : si la religion n'était plus d'aucune façon une chose établie, reconnue par l'État, je craindrai de voir, d'un côté, des côteries devotes, étroites et superstitieuses ; de l'autre, une masse de nation entièrement dure et matérialiste. Pour en sortir, il vous faudrait, comme à l'ancien monde romain, le déluge et les barbares ! "Makes for righteousness" cela veut dire *favorise* la justice, *donne gain de cause à la* justice. Mon livre a été fort critiqué, mais il produit son effet ; la plupart des articles de revue s'occupent de billevesées ; seule, une revue hollandaise, *Le Journal théologique* de Leyden, a traité à fond le livre et la thèse qui y est soutenue. S'il parait quelque chose de bon là-dessus dans les organes du Protestantisme français, vous me rendrez un vrai service en m'en avertissant.

Adieu, mon cher Monsieur ; continuez, je vous prie, à m'écrire de temps en temps ; votre sympathie a été

pour moi un véritable encouragement—un de mes meilleurs! Tout à vous, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

### *To M. E. Grant Duff, M.P.*

SIX-MILE BOTTOM, NEWMARKET,
*September* 17, 1873.

MY DEAR GRANT DUFF—One line to say that I will come to you on Monday with great pleasure, to stay till Thursday. Dick, whom you so kindly invite, is back at Harrow. Mrs. Arnold is at Lord Charles Russell's at Woburn, but she will write to Mrs. Grant Duff and answer for herself. I do hope she will be able to come with me. Hall asks me to say that if you are disengaged for any days between October 1st and 10th he would be delighted to see you here to meet Tourgueneff, whose visit here has been postponed till then. He hopes you will excuse his inviting you by my pen, but he cannot get to his own writing-table, which I have insisted on occupying. The shooting here is superb, and I am shooting if possible worse than I did at Hampden; but this last year I shall go on blazing away, and then abandon for ever the vain attempt to mingle in the sports of the Barbarians. Kindest remembrances to Mrs. Grant Duff.—Yours ever sincerely,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

### *To Lady de Rothschild.*

COBHAM, SURREY,
*October* 11, 1873

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—I ought to have thanked you sooner for your kind note. In these last

days I have often thought how greatly I should have liked you to have seen and known my mother.[1] There is a little notice of her in this week's *Guardian* which I should like you to look at. It is very well done, and very true. I have not the paper here, or I would send it. But I will send you a sermon, or part of a sermon, which the Dean of Durham preached about her last Sunday, and which is now being printed. She had a clearness and fairness of mind, an interest in things, and a power of appreciating what might not be in her own line, which were very remarkable, and which remained with her to the very end of her life. To my great regret, I cannot find a letter she wrote me this last spring after my book[2] had been published. It was a wonderful letter. I can think of no woman in the prime of life, brought up and surrounded as my mother was, and with my mother's sincere personal convictions, who could have written it; and in a woman past eighty it was something astonishing. I have a beautiful letter to-day from Dean Stanley, written from Florence; he says, "What to me was so impressive was not merely that she rose instead of sinking under the blow[3] which we all feared would crush her, but that she retained the life-long reverence for your father's greatness, without a blind attempt to rest in the form and letter of his words." This is exactly true. To many who knew my father her death will be the end of a period, and deeply felt accordingly. And to me and her children how much more must it be this! My thanks and very kind regards to Sir Anthony and your daughters.—I am always, dear Lady de Rothschild, most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

[1] Mrs. Arnold of Fox How died September 30, 1873, aged eighty-two.

[2] *Literature and Dogma.*

[3] The sudden death of Dr. Arnold, 1842.

## *To Miss Arnold.*

WESLEYAN TRAINING COLLEGE,
WESTMINSTER, S.W.,
*November* 4, 1873.

MY DEAREST FAN—While my sixty pupil teachers sit at work before me I may as well write the letter to you which ought to have been written on Sunday or yesterday. But Sunday was a day of callers and calls, and yesterday I was at Tottenham inspecting, and only got back to London just in time to pick up Fanny Lucy and return to Cobham.

I saw the *Record:* it was like eating its words for the *Record* to put in such a notice after what it had said about papa. I thought the notice very pleasingly done, but a little too lengthy and wordy. I want to see the *Rock*, which contains, *à propos* of dearest mamma's death, an attack upon papa; but I have not yet been able to get it.

And so you are again at Fox How. That is well, if you are able to bear it. It will be a long time before you feel of your grief, as you look out on the hills and the fern and the trees and the waters,

> It seems an idle thing, which could not live
> Where meditation was—

and yet that is undoubtedly the right thing to feel, and that the thought of dearest mamma should be simply a happy memory and not a gnawing regret. But one cannot say that dear old Wordsworth succeeded in complying with his own teaching when he lost Dora. Perhaps he was too old and had not his strength and spirits enough left to him. But he was right in his preaching for all that, and not in his practice. I like

to think that you so deeply feel the beauty of that beloved country, that it will be a real help and solace for you; however you make use of it: whether precisely in the way Wordsworth would have meant, or in some other of your own.

I have also a curious letter from the State of Maine in America, from a young man who wished to tell me that a friend of his, lately dead, had been especially fond of my poem "A Wish," and often had it read to him in his last illness. They were both—the writer and his friend—of a class too poor to buy books, and had met with the poem in a newspaper.

If I were you, my dear Fan, I should now take to some regular reading, if it were only an hour a day. It is the best thing in the world to have something of this sort as a point in the day, and far too few people know and use this secret. You would have your district still, and all your business as usual, but you would have this hour in your day in the midst of it all, and it would soon become of the greatest solace to you. Desultory reading is a mere anodyne; regular reading, well chosen, is restoring and edifying. My love to dear Rowland.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

*To Lady de Rothschild.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
*December* 5, 1873.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—*Cobham, Surrey*, will find me. The cottage we have got there is called *Pains Hill Cottage*, which I tell you, that when you come and see us in the fine days of next year you may have no difficulty. The country is beautiful—more beautiful even than the Chilterns, because it has heather and pines, while the trees of other kinds, in

the valley of the Mole, where we are, are really magnificent. And St. George's Hill, hill and wood of I know not how many acres, practically quite open, is a continual pleasure. We are planting and improving about our cottage as if it were our own, and we had a hundred years to live there; its great merit is that it must have had nearly one hundred years of life already, and is surrounded by great old trees—not the raw new sort of villa one has generally to take if one wants a small house near London. I am miserable, because I have to-morrow to make an address [1] to the Association of Westminster Teachers. I found they would be mortified if I refused, but I am so little used to speaking that the prospect quite upsets me. Think of me with pity about four o'clock to-morrow afternoon. I have a preface to write to a new edition of my Report on the German Schools, and a new preface to write to *Literature and Dogma*, which is coming to its fourth edition; this is what occupies me at present. How I wish I could come and see you! But I must not think of it at present. After Christmas I hope to be in London for three months, in a house that has been lent us at Brompton; but I suppose you will perversely stay all that time at Aston Clinton.—Believe me always, dear Lady de Rothschild, most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To Mrs. Forster.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB, (*February*, 1874).

MY DEAREST K.—I passed through Eccleston Square to-day, and seeing the house was not shut up, I rang. B. told me William had only gone this morning, and Stansfeld has since told me he dined with Goschen last night. I am sorry I did not see him.

[1] "A Speech at Westminster," *Macmillan's Magazine*, February 1874.

Tell him if he comes up again I wish he would let us know. I have just heard that both Liberals are in for the West Riding. I am very glad Stirling-Maxwell has won Perthshire. What a total scattering![1] Some of your people—the Scotch particularly—take it rather seriously. I said to Grant Duff that the whole country seemed to be finding Liberalism the interesting and attractive thing I had long called it, and he did not half like it. I do not affect to be sorry at the change; the Liberal party, it seemed to me, had no body of just, clear, well-ordered thought upon politics, and were only superior to the Conservative in not having for their rule of conduct merely the negative instinct against change; now they will have to examine their minds and find what they really want and mean to try for. I read the *Nonconformist* with much interest now, because there will be a great attempt to reconstruct the Liberal party on the Nonconformist platform, and from the Nonconformists knowing their objects clearly, and the Liberal party in general not knowing theirs, the attempt has some chances in its favour; but I do not think it will succeed, and still less that mere secularist radicalism will succeed, but the Liberal party will really, I think, find a new basis. To watch how all this goes will be very interesting. Meanwhile I grieve to think how *time* is against men like William who came into public life late. I was talking about this to Walpole yesterday, and I don't see how one can give Disraeli less than five or six years, unless he commits some signal folly, which I don't think he will. And it is even possible, if he and Lord Derby do well, that the present turn of things may last longer still, and give them a second Conservative Parliament; but say it does not, but the nation wants more move-

[1] The General Election, resulting in the defeat of the Liberal Government.

ment and swings back again to Liberalism by the time this parliament is out, five or six years is a long time for Cardwell, and even for William. However, we will not speculate on the future. I am very glad both Houses of Parliament are the same way, and that the majority is a compact one; it gives a feeling of solidity such as we have not had for many a day. Write and tell me as soon as you have settled about coming to London. I am delighted to be here and freed from long daily journeys, though I am obliged to dine out more than I like. I dine to-night with Joddrell to meet Goldwin Smith, who was with Gladstone yesterday, and says that Gladstone talked earnestly about politics for a little, but then Strauss's name was mentioned, and he went off like a man possessed, and could not be brought back again.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

*To Lady de Rothschild.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
*Saturday* (*February* 1874).

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—Many thanks for your kind note. I cannot but think Baron Lionel[1] will be rather relieved to be out of Parliament at this moment, the party too being so heavily beaten. What a beating it is! You know that Liberalism did not seem to me quite the beautiful and admirable thing it does to the Liberal party in general, and I am not sorry a new stage in its growth should commence, and that the party should be driven to examine itself, and to see how much real stuff it has in its mind and how much claptrap. I do hope I shall see you in London before Easter, when we shall go back to our country

[1] Baron Lionel de Rothschild, M.P. for the City of London 1847-1874.

cottage. My kindest regards to the invalid, and believe me, dear Lady de Rothschild, sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To M. Fontanès.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
LONDON, *April* 1, 1874.

MY DEAR SIR—To such a reader of English as you are it is ridiculous for me to write in French, so I shall drop that injudicious habit. I am no longer living at Harrow; we have a cottage in Surrey, in one of the prettiest parts of England, and for four months in the winter we come to London. My best address is at this club, as a week never passes without my coming here. All you say about the condition of the Protestant Church in France interests me greatly. To multiply divisions by forming a new Protestant Church and giving it a share in Church property is not an attractive plan in my eyes; but your old Protestant Church may be so inflexible and intolerable that no other course is open to you. From the first, French Protestantism had too much of the sectarian and narrow character which Protestant Dissent has with us, and this will probably be in the end fatal to your Protestantism as a religious organisation, as it will be fatal to Protestant Dissent in this country. You will see what I have said about these matters in the preface to a book I have just sent you. My ideal would be, for Catholic countries, the development of something like old Catholicism, retaining as much as possible of old religious services and usages, but becoming more and more liberal in spirit. And your Protestant Church I should like to see disposing itself to meet half-way a Catholic movement of this kind, and to ally itself with

it. Can you not work at importing something of this broad, tolerant, and patient spirit into your official Protestantism, instead of violently severing your connection with it, even if it desires this itself? In your Government I do not much interest myself, though I do not even now feel inclined to judge the Duc de Broglie as harshly as you do. Serious politics are really not to the taste of your people; what they like is the *game* of politics with its intrigues and sterile agitations, and no simple solution would give them any pleasure. This is the price you pay for the entire breach of continuity in your history made by the Revolution. You ask about the English elections; they are really explained by the love of plain and simple proceedings in Government which is natural here, where the sense of continuity is stronger than in any other country. The Gladstone Ministry was straining itself to imagine and invent all kinds of reforms; it had no clear ideas, it had done what it had been set to do, it was not dignified in its foreign policy, and many of its members were pragmatical and dictatorial. The country expressed its liking for "the old ways," for the present at any rate, and turned to the Conservatives. The party which has lost most by the recent elections is the party of the political Dissenters. What follies the Church may commit one can never tell; but if the Church is prudent, and the Government gives it the reforms it requires, Protestant Dissent is doomed, in my opinion, to a rapid decline in this country.

I do not think Mr. Henslow's book is worth your troubling yourself much with. Hepworth Dixon's book on Penn is interesting; but if those times interest you, read Burnet's *History of his own Time*, a contemporary and most instructive book, which might well give you matter for a lecture. I am bringing out the fourth edition of my *Literature and*

*Dogma*. A French army surgeon writes to me from Algeria that he has translated the book, and proposes to send a specimen of his translation to see if I will consent to his publishing it. What do you think about the publication of the book in French, supposing it to be well translated? In the *Contemporary Review* I am going to pass in review the principal objections which have been brought against my book. I think the discussion of the evidence respecting the Fourth Gospel and its character, in reply to the Tübingen critics, will interest you. I fear there is no chance of my visiting Havre at present, but now is the season when London has most attractions for foreigners.—Believe me, my dear sir, ever sincerely yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To Miss Arnold.*

UNITED SERVICE CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
*October* 2, 1874.

MY DEAREST FAN—You may believe that I thought of you and of Fox How, and of all the past, on Wednesday.[1] We call it the past, but how much one retains of it; and then it is not really the dead past, but a part of the living present. And this is especially true of that central personage of our past—dearest mamma. We retain so much of her, she is so often in our thoughts, that she does not really pass away from us. She constantly comes into my mind. Some words of Gull[2] in to-day's *Times* about what we hope and believe, which are almost word for word what I have said, made me think as I read them that I should have pointed that out to mamma. Then I

[1] The first anniversary of their mother's death.

[2] Address by Sir William Gull to the Medical School of Guy's Hospital.

took up the *Blackwood* article on School Board Religion, and found the Jews spoken of as a people who, with all their faults, had yet had so near a sense of "the Eternal Power that makes for righteousness," and, then that the Bible had the merit of putting such a mass of people in contact with so much "of the best that has been thought and said in the world," and again I thought how I should have liked to call dearest mamma's notice to this. It will more and more become evident how entirely religious is the work I have done in *Literature and Dogma*. The enemies of religion see this well enough already. It is odd that while I was in my recent article blaming a new book, *Supernatural Religion*, for being purely negative in its Bible criticism, Morley in the *Fortnightly* was praising the book for this very thing, which he says is all we want at present, and contrasting my book unfavourably with it as not insisting enough on the negative side and on disproof. I am amused to see Strahan's handbill stuck in all the magazines and book-stalls, announcing Gladstone and me as his two attractions this month. But no one knows better than I do how little of a popular author I am; but the thing is, I gradually produce a real effect, and the public acquires a kind of obscure interest in me as this gets to be perceived.

I have been two nights splendidly put up at G. Smith's, and shall be two nights there next week. I like now to dine anywhere rather than at a club, and G. Smith has a capital billiard table, and after dinner we play billiards, which I like very much, and it suits me. To-day has been a furious wet morning, but our weather was beautiful up to Wednesday night, and now it is clearing again. It is the exceptionalness of cheerful sunshine that is the trying thing in Westmorland. One might have all the rain without

murmuring if one had brighter weather in the intervals. However, I wish I was there now—this is a very favourite season of mine. But I am going down to Cobham. I shall dine with the Leafs, and play billiards afterwards, for they, too, have a billiard table. To-morrow I think I shall go down to Hastings, as it seems stupid to be sticking at Cobham when they are so easily reached, and the Monday morning fast train gets me to my schools sooner than I can get to them from Cobham. Dick is to go up[1] in about a fortnight. I think he will pass, but I shall not allow myself to be grievously vexed if he does not. I have been delighted to find an excellent library here. Dugald Stewart left his library, a very good one, to his brother, who was an officer in the army, and this brother left it to the United Service Club, who built a fine room for it. How delicious and civilised a thing is a library! I run up and down the ladders to the shelves and bring a rather unwonted movement to this part of the Club, I think. Now I must stop, and with love to Rowland, I am always, my dearest Fan, your most affectionate M. A.

*To Lady de Rothschild.*

COBHAM, *November* 6, 1874.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—Many thanks for your kind congratulations on Dick's entrance at Balliol. He must have worked with his tutor better than he worked at Harrow, and I hope he will now turn Oxford to some good account, though at present, as is perhaps natural, we hear a great deal of football, the river, and breakfast parties, and hardly a word about

[1] To Balliol.

reading. I saw Leonard Montefiore[1] for a few minutes when I was at Oxford. I hope he will see something of Dick, for he has a really active mind, and it is contact with active minds that Dick wants. Every one is very kind to him.

I do not see how it will be possible for me, *beschooled* as I am, to visit you at Aston Clinton before Christmas. I know I have promised. Why should not you compromise the matter by letting me come to dine with you in London some day when you are staying up here, you and your daughter Constance, and then we might go together to see *Hamlet*, which I much want to see? My Lucy puts such pressure on me to take her, that if I wait much longer I shall give way; but I do not want to take her till we are settled in town after Christmas. And meanwhile I want to go myself, and to go with you and your daughter Constance will be the very thing I should like. Do think of it! Any day in the week after next, except Saturday.

You must read my metaphysics in this last *Contemporary*. My first and last appearance in that field of metaphysics, where you, I know, are no stranger.—Most sincerely yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## *To Miss Arnold.*

COBHAM, *Sunday* (*November* 1874).

MY DEAREST FAN—I send you Jowett's letter, which turned up in a sorting of letters and papers today. You may burn it when you have read it. I send you also Mr. F. . . . I have written to him to say that in case I publish a cheap edition of *Literature and Dogma*, which I am not disposed to do at present, I shall

[1] Lady de Rothschild's nephew, Leonard Abraham Montefiore, a publicist of singular promise, died September 6, 1879, aged twenty-six.

very likely cut out all which is not directly essential to the argument of the book. I write in the manner which is natural to me; the manner has, no doubt, its weak points. But ponderous works produce no effect; the religious world which complains of me would not read me if I treated my subject as they say it ought to be treated, and I want them, indeed, to read me as little as they please, but I do not mean them to prescribe a mode of treatment of my subject to me which would lead to my being wholly ineffective both with them and with every one else. For it is my belief, at any rate, that I give something positive, which to a great many people may be of the very greatest comfort and service. And this is in part an answer to what you say about treating with lightness what is matter of life and death to so many people. There is a levity which is altogether evil; but to treat miracles and the common anthropomorphic ideas of God as what one may lose and yet keep one's hope, courage, and joy, as what are not really matters of life and death in the keeping or losing of them, this is desirable and necessary, if one holds, as I do, that the common anthropomorphic ideas of God and the reliance on miracles must and will inevitably pass away. This I say not to pain you, but to make my position clear to you. When I see the conviction of the ablest and most serious men round me that a great change must come, a great plunge must be taken, I think it well, I must say, instead of simply dilating, as both the religious and the anti-religious world are fond of doing, on the plunge's utterness, tremendousness, and awfulness, to show mankind that it need not be in terror and despair, that everything essential to its progress stands firm and unchanged.

However, the two concluding parts[1] of my "Review

[1] In the *Contemporary Review*, July and September 1875. (Reprinted in *God and the Bible*.)

of Objections" will be in general conservative, and directed against negative criticism of the Bible, both German and of home production, although, of course, I do not mean to say that the subject will be treated from the point of view of the ordinary defenders of the Bible against innovators.

We have had much dining out this last week, and it is a comfort to think that this week we shall be quiet. Dr. Hooker has asked me to dine with him at the annual dinner of the Royal Society on St. Andrew's Day. I shall like it very much. The Royal Society is our one truly great Society, a sort of Institute. You know that Hooker is President. I like him very much. We have had a day of rain, and it looks bad for to-morrow. We were to have gone with the Buxtons in their brake to see the foxhounds meet on Ripley Common—a pretty sight for the little girls; but Mrs. Buxton is prevented going, and the weather will probably be bad.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

*To Miss Kingsley.*

(*January* 1875.)

DEAR MISS KINGSLEY—I fear your mother is in no state to read letters; you must let me write one line to you. I kept watching the accounts of your dear father's illness with a boding heart. I feared the worst.[1] It has seemed of late years as if he had not fortune on his side, as when he was young. With all the more interest I followed the accounts of this illness, and not only I, but Mrs. Arnold and my two girls. Your dear father interested and attached all with whom he came in contact. His fine talents and achievements in literature will now have full justice done to them

[1] The Rev. Charles Kingsley died January 23, 1875.

again; the injustice which he and they had in some quarters to experience will be no longer busy. But it is not of his talents and achievements that I now wish to speak. I find myself more full of the thought of something in which he seemed to me unique. I think he was the most generous man I have ever known; the most forward to praise what he thought good, the most willing to admire, the most free from all thought of himself in praising and in admiring, and the most incapable of being made ill-natured, or even indifferent, by having to support ill-natured attacks himself. Among men of letters I know nothing so rare as this; it will always keep your father's memory surrounded, in my mind, with a freshness and an honour peculiarly his own.—Believe me, my dear Miss Kingsley, most sincerely yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To Miss Arnold.*

COBHAM, *Saturday* (*December* 1875).

MY DEAREST FAN—Your letter was sent to London to me, and refreshed my spirit there. The cold half thaw and the streets heaped with sloshy snow were depressing, and I had a cold just departing, which was vicious enough to return on the encouragement which my week in London gave it. Add to which, that poor Healing appeared at the Training School on Tuesday so very ill with influenza that I sent him home, and though I got a substitute from the office, yet I did not like to leave him ever in sole charge of my room, as he was not my own man, and so I had the whole six hours each day. Last night I got down here, Healing being well enough to save me the paper this morning; but I have every single day next week to be in London. Then, I hope, a good break, but

with the one burden of my Edinburgh lecture[1] for the first fortnight. Dear old Dick met me at the station. It is delightful to have him at home. I do not like the course for the History School at all; nothing but read, read, read, endless histories in English, many of them by quite second-rate men; nothing to form the mind as reading truly great authors forms it, or even to exercise it as learning a new language, or mathematics, or one of the natural sciences exercises it. If they merely put in these works in other languages into their History tripos, Thucydides, Tacitus, and either Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois*, or Guizot's *Civilisation in France*, the Tripos would be incalculably improved, and would be a real training. As it is, I am not sure that I would not sooner Dick had the discipline of the mere degree examination in classics than the no discipline of even honours in history. The one matter which gave the mind something to school it, the Roman Law, which used to go along with the History, they have now taken away. The fact is, it is at Oxford as it is in our schools. The regulation of studies is all important, and there is no one to regulate them, and people think that any one can regulate them. We shall never do any good till we get a man like Guizot or W. von Humboldt to deal with the matter, men who have the highest mental training themselves, and this we shall probably in this country never get, and our intellectual progress will therefore be a thousand times slower than it need be, and generations will be sacrificed to bungling. You will like to see Huxley's letters, and when the absolutely hostile attitude to Christianity of many of his friends and allies, Bain of Aberdeen, Clifford, Herbert Spencer, etc., is considered, Huxley's adhesion, so far as it goes, is very

[1] *Bishop Butler and the Zeit-Geist.* Two lectures delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, January 4 and 7, 1876.

remarkable, and was indeed much more than I expected. Tyndall has the same direction as Huxley. Old Darwin, on the other hand, though actively fierce against nothing, says that he cannot conceive what need men have either of religion or of poetry; his own nature, he says, is amply satisfied by the domestic affections and by the natural sciences. Let me have Huxley's letter again. You will like to see the conclusion of the article on me in the new edition of the *Conversations Lexicon*, of which the first two volumes are just out. It took me quite by surprise, the Germans are so little apt to praise so highly, above all, so little apt to credit any one with *originalität*. Tell W. E. F. that I shall have this handsome German tribute to my much-doubted "*Radicalismus*" framed and glazed. Ask him also where his conscience is (but no politician can have one), never to have offered us a day after solemnly promising he would. Now I must stop. The article on papa, which is what I turned to the new edition for, is a poor one, hardly any improvement on the old. But it is in England that papa's working ground was, and is still, and long will be. My love to all your people collected under Loughrigg; thank dear Flo for her letter.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

### *To Miss Quillinan.*[1]

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
*February* 9, 1876.

MY DEAR MIMA—Fanny Lucy will have conveyed to you the assurance of my deep sorrow and sympathy, together with that of her own; but I do not like to let dear Rotha's death pass without writing a line to you myself. It was impossible to know her without

[1] Jemima and Rotha Quillinan were the daughters of Edward Quillinan who married Dora Wordsworth, only daughter of the poet.

being fond of her, and I had known her almost all my life. Her sweet affectionate nature had something unchanging and always youthful about it. I always continued to think of her as of one young, loving-hearted and simple, as she appeared to me when I first saw her at Rydal, forty years ago. With such a disposition, I think she must have had a happy life; I am sure she did much to make the life of others happy. I shall never forget all that you and she have been to our children, ever since their birth; indeed, they would not let me forget it, even if I were disposed to. I am glad dear old Dick came to follow his friend to her resting-place in Grasmere Churchyard. I had many thoughts of coming myself, but I should have had to break business engagements in which the convenience of others was interested. But you have been constantly in my thoughts, and Rotha, and your dear father too, whose nature, like Rotha's, had so much that was attractive, and for whom I had so sincere an affection. You will and must miss your sister unspeakably; still you will have some comfort, as time goes on, in the warm affection which so many of us bear both to her who is gone and to you who survive. —Believe me always, my dear Mima, sincerely and affectionately yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To Miss Arnold.*

COBHAM, *February* 19, 1876.

MY DEAREST FAN—I am late with my letter this week, but on Sunday we were at East Horsley, and visiting is the sure parent of idleness. What a frightful waste of time it is—and to think that there are people who like to pass their lives from August to April in staying at first one house and then another! However, this visit went off well enough, and Lord

Lovelace is a very accomplished courteous man when he means, as he did in our case, to be civil and friendly. . . . The country close by is delightful, and even in this weather the chalk hills and woods cannot entirely lose their charm. The plants of primrose, violet, and foxglove were literally everywhere, and Lady Lovelace declares they have the daffodil, bee orchis, and narcissus. I have promised to drive over some day to lunch, to verify her assertion about the narcissus. Lord Lovelace's tract of country is something immense for this part of England, and, my dear Fan, the part of England is really a delightful one. As I looked at the landscape from the hills above Horsley, the backbone of England, I felt how pleasant a country it was, and how well satisfied I could be to remain all my days in it. The party in the house was quite small; Baron Cleasby and his wife and daughter, Colonel Yule and Mr. Headlam. Colonel Yule is a member of the Indian Council, the Editor of *Marco Polo*, and a great authority about the East; he told me he had been talking with some Indians about my "sugared mulberries"[1] in crossing the Hindu Koosh; the common thing to keep in your mouth is a garlic plant. But he had been sure, he said, that I had authority for the mulberries, I was so faithful about Asiatic things; and so I had. Burnes says that the pedlars eat them in crossing the highest passes, but it was curious to find my poetry taken so seriously. George Eliot says, a lady tells me, that of all modern poetry mine is that which keeps constantly growing upon her; she, Carlyle, and Gladstone have all expressed great satisfaction with the first instalment of my Butler; I send you the note about Gladstone—it may burn. But it is a great and solid satisfaction, at fifty, to find one's work, the fruit of so many years of isolated reflexion and labour, getting recognition

[1] See *Sohrab and Rustum*.

amongst those whose judgment passes for the most valuable.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

*To the Same.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
*Thursday, February* 24, 1876.

MY DEAREST FAN—I am not quite sure whether you are still at Fox How, but I shall take this to Eccleston Square, where I mean to go to lunch, being out from my school close here in good time this morning. My address[1] went off very well, though it gave me some horrid days in the preparing. But I took great pains, as it was of no use speaking at Sion College unless I could in some degree carry my audience with me, and I did carry them, in so much that Bishop Piers Claughton, and Littledale, and Malcolm MacColl, who had all come to curse, remained to bless, and the comic thing was that clergyman after clergyman got up and turned upon Claughton (who is a weak man), who had thought he must caution people against something in my address, and, as I had insisted on *the kingdom of God upon earth* having been the original gospel, and pointed out how no church could be in harmony with the popular classes and their ideal without reverting to this original gospel, thought he would caution them against this, and said it behoved them to remember that the real kingdom of God was not what I had said it was. Clergyman on clergyman, I say, turned upon Claughton and said they agreed with me far more than they did with him. The President said, that to some one who had expressed his astonishment at my being invited to speak at Sion

[1] On "The Church of England," delivered before a gathering of London clergy at Sion College, February 22, 1876.

College, he had answered that it would be found, he was certain, that Mr. Arnold would not speak ten minutes without managing to establish a *rapport* between himself and the clergy, and so it had turned out. Altogether I was much pleased, and in my little speech at the end I spoke of my being a clergyman's son, of its being against my nature to be estranged from the clergy, and of the pleasure it gave me to be in sympathy with them. The address will do good by directing attention to substantials. Martineau and Allon spoke on the Dissenting side. Of course, they did not like my treating it as clear that on the question of a national Establishment the Church was all right and they were all wrong, but Martineau's speech was pleasing and touching. The address will be printed in *Macmillan*, but not till April, for I could not give it Grove in time for March. The President made a tremendous exhortation (at Grove's instance, I found; it was certainly not at mine) to people who he was told were reporting, though the Sion College rule is to exclude reporters, to desist, and not to give publicity to any garbled or imperfect accounts of what I had said, but to wait for the author's own publication of it.

To-morrow Lucy and I go to see that gibbering performance, as I fear it is, Irving's *Othello*. But Lucy is very plucky in sticking to it that she wants to judge entirely for herself, and so she will. Things are coming out beautifully, and I am very glad, really and truly, that we are in the country this spring.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

*To M. Fontanès.*

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
*Mars* 25, 1876.

MON CHER MONSIEUR—J'ai écrit à Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice pour lui demander les renseignements dont

vous avez besoin. Il est souffrant; mais je viens d'avoir sa réponse. La voici: l'ouvrage sera achevé au commencement de l'année prochaine: il faudra un gros volume ou deux volumes minces, l'éditeur ne le sait pas encore. Je lui ai conseillé de se borner à un volume seul.

Lord Edmond me demande si vous êtes en Angleterre; dans ce cas il desirerait faire connaissance avec vous. Raison de plus pour venir ici; pour vous aboucher avec l'auteur dont vous critiquez l'ouvrage.

Godwin est intéressant, mais il n'est pas une *source*; des courants actuels qui nous portent, aucun ne vient de lui. C'est pourquoi je ne vous engagerais pas à le prendre comme sujet. Prenez plutôt Norman McLeod, dont la Vie vient de paraître; McLeod n'a pas fait époque, à coup sûr; mais il a été une influence très considérable, et des meilleures; en Écosse surtout. Je suis sûr que vous lirez sa vie avec plaisir. On annonce aussi la vie de Lord Macaulay: les bons sujets se presentent de tous côtés, et vous auriez tort, je crois, de les laisser là et de donner un article à Godwin.

Le cher Dean a eu une époque terrible[1] dans sa vie heureuse et rayonnante; il se remettra, parce qu'il aime le travail; pendant la maladie de sa femme, il y a trouvé des distractions salutaires. A présent il a quitté Londres pour quelques semaines accompagné d'un vieil ami; votre lettre lui a fait beaucoup de plaisir, il m'en a parlé les larmes dans les yeux.

Pour Shakespeare, vous ferez bien, je pense, de prendre l'édition de Tauchnitz, édition faite sur la grande édition anglaise de Dyce, et bien imprimée.

Agréez, cher Monsieur, l'assurance de mes sentiments bien dévoués, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

[1] Lady Augusta Stanley died March 1, 1876.

*To George Macmillan.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
*May* 6, 1876.

DEAR MR. MACMILLAN—Thank you for sending me the enclosed. If A. F. had read my books he would know that I have always insisted that the only right way to an outward transformation was through an inward one, and that the business for us and for our age was the latter. In *Literature and Dogma* I have pointed out that the real upshot of the teaching of Jesus Christ was this: "If every *one* would mend *one*, we should have a new world." And I think I sufficiently marked, in the address at Sion College, the way in which the new world was to be reached. Still, to insist on this new world, on felicity, as the result of the widespread cultivation of personal religion, and as the goal for mankind to have in view, is most important, and, I think, is overlooked by many who insist on personal religion.—Believe me, truly yours,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To Miss Arnold.*

(*June* 1876.)

MY DEAREST FAN—I send you some letters which may burn, all except Sarazin's,[1] which you must return. He is always praising the freedom of opinion in Protestant religious circles, so I sent him an extract from the *Pilot* about my address at Sion College. But it is curious how utterly the religiously disposed people in Catholic countries are without belief in Catholicism's

[1] A French army-surgeon in Algeria, who translated *Literature and Dogma*.

power to transform itself. I, however, believe that it will transform itself; I see no other possible solution. Not to break one's connexion with the past in one's religion is one of the strongest instincts in human nature. Protestantism is breaking up everywhere where it has severed this connexion; only in England has it any hold upon the educated class, and that is because the Church of England is the one Protestant Church which maintained its connexion with the past. I am going to dine with the Bishop of Derry on the 3rd of July. I could not refuse a man who told me that my poems were the centre of his mental life, and that he had read many of them hundreds of times. I also heard from Morley yesterday that G. Sand[1] had said to Renan that when she saw me years ago, "*Je lui faisais l'effet d'un Milton jeune et voyageant.*" Renan told him this. Her death has been much in my mind; she was the greatest spirit in our European world from the time that Goethe departed. With all her faults and Frenchism, she was this. I must write a few pages about her. Do not hang yourself for vexation at not being able to make out this flower.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

Glorious weather, but it will not last.

### *To the Same.*

COBHAM, *Sunday* (*July* 1876).

MY DEAREST FAN—I wish you could see the roses and the jessamine; the jessamine a large flowered kind, quite lovely. Flu's plan of putting manure round all the hybrid roses, and securing it with great stones has answered perfectly. We have never had them so beautiful. And the rhododendrons are all making

[1] George Sand died June 8, 1876.

their new shoots capitally; so the garden gives me more satisfaction this year than ever before. Things are not so prosperous in the kitchen garden, where both potatoes and strawberries are very small.

I hope you have got the *Macmillan* by this time. Of course, the Liberals will not like what I have said,[1] but I think I have put the thing in a way to satisfy reasonable people who wish to decide the disputed matters fairly; and perhaps these reasonable people are not so few as is supposed. Coleridge told me he thought the Dissenters had a right not only to have their services in the parish churchyard, but also to have them in the parish church. For my part, I do not think that anybody has, or can have, any rights except such as are given him by the law; and I do not think the law will ever, in England, confer such rights as these. I met Gladstone in the street yesterday, who began to talk to me about my article. He said that undoubtedly, as soon as you got beyond abstract resolutions and had to legislate practically, the necessity of insuring a *proper* service in the churchyard would have to be provided for; and the difficulty of doing this while the Dissenters make the pretensions they do now was almost insuperable. He said he was extremely glad I had dealt with the question, and added, "You are the most inaccessible man I know; now, can you come to tea with me at half-past five this evening to meet the Duke of Sermoneta?" I could not, for the carriage was ordered to meet me; but his asking me shows his friendly feeling. I think at one time he positively disliked me. I had to hurry back to the Athenæum to correct the translation of the motto from Butler to *Lit. and Dogma*. M. Sarazin had just sent it to me with the news that the book will be out in a fortnight. Parker's letter was absurd, as you say; but the Dis-

[1] "A Last Word on the Burials Bill," *Macmillan's Magazine*, July 1876.

senters are in a false position, and can hardly improve while they are in it. This day four weeks I hope my holiday will have begun. My schools go on into August this year, but only for a day or two.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

*To the Same.*

COBHAM, *Thursday* (*July* 1876).

MY DEAREST FAN—We dined at Walton with the Smiths on Sunday, and that hindered my writing my usual letters to you. Since that day I have been inspecting, with all the interruptions usual. I have heard from Sarazin that his translation will be out almost immediately, and that the publisher will send me twelve copies. You will like to see Sarazin's last letter, and so will dear old Tom; it shows what a serious and remarkable man he is. What he says about Catholicism was called forth by my saying what I often say to Liberals, that Catholicism cannot be extirpated; that it is too great and too attaching a thing for that; that it can only be transformed, and that very gradually. It is easy for me to say this who look at Catholicism from a distance and see chiefly its grandeurs and sentimental side; but men like Sarazin who live in the midst of it see also its *côté laid et sale*, and have a feeling of antipathy to it accordingly. His letter shows this in a very interesting way. His mother must have been a very admirable woman. She brought the family round after the father had smashed them by imprudences in business, and she gave this son a sense of the spirit and power of religion which has been permanent in him. When one thinks what radical students generally are, and in Paris above all, the conversations of Sarazin and his friend Dr. Tom Bates are pleasant to reflect upon.

Send the letter back to me, as Stanley will like to see it.

The *Saturday Review* attacked my burials' proposal and me, as was to be expected, but the paper will do good, and is in many quarters much liked. It is a seed sown in the thoughts of the young and fair-minded, the effect of which will be gradual but persistent. In all I write, this is the sort of effect I aim at. The *Saturday* was smart enough. The long article in the *Church Quarterly* is hopelessly rambling and ineffective. Its great consolation is to quote passages from the *Westminster Review* upon me, which had been irritated by my remarks upon it. But the *Church Quarterly* has very few readers and has no importance. The new *Quarterly* is an admirable number. Dr. Smith has sent it to me, so I can bring it to Fox How. Nearly every article is readable; Gladstone's on Macaulay is the best article of his I have ever seen, full of good judgment and sense, and charming in tone and temper. Hayward's article on Ticknor is delightful. There is an article on trees and planting which gives me much pleasure. Dr. Smith has written a defence of Croker which Fanny Lucy will appreciate; and, indeed, Macaulay's abuse of him was unmeasured, and had a great deal of personal irritation in it. Macaulay is to me uninteresting, mainly, I think, from a dash of intellectual vulgarity which I find in all his performance. Have you read his Life through yet? The Bayreuth performance turns my mind longingly to very different matters, the Nibelungen ring, and Fafnir and Siegfried and Gudrune and Brunhilde, all of whom I had once hoped to touch in poetry. They and their story are all at full length in the series of operas Wagner is to give at Bayreuth, £45 a ticket, and they are all taken!—Your ever affectionate M. A.

*To Henry Nettleship, afterwards Professor of Latin at Oxford.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.
*February* 5, 1877.

MY DEAR NETTLESHIP—Your letter went to Cobham, and we are in London, at 3 Eccleston Square, till Easter.

My best thanks to Mr. Fowler[1] and those who have thought of me for the Poetry Chair again. But I shall not offer myself as a candidate. I am not sure that it is not well to give new men the chance of showing themselves in the Poetry Chair; but, apart from that, I feel certain that, if I stood, the religious question would be raised, and to have this question raised in an election to a Chair of Poetry would be, in my opinion, a bad thing for the University; to me myself it would be intolerable. And I think you will see that, a body like Convocation being the electors, it could hardly be but that the religious question would be raised if I came forward at present, either for the Poetry Chair or for any Chair at Oxford.

We all send every kind remembrance to you and your wife, and with many thanks for your letter, I remain, my dear Nettleship, sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To the Same.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
*February* 23, 1877.

MY DEAR NETTLESHIP—I wish, if you still have my letter to you, you would send it to the Editor of the *Guardian*, not for publication, but for his informa-

[1] The Rev. T. Fowler, afterwards President of Corpus.

tion. I do not wish it supposed that I refrain from standing for the Poetry Chair because I am afraid of being beaten. I refrain because a religious row over a literary election is an odious thing—and I think there would be one. I would not either win or fail at the price of such a row. Winning at such a price would be not less disagreeable to me than failing.

And any way I have great doubts whether an ex-professor does well to put himself forward again, to the possible exclusion of younger men, by whose emergence the University might be benefited.—Ever sincerely yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To the Rev. G. W. Boyle, afterwards Dean of Salisbury.*

3 ECCLESTON SQUARE, S.W.,
*March* 11, 1877.

MY DEAR BOYLE—I have told Shairp[1] that I shall vote for him[2] in preference to any of the present candidates, supposing the Bishop of Derry not to be among them. To the Bishop of Derry I am in some degree pledged, having promised to vote for him at the last election.

You may have seen that I was asked to stand, but I have definitely refused. A theological election for a literary post is an odious thing, and that is what we should have had. Besides, I really think it better that the same man should not be professor more than once.

I have promised Macmillan to make a volume out of the best of Hales and Whichcote, and Cudworth's two sermons. I shall write twenty pages of introduction and call the volume *Broad Church in the Seventeenth Century*. I think it will do good.

[1] J. C. Shairp, Principal of St. Andrews.
[2] As Professor of Poetry at Oxford.

I had forgotten the poem[1] about Charlotte Brontë and Harriet Martineau, but I will look it up. I think there were things not bad in it, but I do not want to overpraise a personage so antipathetic to me as H. M. My first impression of her is, in spite of her undeniable talent, energy, and merit—what an unpleasant life and unpleasant nature!—Ever yours sincerely,

M. A.

*To his Wife.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB, *May* 5, 1877.

G. Sand[2] is beginning to weigh upon me greatly, though she also interests me very much; the old feeling of liking for her and of refreshment from her, in spite of her faults, comes back. Everybody is in a great way about Monday, and they are in consternation at the Reform Club, I hear, because while most of the Liberal party want to go with Lubbock and Lord Hartington, the Liberal constituencies are pouring in letters and telegrams to their members desiring them to vote with Gladstone.[3] Chamberlain has organised the thing—with the hope, no doubt, of winning over Gladstone for future purposes; and he is a great and successful organiser. I cannot say I much regret to see the Liberal party in a state of chaos, but I am sincerely sorry that a charlatan like Dizzy should be Premier just now. I must dress presently and go to the Academy. Wiese will like my having given an account[4] of his book, and that was why I wrote it; then at the end I had a little fling on my own account.

[1] "Haworth Churchyard."

[2] An article on George Sand in the *Fortnightly Review*, June 1877.

[3] Mr. Gladstone's Resolution, condemning the conduct of the Porte with regard to the Bulgarian Massacres, was defeated, May 14, 1877.

[4] "German Letters on English Education," *Pall Mall Gazette*, May 3, 1877.

The Master of Trinity[1] told me he thought Wiese's view perfectly just, and that Whewell would have thought so also. I saw Greenwood[2] at the opera last night, who was very grateful for the article, and said, what was true, that it is invaluable to have such criticism as Wiese's put resolutely before the British public. It gave me a great deal of trouble to write the thing. I have just seen the Archbishop of Canterbury,[3] much worried by having to speak to-night. I said to him that a speech about Burials would be far pleasanter and easier to make, to which his Grace assented with a pleasant grin. I am thankful that I don't speak; John Duke,[4] who is dining somewhere else, declares that if I had spoken he should have thrown up his engagement to come and hear me.

### *To the Same.*

ATHENÆUM, *Sunday Night, May* 6, 1877.

. . . Dick was going back by the half-past six train to Oxford, and I had to dress for the Academy dinner. The room is always a beautiful sight, but the speaking was not good. Gladstone was received with wonderful enthusiasm, but I think it was not a political reception, but the artists showing their feeling for him as a man of genius. The moment the dinner was over, I had to hurry off to meet Lucy here. There were a good many people at Mrs. Yorke's[5] and the women quite superbly dressed. The weather being cold, they wore heavy stuffs, and the floors were almost impassable from rolls of brocade. I was taken to the Princess Louise, and talked to her for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. She is very pleasing in manner, and very pleas-

[1] Dr. Thompson. [2] Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette.*
[3] Dr. Tait. [4] Lord Coleridge.
[5] The Hon. Mrs. Eliot Yorke, *née* Annie de Rothschild.

ing in looks too. . . . After luncheon I took Nelly to Froude, and thence to Carlyle. We sat with Carlyle more than an hour; he was very easy to get on with, and very kind to Nelly; he shook hands with her several times, and said she was just entering life, and he wished her "a clear and prosperous course." His letter to the *Times*[1] is very mad, however; I mean, he has not really the *knowledge* he says he has; it turned out to-day that he had not really anything but somebody's assurance that Dizzy wanted to do *something* in the East. Nelly liked Froude very much too; he was most kind to her. Tell Fan the first volume of Mr. Erskine of Linlathen's letters is very interesting. She should get it.

### *To the Same.*

ATHENÆUM, *May* 7, 1877.

I was going to dine at the Literary Club, as I have not dined there since they made me an honorary member, and I shall have to dine there some day; but I want to see Edith again, so I shall give up the Literary Club, and go to her. You will hear by telegraph that Gladstone has altered his Resolutions so that his party can vote for them; to Forster this is evidently an immense relief. Whether the Government will now get the previous question moved by Drummond Wolff, on their own side, or what they will do, is not certain. Perhaps they will ask for time to consider what to do in these new circumstances. In that case those who go down expecting an exciting debate will be disappointed. Your better account of my dear old Edward was indeed a pleasure to me. I hope and trust he has got out—not getting out must be terrible.

[1] On the Eastern Question, May 5, 1877.

"When I am dying, *qu'on place ma chaise sur l'herbe courte*," says Obermann, and I quite share his feeling. . . . I think Fan and Edward would like to look at the *New Republic*; they can get it at any library. It seems generally thought that my verses are well parodied,[1] but I myself and my conversation are not well hit off. But then the writer[2] did not know me personally, even by sight: and Ruskin, Jowett, Pater, etc., he knew.

## *To Miss Arnold.*

COBHAM, *Saturday* (*December* 1877).

MY DEAREST FAN—I came bolt upon Dizzy as I went in to the Athenæum the other day—it is the first time I ever saw him there. He was talking to the Dean of Windsor in the hall. I just shook hands with them both and passed on. He was very elaborately got up, and looked well and lively, I thought. He did not stay in the Club more than a quarter of an hour. I am delighted to think that to-day I shall stop here. I have not been round the place by daylight since Sunday, for Tuesday I slept in London and inspected a school on Wednesday. It was not very interesting, the dinner with ——, but then I did not expect it would be. An evening of Bulgaria is too much, and of course Forbes knows nothing else, and Gladstone

[1] "Softly the evening descends,
Violet and soft. The sea
Adds to the silence, below
Pleasant and cool on the beach
Breaking; yes, and a breeze
Calm as the twilight itself
Furtively sighs through the dusk,
Listlessly lifting my hair,
Fanning my thought-wearied brow."

[2] W. H. Mallock.

can go on for hours about that or any other subject. There were only nine people. Lord —— rested his face on his hand, after he had stuffed himself, and went fast asleep. Forbes is a fine, iron-gray, soldier-like sort of man. Ruskin was there, looking very slight and spiritual. I am getting to like him. He gains much by evening dress, plain black and white, and by his fancy being forbidden to range through the world of coloured cravats. Huxley was there, too, and I was by Chenery, the new editor of the *Times*, who was not at all a bad neighbour. Gladstone was not animated, and I think even he must have felt himself a little over-Bulgarised. His position between Knowles and Forbes almost compelled him to talk Bulgaria to Forbes incessantly. After dinner Huxley and I talked to him a little about Ireland, which was interesting. I am sorry to say he seemed full of the deep opposition in Ireland to England and English policy—for the present at any rate—that to *go contrary* was the main impulse there. One of the many blessings, my dear Fan, which we owe to Puritanism is this impracticable condition of Ireland. I am glad to hear from Green, who is expanding his history, that the more he looks into Puritanism, and indeed into the English Protestant Reformation generally, the worse is his opinion of it all. Now I ought to dress, for before I began this I had been reading Proverbs, and correcting unintelligible things in our version by Ewald. This is merely for my own use and benefit. I am not going to publish any more Bible books such as the *Isaiah*.[1] But I like reading my Bible without being baffled by unmeaningnesses. There are not very many in Proverbs, but it is so delicious a book that one is glad to get rid of what there are, and to enjoy the book thoroughly.

[1] *The Great Prophecy of Israel's Restoration.* 1875.

I send you a letter from Rhoda Broughton, which will amuse you. She had asked me to call upon her, and I wrote word I could not, but I wished she would call and cheer my gloom at the Training School. I cannot dine with her, either. Return her note, as Nelly wishes to keep it. I send also a letter from Stopford Brooke, which you need not return—yes, you may, though. It is worth while reviewing[1] a man when you produce so much positive result. However, the Primer will be much improved by his following my advice. It is a good little book, and my great desire in education is to get a few good books universally taught and read. I think twenty is about all I would have, in the direct teaching of the young and to be learnt as text-books. Young people may read for themselves, collaterally, as much as they like. Now I have just finished my paper and said nothing about my dear old boy.[2] I had a long letter from Victor Marshall, saying he had seen him and giving rather a good account. I should like to hear daily, but that is impossible, and of no real use either. My love to him. Tell him there is an awful novel which Paris is reading now: *The Girl Eliza—La Fille Elisa*—but I do not recommend it. Has he ever read Legh Richmond's *Annals of the Poor?*—Your ever affectionate M. A.

*To the Same.*

COBHAM, *Saturday Morning* (*December* 1877).

MY DEAREST FAN—There is not very much light for writing to you, but the sky is filling with pale beautiful colour, and I cannot bear to resist it with gas. I have read my chapter in Proverbs—what a

[1] "A Guide to English Literature," *Nineteenth Century*, December 1877.
[2] His brother, the Rev. E. P. Arnold, then very ill at Plymouth.

delicious book! "The name of the Eternal is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is safe." After breakfast I must read Ewald's commentary on the chapter and correct the few things that make bad sense; but in general our version of the Proverbs is particularly sound and fine, and indeed the book is such plain sailing that there were fewer openings for mistakes than in the psalms and prophets. Then I must work at my Goethe,[1] which I have begun, but am not yet thoroughly into. I have promised it by this day week. Considering how much I have read of Goethe, I have said in my life very little about him; to write an article in general about him would be an alarming task; I am very glad to be limited by having only to speak of my Frenchman's talk of him. I have got all the hours of the great Examination this week for writing my article, and if people will not call and talk to me I shall do very well. Hardy, Cross, and W. H. Smith[2] all lunched at the Athenæum yesterday; I talked to Hardy about St. Andrews, and told him how gratified I was that the Church and Conservative party among the Students had considered me the proper substitute for Lord Salisbury when Lord Salisbury failed them.[3] People at the club were talking much about the chances of war, but you know how they talk. That wonderful creature, the British Philistine, has been splashing about during this war in a way more than worthy of himself. That is what is peculiar to England and what misleads foreigners; there is no country in the world where so much nonsense becomes so public, and so appears to stand for the general voice of the nation, determining

[1] "A French Critic on Goethe," *Quarterly Review*, January 1878.

[2] Three members of Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet.

[3] He was invited to stand for the Lord Rectorship of St. Andrew's University; and declined November 22, 1877.

its government. I am glad of the turn things have taken in France. We have breakfasted and your note has just come. It is a hoar frost, and you should see the squirrels scampering about the lawn for the nuts we strew there. We have also a jackdaw who visits us and is becoming very tame. But my delight at present is in the blackbirds and thrushes, who abound, and sing indefatigably. Now I must take a turn round the place, and then work at my Goethe. On looking back at Carlyle, one sees how much of *engouement* there was in his criticism of Goethe, and how little of it will stand. That is the thing—to write what will *stand*. Johnson, with all his limitations, will be found to *stand* a great deal better than Carlyle.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

*To Rev. C. Anderson, Vicar of St. John's, Limehouse.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB, *March* 25 (1878).

MY DEAR MR. ANDERSON—Thank you for your note. I always like to think of you as one of my readers.

I read *Philochristus*,[1] and learnt by inquiry of Farrar who the author was. I looked through the book with interest, but the work seems to me to have the defect of being neither quite a work of art nor quite a direct treatment of its subject, but something betwixt and between.—Ever truly yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*P.S.*—Seeley's articles[2] are, as you say, signs of the times, but there, too, the treatment of the subject is not frank nor direct enough.

[1] *Philochristus: Memoirs of a Disciple of the Lord.* 1878.
[2] On "Natural Religion."

*To Lady de Rothschild.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
*April* 17, 1878.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—I should have been to see you had I not been called to the North by my poor brother's increasing illness.[1] I stayed after his death for his funeral, and am only just returned. Your note is very kind, as all that you say and do always is. But these losses are blows which beat us down and age us, however good, in general, our health and spirits may be. I have now lost the two brothers who came together in the middle of our family: both of them born with happy dispositions and keen enjoyment of life, and both of them naturally called, as it seemed, to enjoy it longer than I should. I have come back low and depressed, but we return to-day to the country, and I must look to the country, and to getting to work, to bring me round again. I will not be long without coming to see you. My kindest remembrances to your daughter Constance, and believe me ever most sincerely yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To M. Fontanès.*

COBHAM, SURREY, 26 *Juin*, 1878.

CHER MONSIEUR ET AMI—Je viens de voir le cher Dean; je lui ai fait part de ce que vous me dites au sujet du buste de Lady Augusta; il en est fut touché et il me prie de vous exprimer toute sa reconnaissance.

Pourquoi ne pas prendre, comme sujet, *Lord Beaconsfield homme de lettres?* Il faut soigneusement

1 The Rev. Edward Penrose Arnold died April 6, 1878, aged fifty-one.

faire la division entre les deux hommes ; écrire un article sur Lord Beaconsfield pris dans toute sa généralité, ce serait se donner la mer à boire dans ce moment ; tant de questions s'y rattachent. Mais tenez-vous rigoureusement à l'écrivain, au romancier, et vous trouverez un excellent article à faire, très plein, très amusant, et surtout très actuel. Lord Beaconsfield, c'est toujours le même homme, depuis son premier roman de "Vivian Grey," jusqu'à ce moment où il étonne le Congrès de son aplomb et de son abstention de la langue française. Nos Liberaux le comprennent mal et ils le détestent ; je ne l'ai jamais détesté, moi ; il n'appartient pas à la famille des Périclès, bien sûr, mais je le préfère à la plupart de ses rivaux.

On débite bien des canards sur le compte du Prince de Galles ; il est possible, cependant, qu'il ait tenu le propos dont vous me parlez. Il ne faut pas y attacher trop d'importance ; le Prince est . . . bon enfant et bon ami. S'il lui arrivait, de penser au Prince Imperial, à l'Imperatrice et à l'amitié du feu Empereur pour l'Angleterre, il pourrait très aisement faire l'indiscretion d'exprimer des vœux pour le retour du Prince Impérial. Mais vous êtes dans une voie excellente, et ce n'est pas un mot ou un vœu du Prince de Galles qui vous en détournera.

Je vous enverrai dans quelques jours la *Fortnightly Review* avec un article de moi sur le Catholicisme en Irlande et sur la politique de nos Liberaux anglais et écossais envers lui. Cela vous intéressera, je crois ; mais votre sentiment huguénot se revoltera un peu, probablement, contre ma faiblesse pour les religions historiques.

Nous étions très heureux de vous accueillir ici, et nous avons parlé beaucoup et longtemps de vous et de votre visite. Come again soon, and till then, believe me cordially yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To the Same.*

COBHAM, SURREY, *October* 5, 1878.

CHER MONSIEUR ET AMI—J'ai été passer, après tout, une dizaine de jours à Paris ; il a fallu une escorte à ma fille, qui s'y rendait en visite ; elle a fait appel à mes sentiments de père, et, bien que je n'aime pas les Expositions, je me suis executé avec assez bonne grace. Une fois à Paris, le gout m'en reprit comme cela arrive toujours ; et je regrettais beaucoup d'être forcé de repartir sitôt. J'ai vu M. Waddington, M. Bardoux, le duc de Grammont, M. Edmond Texier, le bibliophile Jacob, Scherer ; Renan n'était pas encore rentré à Paris, et Cherbuliez n'y venait que rarement, et je l'ai manqué, à mon grand regret. Rentré en Angleterre, je trouve votre bonne et intéressante lettre. Je ne savais pas que le cher Dean vous avait conseillé de me prendre comme sujet ; ce que vous me dites du plaisir que vous auriez trouvé à parler de mes poésies est bien flatteur, mais je conçois que la direction de la Revue tienne, en parlant des ouvrages de littérature étrangère, à la nouveauté et aux honneurs de découverte ; or, Madame Blaze de Bury a découvert mes poésies, il y a vingt cinq années, et elle en a parlé longuement dans la Revue ; sa critique n'avait pas une grande portée, peut-être, mais elle en a assez dit pour ôter au sujet sa nouveauté en France. Vous me demandez un autre sujet ; vous ne me parlez pas des romans de Lord Beaconsfield, que je vous avais indiqués comme un sujet plein d'actualité ; le choix ne vous plait pas, apparemment. Il y aurait un bon article a faire sur le livre de M. Lecky, ouvrage qui a paru tout récemment sur l'Angleterre du 18ème siècle ; on y trouve une foule de choses intéressantes sur l'Irlande, sur Wesley et le mouvement religieux, etc. Il est

paru aussi une fort bonne monographie (pour parler comme les Allemands) sur Gibbon, par M. Morison ; mais vous nommer tous les ouvrages où l'on pourrait trouver la matière d'un bon article, ce serait un peu vague et un peu long. Il faut qu'un sujet vous attire, d'abord ; ensuite vous me demanderez des renseignements sur les choses collatérales à étudier et à produire, et je ferai de mon mieux pour vous satisfaire.

Je vous remercie de la rectification au sujet de l'université de Strasbourg, et j'en profiterai. Peu importe, cependant, que l'université soit mixte à quelques égards, si pour les chaires de theologie, de philosophie et d'histoire, chaires où il est parlé de la religion, il y a séparation.—Croyez, cher Monsieur, à mes sentiments affectueux, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Ma femme et mes filles vous remercient de votre bon souvenir ; vous vivez dans le leur, je vous assure.

*To his Sister, Mrs. Cropper.*

*October* 26, 1878.

MY DEAREST SUSY—I have sent you *Light*[1] with a rather rhapsodical review of my poetry, because it praises and quotes a poem[2] which I remember repeating to you just after it was composed, and I can see your dear face now as you listened to it, and were touched by it. My poems have had no better friends in their early and needy days than my own sisters. It is curious how the public is beginning to take them to its bosom after long years of comparative neglect. The wave of thought and change has rolled on until people begin to find a significance and an attraction in what had none for them formerly. Send *Light* to Fan when you have read it, she will like to see it. I believe the

[1] Of August 31, 1878. [2] "Switzerland."

article is by Robert Buchanan. The writers of poetry have been better friends to me always than the mass of readers of poetry.—Your affectionate M. A.

*To M. Fontanès.*

COBHAM, *December* 15, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. FONTANÈS—You read English so well that I am sure there is no need for me to afflict you with my imperfect French. Stubbs's book[1] is a sound and substantial one, but rather overpraised by a certain school here, the school of Mr. Freeman,[2] of whom Stubbs[3] is a disciple. This school has done much to explore our early history and to throw light on the beginnings of our system of government and of our liberty; but they have not had a single man of genius, with the *étincelle* and the instinctive good sense and moderation which make a guide really attaching and useful. Freeman is an ardent, learned, and honest man, but he is a ferocious pedant, and Stubbs, though not ferocious, is not without his dash of pedantry.

I suppose your thoughts, in France, must turn a good deal upon the over-meddling of the State, and upon the need of developing more the action of individuals. With us the mischief has, I am convinced, been the other way. The State has not enough shown a spirit of initiative, and individuals have too much thought that it sufficed if they acted with entire liberty and if nobody had any business to control them. The sort of action which has thus become common amongst us—action at once so resolute and so unintelligent—produces the spectacle which made Goethe, who nevertheless liked and

[1] *The Constitutional History of England.*

[2] E. A. Freeman, Professor of Modern History at Oxford.

[3] The Rev. W. Stubbs, afterwards Bishop of Chester, and of Oxford.

admired England greatly, say, "Der Engländer ist eigentlich ohne Intelligenz."

Therefore I have always wished to make the State the organ of the best self and highest reason of the community, rather than to reduce the State to insignificance, and to cultivate, in fact, the American ideal. I see that Gambetta, in his speech at Rouen, guarded himself against being taken for a pronounced enemy of your centralisation, and said that to your centralisation you owed a great deal; and I think he was right. Only you do certainly require to cultivate the side of individual character and activity more than, perhaps, you have done.

I am bringing out a volume of collected *Essays*,[1] in one of which—that on Democracy—you will find more to this effect, and will see that I have long been of my present opinion, an opinion not commonly held, I admit, in England.

The Dean[2] is wonderfully well, but he has a sad time at Windsor just now. He went there for the anniversary of Prince Albert's death, and finds the poor Queen visited by this second great affliction[3] on that very anniversary.[4]—I am always, my dear M. Fontanès, most cordially yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To his Sister, Mrs. Cropper.*

COBHAM, *Monday* (*January* 1879).

MY DEAREST SUSY—If I had not been overwhelmed with papers you should have been thanked sooner for your welcome letter and for your pretty and useful present. But I accepted a proposal from Walrond to set and look over a paper in French for the Army

[1] *Mixed Essays.* 1879. [2] Dean Stanley.
[3] Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, died December 14, 1878.
[4] Of the Prince Consort's death.

Examinations, and the candidates are so many that the work is much more than I counted upon. However, it will bring me £30 or £40, and it is nearly over. I set them a fine passage from Lamennais, describing the arrival and so-called conversion of the northern barbarians. "On menait ces brutes au baptême, comme des troupeaux à l'abreuvoir," says Lamennais. All sorts of mistakes are made in translating this, but I have this morning come across a very amusing one: "These brutes crowded in to baptism in troops, in order to shorten the ceremony." The man has not known what *abreuvoir* meant, and has helped himself out by guessing *abbreviate*. To-morrow I hope to finish these papers, and then I must turn to my Ipswich address. I have to make an address to the Working Men's College there, the largest College of the kind in England. The inducement to me was that I might try and interest them in founding a system of public education for the middle classes, on the ground that the working class suffered by not having a more civilised middle class to rise into, if they *do* rise; this is in my opinion a very true plea, but you may imagine the difficulty and delicacy of urging it in a public meeting in a provincial town, where half the audience will be middle class. However, the speech is meant for the working men, the hands in the great factories for agricultural implements there. They are said to be an intelligent set, and I do not despair of making them follow me. I heard with great interest of your Christmas, and perhaps there is nothing in which one may more safely employ oneself, or which brings one, and properly brings, so much happiness as beneficence. But do not you feel sometimes anxious to attack the condition of things which seems to bring about the evils on which your beneficence has to be exercised? When once you have got it into your head that this

condition *does* in great measure bring the evils about, and that it is in great measure remediable, I think one can hardly rest satisfied with merely alleviating the evils that arise under it. But I am sure women do not in general feel this—and perhaps it is as well not to feel it. Here is a long prose; and yet I must not begin another sheet. We have the thermometer at Temperate, and yet the ice on the lake at Pain's Hill still bears, and Lucy has been skating. We have lost a cytisus or two by the frost, but nothing else; even the veronica, quite a large one, has stood. But in Devonshire, where things had been softened by years of mild weather, this frost has killed them by wholesale. . . .—I am always your most affectionate brother, M. A.

*To Mrs. Forster.*

COBHAM, *January* 16, 1879.

MY DEAREST K.—Fan says this morning in a letter to Fanny Lucy that you have been looking in vain for some account of my lecture, so, as you have been often in my thoughts lately, and I have been wishing to write to you, I will indulge myself, though I have a great deal to do on my return home. I send you a note from dear old Barham Zincke,[1] by which you will see that the lecture[2] was a success. There were about 600 people present, and they listened very well. I hear that some in the body of the room showed great signs of irritation at times, but they did not break out. The local reporters reported the address, and a man came to me afterwards for my manuscript, to send a condensed report to the London papers. But this was just what Morley had deprecated, so I refused, saying the

[1] The Rev. F. Barham Zincke, Rector of Wherstead, near Ipswich.
[2] "Ecce, Convertimur ad Gentes," *Fortnightly Review*, February 1879.

address was promised to the *Fortnightly*, and the editor did not wish it published in part beforehand. I have so much more the feelings of a literary than of a political man, that I confess, unless one could be reported as only political personages of the very first class are reported, I would sooner keep out of the newspapers altogether, I so hate to see myself put all amiss. But I hope you and William will read me in the *Fortnightly*. I think I am gradually making an impression about public secondary schools. This reform interests me as the first practicable of those great democratic reforms to which we must, I believe, one day come. And they call me a bad Liberal, or no Liberal at all!—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

*To Miss Arnold.*

COBHAM, *Wednesday* (*January* 1879).

MY DEAREST FAN—I am very glad you liked my Ipswich discourse, and the praise you give to it as being well adapted to its audience pleases me particularly. I was careful to try and so adapt it, and therefore refrained from all irony and playfulness, because these are so often misunderstood by people who have not had a literary training. Mr. Barham Zincke tells me that they had a number of copies struck off from the report in the Suffolk paper, at a penny a piece, for sale among the working men, and that they were all bought directly. The *Western Morning News* is really valuable in its support, especially in these early days when the newspaper press is as yet apathetic upon the subject. Grove will interest you; he may burn. And Maine and Lecky both said to me, only yesterday, that the work I was doing by forcing the question of middle-class education and civilisation upon people's thoughts was invaluable, and that they were heartily

with me. But I want other people to talk about the matter rather than to talk about it myself, for fear of its getting to pass for a hobby of mine.

You must not pay much attention to attacks on the Christian Brothers' Schools such as you sent me. To call them *frères ignorantins* is a mere renewal of the abuse and ridicule of the teaching clergy at the time of the Reformation; it is a mere commonplace. The Brothers have to get the Government certificate just like other teachers, and their schools are not, or were not, on the whole, inferior to the lay schools, though neither are particularly good. Of the French it is particularly true that a great deal of their civilisation is got outside the school. The Brothers teach more of what they call "religion and morals" than the lay schools do, and, of course, a great deal of what they teach under this head is rather childish; but then, on the other side, you have the lay teacher saying, according to Guizot's report, when asked how he provided for teaching religion and morals, "Je n'enseigne pas ces bêtises-là," and between the two one does not know which to think least eligible, but I am inclined to prefer the Christian Brothers.

The news from Africa is absorbingly interesting for the moment. Good will come, I suppose, of this disaster,[1] because it will lead to a more thorough subjugation of the Zulus, and to a more speedy extension of the Englishry as far as the climate will let them extend—that is, about up to the Tropic of Capricorn. And unattractive as the raw Englishry is, it is good stuff, and, always supposing it not to deteriorate but to improve, its spread is the spread of future civilisation.

I have my General Report on my hands now, but shall get it done in a few days; then I must set to work on the Selections from Wordsworth, which are

[1] Repulse of the British troops at Isandlana, January 22, 1879.

to form a volume like my *Selected Poems*, only about fifty pages thicker. It will be out at Whitsuntide, I hope; a short essay on Wordsworth, which is to appear first in the Magazine, and then as preface to the Selection. I think I shall like picking the poems.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

*To Mrs. Forster.*

(*January* 1879.)

My dearest K.—My letter must be merely a scrawl at the end of Flu's, but I write because she thought I had already written to you to say how delighted we shall be to have dear Flo here at the time you name. She will be a great consolation. Your letter gave me great pleasure too; and you so entirely enter into my feelings about this reform, which seems to me the pressing reform for our own present time to accomplish. At bottom I greatly sympathise also with what you say about the religion of the middle classes, nor in the Ipswich address have I said anything on this point which you will dislike, I think. I never read St. Paul on the Jews but I feel how exactly his sentiment about the Jews answers to mine about our middle class—"My heart's desire and prayer," etc. etc. There is a moderate and pleasing article on "Porro"[1] in the *British Quarterly*. It shows the stirring, even in those quarters, of a sense that something *must* be done. I send you Morley, who is always pleasing in his communications to me, and I send you an extract from the *Revue Philosophique*, which puts what I want very well, and without at all turning it to the glorification of France. Are you not glad that this late crisis has turned favourably in France?

[1] "Porro, unum est necessarium," *Fortnightly Review*, November 1878.

Not that she has not great perils before her; she has. Fitzjames Stephen will amuse you. I had written to congratulate him on being made a judge. Let Fan have what I send you. William was very good both at Yarmouth and Bradford. I was very glad he touched at Yarmouth on the municipal question. He will see that I said something about it at Ipswich.

It was very pleasant at Goschen's, and pleasant too to see the movement towards what I call *real* ideas in politics spreading among the younger men. Now I must stop.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

## *To Miss Arnold.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
*April* 14, 1879.

MY DEAREST FAN—It is an east wind and a gray sky, but I had meant to go to Horsley and see the daffodils; however, the dentist willed it otherwise, and I have had to come up here, my appointment being made for eleven this morning. How much time and power, in the course of my life, my teeth have made me lose! I have since been correcting the proof of my Eton speech,[1] which is to appear in the *Cornhill*. I am well forward with my school reports, and have nearly finished arranging my Wordsworth selection, so I feel more of a free man than usual. It is delightful to have to occupy oneself with Wordsworth, and he will come out better and more effective in my arrangement, I think, than he has ever come out before. I have gone on the plan of throwing pieces of one poetical *kind* together, not of classifying them, in Wordsworth's own intricate way, according to the spiritual faculty from which they are supposed to have proceeded. I

[1] An address on *εὐτραπελία*, delivered before the Eton Literary Society, April 5, 1879.

don't think any of his *best* work will be left out, though a great deal must be left out which is *good* work, especially of his later time. When I have sent my list off to the printer I shall set about my introduction —a short one, but I hope to do him justice. He can show a body of work superior to what any other English poet, except Shakespeare and Milton, can show; and his body of work is more interesting than Milton's, though not so great. This seems to me to be the simple truth. I hope this collection of mine may win for him some appreciation on the Continent also. I shall send the book to Scherer, and beg him to review it. Wordsworth's body of work, to keep to that phrase, is superior to the body of work of any Continental poet of the last hundred years except Goethe; superior to that of Schiller, Heine, Musset, Victor Hugo. This, again, seems to me to be the simple truth. But I must not run on.

I have had some happy gatherings of white violets, though the cottage children are apt to be before me, and they spoil as much as they gather. We are going to-morrow to Aston Clinton, and there, in the lanes of the Chilterns, I hope to find the white violets in masses. It is one of the best soils in England for them. The wild primroses are only just showing. —Your ever affectionate M. A.

*To Miss Quillinan.*

*April* 21, 1879.

My dear Mima—I am making a selection from Wordsworth's Poems, and I want to restore some of his lines to what they were before he, as dear Mrs. Wordsworth used to say, "tinkered" them. The line towards the end of "Laodamia," which is now

"By no weak pity might the gods be moved,"

was originally

"Ah, judge her gently who so deeply loved!"

But I have not the early edition, that of 1815, in two volumes octavo, which gives this original rendering. Probably you have it; at any rate, it is in the drawing-room at Fox How, and Rowland could find it for you. Would you do me the great kindness to write out for me the six or eight lines which follow the line I have mentioned, or as much of them as differs at all from the present editions, and to send them to me at Cobham? If Fan were at home I would not give you this trouble.—Ever affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To M. Fontanès.*

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
*Easter Sunday*, 1879.

MY DEAR M. FONTANÈS—My real answer to your long and interesting letter is the volume of *Essays* containing the essay you want. I desired the publisher to send it you a day or two ago. I am so overwhelmed with a mass of official work just now—schools wanting to be reported upon and paid at Easter—that I cannot attempt to answer your letter as it deserves. You give me great pleasure by your continual interest in what I write. In general, we English write for the English-speaking public, and expect no other; this public is now a very large one, and an author may well be satisfied with it; still, the civilised European nations ought to understand one another and to share one another's thoughts, and it is partly our own fault—the fault of our own insularity and eccentricity—that English literature reaches the other European nations so little. For this reason I highly prize my few

French readers; they are a proof that I have succeeded, so far, in breaking through the Britannic "wall of partition"; and among my French readers there is no one whom I value more than you. It is incredible to me that M. Ferry's policy can be a good one; the Catholics are to be mended, not by throwing them back upon themselves by a *régime* of what they consider persecution, but by gradually inducing them to admit the influences of the time amongst them, and to feel their penetrative effect; I am sure that it is so in Ireland, at all events. But I should like to talk to you on this subject—and, indeed, on many others. I have begun Renan's discourse, but have only got a little way. His taking Victor Hugo's poetry so prodigiously *au sérieux* does, I confess, amaze me in so fine and delicate a mind; but Renan is not *sound*, I think, in proportion to his brilliancy. There are no new books here; every one is looking to see what and where is the new war. The Dean[1] has been lecturing in the north of England; I shall tell him of your letter, and shall make him send you the volume of his American addresses, which he has just published. What weather! This morning it was snowing hard; now it is a fine spring day; to-night it will probably freeze. Nevertheless our valley is beginning to look like the "nid de verdure" which you call it.

Mrs. Arnold and my girls desire to be most kindly remembered to you, and believe me always, my dear M. Fontanès, most truly and cordially yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To Miss Arnold.*

COBHAM, *Sunday* (*May* 25, 1879).

MY DEAREST FAN—Fanny Lucy is gone to church, and I am alone in the house. Geist[2] finds me

[1] Dean Stanley. [2] A Dachshound.

dull and has begged me to let him out into the garden; now he has had his bark at the thrushes, and I hear him pattering upstairs to bed, his invariable resource when he is bored or sorrowful. The girls are at Harrow, as you know. It has been a most beautiful day, and the foliage is almost all out, and now in a day or two we shall have the May and the Chestnut blossom. I have never known the birds so rich and strong in their singing; I had two blackbirds and three thrushes running about together on the grass under my window as I was getting up yesterday morning, and a stockdove has built her nest in the leaning ivied fir-tree which you will remember, between the house and the stables. So there is plenty of music, and the cuckoo comes in amidst it all. I am told by the natives that the nightingale used always to build in the shrubberies of the cottage, but she has given up that good habit; however, all round us the nightingales positively swarm. We dined at Effingham last night, and twice as we drove home the man stopped to call our attention to the chorus of nightingales. At one place, a thicket just before entering upon Effingham Common, they were almost maddeningly beautiful. It is a great loss to the North and the South-west of England not to have them; their extraordinary effectiveness is shown by even the poor people being so much interested about them and always knowing their habits and haunts. I should like to have you here for the cowslips and the nightingales; and it really must be arranged next year, if we live. The effect of reading so much of Wordsworth lately has been to make me feel more keenly than usual the beauty of the common incidents of the natural year, and I am sure that is a good thing. I have got a week before me which I don't much care about; three dinners in London, and I am to be taken to the Derby by

George Smith. He offered to take me and show me the whole thing, and it seems absurd never to have seen such a famous sight, but at present I look forward to the day as a boring one, and wish it was over. I think about the Irish University Question I have effected some real good. You saw Lowe's speech,[1] and Sir Louis Mallet told me that Bright was dining with him the other night and said there was not a word of my argument for the Catholics[2] which did not carry him thoroughly along with it. Now good-bye, my dearest Fan; how I wish we had you here with us.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

## *To M. E. Grant Duff, M.P.*

FAIRY HILL, SWANSEA, *August* 22, 1879.

MY DEAR GRANT DUFF—I meant to thank you for the Richmond paper,[3] and for your kind words about my *Isaiah;* but that, with several other good intentions, came to nothing in the hurry of leaving home. I do thank you, however; the more so as the labour of mine which you commended was one which I undertook with a good deal of hope, and which has produced very little result. But I more and more learn the extreme slowness of things, and that though we are all disposed to think that everything will change in our lifetime, it will not. Perhaps we shall end our days in the tail of a return current of popular religion, both ritual and dogmatic. Still, the change, for being slower than we expected, is not the less sure. You have been much in my mind lately, for you first

[1] On the University Education (Ireland) Bill, May 21, 1879.

[2] "Irish Catholicism and British Liberalism," *Fortnightly Review*, November 1878.

[3] An address on Primary Education.

turned me to try and know the names and history of the plants I met with, instead of being content with simply taking pleasure in the look of them; and you have at least doubled my enjoyment of them by doing so. I send you two things which grow beautifully here, on the south-western peninsula of Gower, fifteen miles from Swansea, the St. John's wort and the Œnothera. The Œnothera is a beautiful sight, covering every grassy spot in the sand, by Oxwich Bay, where we were yesterday. I came over from Ilfracombe here; at Ilfracombe too the vegetation was something wonderful. At Coleridge's, at Ottery—where I have also been, and where we talked of you—everything has been killed by this last winter, but at Ilfracombe they had had no ice at all; and the fuchsias, hydrangeas, verbenas, veronicas, and myrtles were growing as I never thought to see them grow in England. Also the wild things grew with a wonderful lustiness. Pellitory was nearly a yard high, and pennywort a foot, and the *Ruta-muraria* on the walls was something too delicious. I found the absinth, which the Alps make us so familiar with; we have the mugwort and the tansy to any extent in Surrey, but not the absinth. I must stop, or I may as well send you a botany book at once, which would be sending coals to Newcastle. We are here till next Wednesday, and then we go to Fox How. Kindest remembrances to Mrs. Grant Duff and "hommages" to Clara.—Yours ever most cordially, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## *To Mrs. Forster.*

COBHAM, *October* 13, 1879.

MY DEAREST K.—It is indeed a long time since I have communicated with you directly; I only wish it

were not by letter but by word of mouth that we communicated now.

I followed you in your travels with interest. The valley of the Brenta I should particularly have liked to ascend with you. I think there is a lake before you reach Trent which on the map looks very interesting. I like small lakes, in general, so much better than great things like the Lake of Garda. I am sorry you were tormented with the mosquitoes at Florence; they are enough to spoil anything; but Florence is the most enchanting place I know in the world, and I think you had never seen it before. Papa never did it justice; it took me quite by surprise when I first arrived there one beautiful morning in May. The Cathedral outside (not inside) is to my feeling the most beautiful church in the world, and it always looks to me like a hen gathering its chickens under its wings, it stands in such a soft, lovely way with Florence round it. Then never did pictures give me the pleasure that the pictures in those two great galleries did. Andrea del Sarto and Fra Bartolommeo, two artists who touch me particularly, are not to be known without going to Florence. And San Miniato, and the Carrara Mountains, and Fiesole! But I must not go on about Florence.

We had a good time, but better perhaps for the young people than the old. However, it is a pleasure for us old ones to see the young ones enjoying themselves. Before we went to Fox How we had very much enjoyed Fairy Hill; that peninsula of Gower was something so new and remote, the coast so beautiful, the flowers and ferns so interesting, and then the Benson children are all of them such dear children. I got some good fishing too—at least good by comparison with Westmorland.

I wonder if Fan is with you to-day; we do not hear from her. I hope she will take you two news-

papers, a French and an American one, with articles about my French play article.[1] Flo will be interested by them. Of course, you are to have the Wordsworth,[2] but the large paper copy, which little Delafield, when he takes to riotous courses and wants money, will be able to sell for a vast sum. It is not quite ready yet, and I shall not send it by post, it will get so bruised; you must come here for it, or to London. "The Primrose on the Rock" was in once, but was thrust out to make room for other things. I think I shall put it into the next edition, since you like it; mamma liked it, and I like it myself.

Tell William it is impossible to maintain that the salaries of the London School Board were forced upon them by the state of the market; they sat down and invented their rates, as people with an ample purse, who were going to do the thing handsomely. They have given people such a handle that the public institution of secondary schools is made harder than ever. That is my great cause of quarrel with them. Lyulph Stanley and Sydney Buxton[3] take my report most amiably. Sydney says that the party of economy in the School Board are glad to have their hands strengthened by it.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

*To Henry Arthur Jones.*

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
*October* 14, 1879.

MY DEAR SIR—Many thanks for your two pieces, and for your letter with its most kind expressions. I produce little effect upon the general public, but I

[1] "The French Play in London," *Nineteenth Century*, August 1879.
[2] *Poems of Wordsworth, Chosen and Edited by Matthew Arnold.* 1879.
[3] Members of the London School Board.

have some excellent readers nevertheless; I may count you as one of them. The *Garden Party* is extremely interesting. I hope it will appear in some magazine as you propose. The *Clerical Error* I must try and see—which is far better than reading—some night that I am in town. I am afraid we are still a long way off from the attainment of a satisfactory theatre and a satisfactory drama, but they will come in time. —Believe me, my dear sir, sincerely yours

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## *To M. Fontanès.*

COBHAM, SURREY, *January* 21, 1880.

MY DEAR M. FONTANÈS—It is quite absurd that I should write in French to one who reads and criticises English literature as you do. I have been away from home for the last month. Your letter was forwarded to me, but I would not answer it until I returned to the neighbourhood of London, and on one of my daily visits to that place could call at my publisher's and send you my little volume of Wordsworth. There is nothing of mine in it but the preface. However, if you make Wordsworth's acquaintance through this little book, you need ask for nothing more. He is one of the best and deepest spiritual influences of our century.

Burke is an excellent subject for you. You should order a small volume on Burke by John Morley, published by Macmillan, London. It is a cheap book, costing but half-a-crown, and you will find it very suggestive. Burke, like Wordsworth, is a great force in that epoch of concentration, as I call it, which arose in England in opposition to the epoch of expansion declaring itself in the French Revolution. The old order of things had not the virtue which

Burke supposed. The Revolution had not the banefulness which he supposed. But neither was the Revolution the commencement, as its friends supposed, of a reign of justice and virtue. It was much rather, as Scherer has called it, "un déchaînement d'instincts confus, un aveugle et immense besoin de renouvellement." An epoch of concentration and of resistance to the crude and violent people who were for imposing their "renouvellement" on the rest of the world by force was natural and necessary. Burke is to be conceived as the great voice of this epoch. He carried his country with him, and was in some sort a providential person. But he did harm as well as good, for he made concentration too dominant an idea with us, and an idea of which the reign was unduly prolonged. The time for expansion must come, and Burke is of little help to us in presence of such a time. But in his sense of the crudity and tyranny of the French revolutionists, I do not think he was mistaken.

An admirable article might be written upon him from a French point of view, and I hope you will write it.

Mrs. Arnold and my daughters send you their best wishes for the New Year, and so do I.—Affectionately yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To Mrs. Forster.*

COBHAM, *Saturday, April* 2, 1880.

MY DEAREST K.—I think you will expect a line from me of congratulation on William's position on the poll at Bradford,[1] and on the number that voted for him. Both are most satisfactory, and he will be well

[1] The Right Hon. W. E. Forster, returned for Bradford at the head of the poll, April, 1880.

pleased, I suppose, to have brought in Mr. —— along with him, though about my joy at this other success I do not feel so sure. However, if the Liberals are to come in, my earnest desire is that their English and Scotch majority should be as large as possible, and in this view I may accept ——. What a total scattering it is! and I should not wonder if it extended to the counties. I hear that both Middlesex and Mid Surrey the Liberals now expect to win. I had an obscure presentiment that there would be a change, but I did not feel that I had any data for a real well-grounded opinion; it weighed with me, as I told several people, that William, who is a judicious man, and not one who will say anything to serve the moment's need, expressed himself so confidently. Lord B. was demoralising for our people, and the Tories show their bad side more and more the longer they stay in; and then the Tory *Bottles*,[1] the shoddy Conservative, Stock Exchange or commercial, is terrible. Still, the Radical Bottles, and middle-class Liberalism in general—you know my opinion of them—at best, they are in a very crude state, and with little light or help in them at present. But through their failing, and succeeding, and gradual improving lies our way, our only way; I have no doubt of that. But that they will yet fail more than once, and give other chances to the Tories and to future Lord Bs., I think too probable. Love to all.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

*To Miss Arnold.*

COBHAM, *Sunday, May* 15 (1880).

MY DEAREST FAN—I hope you are enjoying Tunbridge Wells (with a *u*, not an *o*, please), and that you have seen many woods and copses such as I saw

[1] A character in *Friendship's Garland.*

yesterday, where you cannot see the ground for primroses and hyacinths. I went along one of the old grass roads of this country, some thirty yards wide, leading from Bookham Common to Effingham Common, with woods on one side and a great bowering hedge on the other, and the nightingales singing as if they were distraught. I don't think there will be much May in the hedges this year; it is one of the many bad results of the wet and cold of last year. We now want rain very badly, but the warmth is delightful. Why should it have been at 45 at mid-day a week ago, and now at 72 at mid-day, with the wind in precisely the same odious quarter—the north-east? This is one of those things that quite beat my poor little science. The hollies and laurels that we moved in the autumn and spring are what I am uneasy for, if the rain does not come. It is just the moment now which tries them. The rhododendrons are beginning to come out. When shall you be coming here, do you think? You say nothing about it in your last letter.

Jane will send you a letter by which you will see that Morley accepted my counsel to take the *Pall Mall Gazette*. I am very glad of it, and now we shall have two newspapers with a considerable and known literary *personality*, in the French sense, informing them. *Personality* reminds me of Tennyson's poem[1]—did you ever? Swinburne has sent me his new volume with an amiable note; he has a violent sonnet on A. P. S., for his monument to the Prince Imperial in the Abbey. I have promised Knowles my article on the Future of Liberalism for his July

[1] "Hallowèd be Thy name—Halleluiah!
Infinite Ideality!
Immeasurable Reality!
Infinite Personality!—Halleluiah!"
"De Profundis," *Nineteenth Century*, May 1880.

number, and I have my notice of Keats to do by the end of this month; so I have my hands full. On Thursday I got a card from the Duchess of Norfolk for a party that evening, to meet Newman.[1] I went, because I wanted to have spoken once in my life to Newman, and because I wanted to see the house. The house was not so fine as I expected. Newman was in costume—not full Cardinal's costume, but a sort of vest with gold about it and the red cap; he was in state at one end of the room, with the Duke of Norfolk on one side of him and a chaplain on the other, and people filed before him as before the Queen, dropping on their knees when they were presented and kissing his hand. It was the faithful who knelt in general, but then it was in general only the faithful who were presented. That old mountebank Lord —— dropped on his knees, however, and mumbled the Cardinal's hand like a piece of cake. I only made a deferential bow, and Newman took my hand in both of his and was charming. He said, "I ventured to tell the Duchess I should like to see you." One had to move on directly, for there was a crowd of devotees waiting, and he retires at eleven. But I am very glad to have seen him. I met Lady Portsmouth there, who is a relation of the Duke; she took charge of me, and carried me through the crowd to the chaplain, who knew who I was; else I should never have got at Newman at all. I met A. P. S. at dinner at the Buxtons' before I went, who was deeply interested and excited at my having the invitation to meet the Cardinal; he hurried me off the moment dinner was over, saying, "This is not a thing to lose!" How is my precious Susy? Tell her there is a clever young man over here from the French Foreign Office, a M. Gérard, said to

[1] Cardinal Newman was staying with the Duke of Norfolk in St. James's Square.

be a natural son of Gambetta, but whom Gambetta is at any rate pushing on in the world with all his might, who is going to write an *article de fond* on me in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. That will be interesting, as he really knows my works, and brings little quotations about conduct being three-quarters of life into his notes to me.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

*To his Wife.*

PONTRESINA, *September* 13, 1880.

Tell dear Fan I shall write to her in a day or two, as soon as I have seen a little more of the flowers. Of course, I am late for them, but I have already seen enough to fill me with delight. I had a baddish night; the partitions are very thin, and a young lady next to me was very noisy till she went to bed, and very asthmatic when she had got there. This morning I woke to a wet and cloudy world, and it was all very gloomy; however, after breakfast I went to the Sarratz, the hotel where the Sandfords are, and was received by them with open arms. I said I thought I would come and join them at the Sarratz to-morrow, and presently Sir F.[1] slips out of the room and comes back saying that he has engaged a room for me, that Madame Sarratz knew my works perfectly well, and said she should give me the room she had given to Tennyson. Madame Sarratz is a character; no doubt, Sir F. told her he was bringing a poet to her hotel, and then she said she should give him Tennyson's room. I like the looks of that hotel better than those of this, and, of course, being with the Sandfords is to be very much at home. Sandford says there is no place in the world where he is so well and so happy,

[1] Sir Francis Sandford, Secretary to the Education Department; afterwards Lord Sandford.

and the place has certainly something fascinating. It rained and thundered all the morning, but about two it cleared up, and then you saw what it was, and how in every direction from Pontresina you are led up to beauty unutterable. It is of no use denying that the snow and the glaciers give a charm to the Alps which our mountains and Scotland can never possess. To-day after my calls I followed a path through a fir-wood that brought me first to a small lake and then to a green slope above St. Moritz and its lake; the walk would just have suited you, and you may think how I wished for you. The mode of life would suit you too.

In the conversation rooms after dinner there is too much conversation, and, above all, too much music; every one is very civil. Now I must stop. It is raining hard again, but it is all fresh snow on the mountains, and the glass is high, so I think I shall make out the week very well. I am better already.

### *To Miss Arnold.*

PONTRESINA, *September* 15 (1880).

MY DEAREST FAN—I may not be able to finish this to you, for I am going presently with the Sandfords to the Roseg glacier, but I will begin it. I am quite frozen. The thermometer up here was at about 34 this morning, and now that the wind is getting up it will be colder still. Every one is preparing for a retreat, but I shall stay on till Sunday or Monday now I am here. The air certainly does me good; I feel quite different already. It is so stimulating, however, that it is not good for sleeping; one sleeps very lightly, and without becoming sufficiently unconscious, and one wakes very early in the morning.

This will reach you on the last day but one of my

party's stay with you. How good you have been to all of us! This place would be too cruelly cold for Fanny Lucy. I must bring her here, but it must be in August. You, however, would enjoy it now, and I continually think how I should like to have you with me. The charm of the great mountains is indescribable when the mist lifts; to see, instead of the outline of Fairfield, a snowy serrated line of some 12,000 feet high makes all comparison impossible. On Monday we had a wet morning but beautiful afternoon; I told Fanny Lucy of my walk that afternoon. Yesterday was a simply perfect day. I started about half-past ten up the road over the Bernina Pass to Tirano and Italy, and turned off it to the Morteratsch glacier, which comes down from the great Piz Bernina itself. I lunched at the little inn at the foot of the glacier, and then made my way up by a mountain path to a point called the Signal, and thence along the mountain side to the Boval hut, the place where those who ascend the Bernina, or one of the mountains round him, sleep before they begin the ascent. It was worth coming abroad merely for this afternoon walk, high on the mountain side, with the great glacier below running up to the great snow-vested sweep of the Bernina and his fellows, all their upper parts sparkling in sunshine, but the deep black shadow steadily creeping up them. The flowers are very much gone, but up at that height there will still be a few late blooming ones for two or three weeks to come. I could have stayed there till it was dark, and I wish I had had you with me. My old friend the giant yellow gentian was in seed in the sheltered hollows, but I send you two other gentians and several other things that you will like to see. The good of an acquaintance with an even limited flora is that it makes you feel at home with even the most extensive one. The Alpine aster you will like; it is a very character-

istic flower. The little deep-coloured *Epolobium* is the same, I think, which I and Dick found on Great Gavel. I was obliged to come down at last, having met with no soul except a man carrying a can of water, whom I asked to name the different peaks to me; and being struck with his mode of speech, I asked him what he was doing up there. He answered, "Ich messe die Bewegung des Gletschers" (I am measuring the movement of the glacier), and pointed out to me a hut down among the rocks where he is living with one comrade for this purpose. I thought these glacier measurers were very appropriate inmates of the solitude. He told me they were employed by a scientific society. I asked him if he was *Militär*, and he answered, "Nein, Gelehrte." I got back to find all my things transported to the hotel from which I am writing. It is much better than the other, better furnished and cleaner, and as the Sandfords are here, and Madame Saratz offered me a very good room, I changed directly. Mr. Ayre[1] is quite a power here, and it pleases me to see how the quality of Anglican chaplain gives a man a sort of natural headship among the English visitors, and quite the status of an agent of Government, yet without any officialdom, when he is like Ayre—a man who, by manners, conduct, and sense, is capable of filling such a position. His departure was quite the sensation of the day. The carriage in which he and his nieces went off was surrounded by people from all the hotels, who came to say good-bye and to thank him, and the innkeeper the night before sent in a bottle of champagne, that he and his nieces might drink success to their journey, though none of them drank wine. But on this occasion they had to drink it, and I helped them. It is curious that I heard from Ayre of the appointment to Rydal, a Mr. Riddle, whom he had been on the

[1] The Rev. J. W. Ayre, Vicar of St. Mark's, North Audley Street.

point of engaging as a curate when this appointment to Rydal came. To-day it is changed to iron gray skies and cold wind; this morning, however, I went with the Sandfords and Mundellas to the Roseg glacier, and lunched at the little inn there. But how different was the scene from that of yesterday! All the hollow of the glacier was filled with a sleety cloud, and not a single mountain summit was to be seen. On our way back it began to rain, but I walked with Mundella,[1] and had an opportunity of pressing several things upon him with regard to Education which I think important. He is very anxious to do right, and I think I have more chance of having influence with him than with any Vice-President we have had. I think much of my dear K., and shall write to her soon. I never write a journal, but I tell my story in letters, which is the better and pleasanter way. I think I shall stay here whatever the weather may be, till Sunday or Monday; then I shall go over the Maloja to Chiavenna, Como, and Orta; then by the Lukmanier Pass and the St. Gothard to Lucerne; thence by Basle to Frankfort, where I want to have another look at the house where Goethe was born, thence by Brussels home.—Ever, my dearest Fan, your most affectionate M. A.

## *To his Wife.*

PONTRESINA, *September* 15, 1880.

Yesterday was a perfect day—fresh, but not a cloud in the sky. There are some very nice people at the Krone called Trench (he is a son of the Archbishop)[2] who offered to drive me up to the Bernina Lakes. I said I would walk up and join them at lunch, but I took a wrong turn, which led straight up to the

[1] The Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education.

[2] Of Dublin.

Piz Bernina instead of up the side valley over which is the Bernina Pass into Italy. However, the valley I took led me to the Morteratsch glacier, which is perhaps the most beautiful thing here—a grand glacier, folded in by the Bernina and his great compeers; lovely names they have, but you would not know them. But nowhere even in the Oberland have I seen a more beautiful line than they make. I lunched at the restaurant by the glacier, and then wandered on by a path along the mountain side to a hut from which the ascent of the Bernina and the great peaks near him begins. I have seldom enjoyed anything more, and I did a good deal of botanising, as at that height the flowers linger on much later than down here. I did not see a soul. The moon rose, the black shadows stole gradually up the sparkling snow-sides of the mountains, and I could hardly tear myself away. It was a day which alone makes it worth while to have come here. This morning the fine weather of yesterday had totally departed; the clouds were low, the air was iron gray, and a fierce wind blew. But Mundella and his daughter came to propose going with us to the Roseg glacier, and we all started. It is five miles up the Roseg valley to the foot of the glacier. We lunched at the little inn at the foot of the glacier, and had a lively time; but after luncheon the rain came on, and some guides who were on their way down said it was useless going on the glacier, it was sleeting fast there, and you could not see a yard before you. So home we walked again by the Roseg valley. I walked all the way with Mundella, who asked me a great deal about the policy which the office should follow, and I had an opportunity of urging upon him several things which I think important, and, I hope, of doing a good turn to Healing and his brother assistants, who have been hardly treated.

*To the Same.*

HOTEL SARATZ, PONTRESINA.
*September* 16, 1880.

No doubt it is better you should be where you are, for the cold here is very severe; still, you would like the life here and the people. The hotel is excellent and the *table d'hôte* all that can be desired. It is a much better class of English people here than in the other parts of Switzerland, because the fifteen hours' journey from the railway keeps off the mass of the "personally conducted." It snowed all last night, and this morning it was a white world, with the snow not only lying on the ground up to the door of the hotel, but loading the branches of the fir-trees, as with us in Surrey it does in January. But at ten it began to clear, and I assure you the air here is so perfectly exhilarating that even on a dull morning you feel radiant. The Mundellas arrived about eleven to ask us to go somewhere, and we determined to go on the Morteratsch glacier. We went and lunched at the restaurant by the glacier, and a very jolly party it was. Mundella makes himself so pleasant, and I am sure, as I said to Sandford, that nowhere else in Europe is there to be found a Minister exhorting his subordinate official to write more poetry. After luncheon we all went on the glacier, which we could get upon only by cutting steps with an ice-axe; it was great fun. The fresh snow made the ice very good walking, and we all enjoyed it greatly. What you would greatly like is the sight of the Bergamesque herdsmen, who have been feeding their herds on the pastures here for the summer, collecting them to drive them back to Italy. The men are picturesque objects, tall, swarthy Italians, with their civilised speech instead

of the rough guttural German. And their cattle are too lovely. I could have stayed till night yesterday to see a herd driven through the swollen torrent of the Roseg which lay between their Alp and the road to Italy. In one place they had to swim, poor things, but it was beautiful to see how well they managed, greatly as they disliked it. At luncheon a gigantic St. Bernard seated himself between Miss Mundella and me. He entirely refused bread, and would eat nothing but beef-steak.

### *To the Same.*

CHIAVENNA, *Monday, September* 20, 1880.

I had a fine day yesterday, and left the Roseg glacier, up to which you look from the front of the Hotel Sarratz, showing itself in all its glory. But the cold was bitter, and I was not sorry that my place was in the coupé and not on the banquette. I had to drive down to Samaden, four miles, to catch the diligence, and very nearly missed it; but when I was once fairly established in the coupé (which I had all to myself) I enjoyed my day greatly, with Bædeker and my maps and a new country. And such a country! All the chain of the lakes through which the inn flows, from St. Moritz to where he comes in waterfalls, like a little Westmorland stream, out of the side of a hill at the top of the pass. The Engadine lies so high, and the ascent to it and out of it is spread over so many miles, that there are no zigzags whatever, nothing whatever to make you aware that you are crossing the main chain of the Alps into Italy; you trot on, and presently you stop at a great desolate white inn, and that is the Maloja Kulm. But while the diligence stops you go to the edge of a rock guarded by a rail,

and there is Italy below you, sure enough, and zigzags enough for any one's taste leading down to it. We stopped at Vicosoprano, the chief town of the Swiss part of the valley, to lunch, and here a melancholy thing happened. I had been looking at a small cat, the colour of William's cat, running backwards and forwards across the street. It was in beautiful condition and high spirits, with a small bell round its neck like the bells worn here by the cows—evidently a favourite. I went a little way towards the bridge over the river to see if I could find any plants, and met a voiturier with four horses driving fast into the place. Presently I returned, saw a crowd, went up to it, and there was my poor little cat lying quite dead in a pool of blood. The voiturier had run over it—not by his fault, I believe,—but it darted into the street at the moment he was passing; the wheels had gone over its neck, and it had died instantly, but it was not mutilated. It made quite a sensation, and presently a young man took the little thing up, and laid it under the wall of the side street from which it had just before been darting out full of prettiness and play. I know the girls will be interested in this sad story; the sudden end of the poor little cat quite afflicted me. We went on in the diligence presently, and passing through a gorge, came into a new world; chestnuts, walnuts, and mulberries began as if by magic, and vineyards on the hillsides and all the Italian landscape which is so beautiful. In the grass under the chestnuts I saw more flowers than I have yet seen this time in Switzerland, but no cyclamens, though we found them, if you remember, in a like country from Premia downwards. I don't think you have ever been in this most picturesque and truly Italian place. The inn has the wide passages, high rooms, and marble floors of Italy, but it does not do, as to comfort, after the Hotel

Sarratz. I slept well, however, and after breakfast this morning I bought for 2½d. more black figs than I could eat; you would like to see, and to buy and eat from, the baskets of peaches, black and white grapes, and black and white figs amongst which I shall be constantly finding myself for the next few days. I have taken my place by the diligence for Colico and changed a French note for 100 francs at the bank here, gaining nine francs on the operation. To-night I shall be at the Cadenabbia Hotel—how changed since you and I were at the little bit of a house which preceded this great big hôtel! The present hotel is a very good one, however, and every one says it is very preferable to Bellaggio.

*To the Same.*

*September* 22, 1880.

I last wrote to you from Chiavenna—a rainy morning, but it cleared, and on I went down to Colico on the banquette of the diligence, side by side with a German Jew. The sun got entirely the better of the clouds, and has been reigning in all his glory ever since. The voyage from Colico was perfect, and it happens that I have never before made the passage on that part of the lake in fine weather. The hotel at Cadenabbia was quite full, so I took a boat and was rowed over to the Grand Hotel at Bellaggio. You may imagine, if you can, what it is to be rowed on the Lake of Como between five and six on a perfect September evening. I got an excellent room, but I had rather have stayed at Cadenabbia, for at four o'clock the next morning the Miss Archers were going up the Monte Circuni—the mountain behind Cadenabbia—escorted by one Wainwright, a great Alpine

climber, who is there with his Chamouni guide, and I should have gone with them; it is that mountain with an exquisitely soft cone and a band of precipice running obliquely across the middle of him which you may remember as coming so beautifully into the view from Bellaggio. At dinner I found myself by a man who made himself very pleasant—so pleasant that we sat on when the other people were gone; and presently, on the terrace, Edgcumbe, the Byron Memorial man, who is staying at Bellaggio, came up to me and said, "I was so amused at seeing you and Labouchere talking in that intimate way!" So it was Labouchere,[1] whom I had not met since we met him at the Herman Merivales', and did not recognise. He goes to bed at one, long after every one else is in bed, and gets up at one the next day, so I did not see him again, for at half-past one I started yesterday by the boat for this place. It is the villa where Queen Caroline lived; it has been added to, and is the finest building on the Lake, a really splendid specimen of an Italian palace-villa. It is not so beautiful a point for mountains as Bellaggio, but it is exquisitely beautiful, and the sight of Como, and the soft, low range of hill behind Como, gives it a character of its own. I am going to drive into Como to see the Cathedral, which is very interesting, and then I shall go by rail to Lugano—a new approach to Lugano for me. To-morrow I go to Stresa.

*To the Same.*

FLUELEN, *Monday, September* 27, 1880.

I am glad I went to Stresa; they are sincerely kind, and glad to see one of us again, and to be able to write

[1] Henry Labouchere, M.P.

to the Prince[1] about it. They say that as I have not yet seen the L. of Orta, I must come again next year, and bring you and the girls, and Madame de Gatinara says she shall bring her daughter from Turin to make acquaintance with Lucy and Nelly, and to learn lawn-tennis. Meanwhile, she is going to send me, she says, a Piedmontese grammar and dictionary, that I may learn Piedmontese and miss none of the *asides* when they talk to one another in that idiom. After I wrote to Lucy we dined. The Duchess talks to me alone in one of the outer rooms for about half an hour after dinner; then she and the ladies absent themselves for half an hour and Rapallo[2] talks to me. He gave me an article to read in the *Fanfulla* on the spirit and sense which the Prince had shown in China, which had given them much pleasure. Then the Duchess and the ladies return, and tea is brought, and the Duchess plays patience, and we all sit and talk to her and one another till about eleven. Rapallo smokes the whole evening; but I think he has a good heart, and I am touched by the way he remembers the children, and all about the house and grounds at Harrow, and even about Toss and Rover. Breakfast is now at eleven, but they had it at ten on Saturday morning for my benefit, and I will tell you that it is at the end of breakfast that you should drink Asti, slightly iced; then it is in perfection. At eleven I took my leave, and Rapallo accompanied me to the boat and saw me off. It was a dull day at first, but after dinner it cleared, and it happens to be just the portion of the lake from Luino to Locarno which was new to me. It is deeply Italian and indescribably beautiful. At the villages, high on the hills, with their campanili, I am never tired of looking, and anything so paintable never was

[1] The Duke of Genoa, whose mother and step-father resided at Stresa.
[2] Count Rapallo, the Duchess of Genoa's second husband.

seen. I can well understand why the artists are so fond of Italy and so indifferent to Switzerland. The town of Locarno is in Canton Tessin, but is a perfectly Italian town. The new Grand Hotel is one of those palaces which you do not find out of Italy, and which make all other hotels seem mean. It is not so beautiful as the Villa d'Este, however, because it was not built for a palace-villa, but for a hotel, and has not the same grand air; but it has the spaciousness, the marble everywhere, the vast corridors, the wide and high rooms. The cottage at Cobham would go entire into the end of one of its corridors. I was not very well at Locarno, but am better now. I saw the sunrise yesterday morning—a cloudless September day for seeing my last of Italy; and nothing can be more Italian than the mouth of the valley of the Ticino from Locarno to Bellinzona. The railroad goes from Locarno to Biasca, close to Bodio, where the rain was so furious and you admired the waterfalls so much. At Faido I got out while they changed horses, and looked at the Angelo where we slept. I am glad to have seen this most beautiful of the passes in true summer weather; all the towns were *en fête* for Sunday, and the concourse of workmen for the railway, which is now very far advanced, makes this line very animated. At Airolo we had a rough Italian dinner at two o'clock, but it was eatable; then we started on the real ascent. We all got out of the diligence and walked up the first set of zigzags to the lowest Cantoniera, but I was then so far ahead that I thought I would go on alone through the Val Tremolo to the second set of zigzags and the top; and so I did, and arrived at the Hospice more than half an hour before the diligence. I saw the place where the diligence came to grief when we were making the passage that snowy day, and I remembered the very

spot by one of the little lakes where some cattle passed us. There is now a new hotel at the top; they have St. Bernard dogs for sale, and one of them, four years old, is the greatest beauty I ever saw, just like a lion. They want £32 for him. I thought of Nelly. I arrived at the top in a beautiful sunset, but while I waited there the mists rushed up from the north, and we descended to Andermatt in fog. At Andermatt it cleared, but it was now growing dark, and when we got here it was ten o'clock—a journey of sixteen hours. I was so tired that I had an egg and some tea and went to bed. An old gentleman in the room next to me coughed a good deal, so I did not sleep well, but the inn, the Urnerhof, is a good one. I have been into the little church, and at half-past ten I start by the steamer for Lucerne; it will be delightful to see this lovely lake again from end to end, but the day is dubious. I am glad to be drawing nearer to you, for I miss you constantly, but if you were with me I should be in despair at turning my back upon Italy. It is a great consolation that at Frankfort I shall get letters from you. I had one from you at Stresa, and one from Lucy. I sleep to-night at Basle, going straight on thither from Lucerne; it will be an easy day, and so will to-morrow.

*To J. G. Fitch, of the Education Department.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
*October* 14, 1880.

MY DEAR FITCH—It was very stupid of me to send you the wrong book, but I was putting up a copy of the second edition of the *Mixed Essays* for my sister, and I took a copy of the same book for you instead of the volume I had promised you. You shall

have the extracts [1] when they come to a new edition; I want to improve the arrangement a little. Meanwhile, I am glad you should have the *Mixed Essays*, with their remarks on middle class education. I have this year been reading *David Copperfield* for the first time. Mr. Creakle's school at Blackheath is the type of our ordinary middle class schools, and our middle class is satisfied that so it should be.—Ever yours truly, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## *To Miss Arnold.*

(*November* 1880.)

Nelly has been staying with the Deacons, who have a shooting party. We dined there last night and brought her home. The night before we dined with Lucy at the Enfields' and met Admiral Egerton. I like him, and I like the Enfields. Lord Enfield [2] told me that he meant, through the occasion given by my little book, to make acquaintance with Wordsworth as he had never done before in his life. And certainly a great many people will be led to do this. I find that the poem so wanted by dear old Cradock [3] was the one about John Wordsworth written on the Grizedale paper, and beginning "The sheep-boy whistled loud," but I think it is the Silene Acantis in the poem which so draws Cradock's botanical heart to it. I have been reading Chaucer a great deal, the early French poets a great deal, and Burns a great deal. Burns is a beast, with splendid gleams, and the medium in which he lived, Scotch peasants, Scotch Presbyterianism, and Scotch drink, is repulsive. Chaucer, on the other hand, pleases me more and

[1] *Passages from the Prose Writings of Matthew Arnold.* 1880.
[2] Afterwards Lord Strafford.
[3] Dr. Cradock, Principal of Brasenose.

more, and his medium is infinitely superior. But I shall finish with Shakespeare's *King Lear* before I finally write my Introduction,[1] in order to have a proper taste in my mind while I am at work.

### *To his Son.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
*December* 3, 1880.

MY DARLING BOY—I hoped to have sent you to-day my lines about your dear, dear little boy,[2] but I have not yet been able to get a correct copy from the printer. You shall have it by next week's mail—at least, I hope so,—and you will then get it a fortnight sooner than if we waited for the magazine containing it to be published. The daily miss of him will wear off, but we shall never forget him, and I am very glad to have stamped him in our memories by these lines, written when he was fresh in our minds. I like to think of all the newspapers having his dear little name in them when the Christmas number of the *Fortnightly Review* is advertised, and I hope people will like the lines, and that will lead to his being more mentioned and talked about, which seems to be a sort of continuation of him in life, dear little fellow, though it is but a hollow and shadowy one, alas!

We have settled not to go to Ireland this winter. Parliament is to meet on the 6th of January, so we must have left Dublin on the 5th. We do not return from Lord Coleridge's till the 17th of December, and we could not get away from Cobham till the end of the year. What I want to do is to unite our visit

[1] A General Introduction to T. H. Ward's *English Poets*.

[2] The Dachshound, commemorated in "Geist's Grave," *Fortnightly Review*, January 1881.

to Ireland with our visit to Fox How next autumn; then I should get a sight of the west of Ireland, which I have never seen, and probably get some sea-trout fishing, which is excellent there, and at its best in September. But really Ireland is in such a state that what will happen there, or what will become of the Ministry which has to deal with its affairs, or how far travelling in Connemara will be profitable next autumn, no one can now say. I am going on the 27th and 28th to dine at two great dinners at Trinity Hall at Cambridge. I shall like that, for I shall be staying with Sir Henry Maine. There will be a pleasant party of lawyers from London, and I always like seeing Cambridge and the best Cambridge men. Next week I dine with the Aylesbury Dairy Company, whose business has flourished wonderfully, and a great dinner is given by them to commemorate their success. The day after I dine at the Garrick Club to meet a number of authors, and directly after that we go to Lord Coleridge's.

Your cousin Willy[1] is doing very well indeed at Manchester, and will end by being a first-rate journalist, I suspect. We have no skating, though I thought it was coming, we had such cold weather a fortnight ago, the thermometer down to 21 more than once in the night, and all the ponds frozen over. However, the wind has changed, a thaw has come without snow, the thermometer is every day from 45 to 55, and we shall have no skating on this side Christmas. Tell me if you read *Endymion*, and what you think of it. There is a very good parody of it in *Punch*.

Now I must set out on my return journey. Lola[2] has had a capital year, and is very flourishing.—I am always, my darling boy, your most loving PAPA.

[1] W. T. Arnold, of the *Manchester Guardian*. [2] A pony.

## *To his Wife.*

COBHAM, *Wednesday, December* 22, 1880.

Nelly is, like Traddles's young lady, "the dearest girl in the world." Her face is much better—the swelling all gone down. I sit with her for an hour at tea-time, and read the *Times* then instead of reading it after dinner. This makes the evening less long for her from dark to dinner. Then I go and work, and she writes her letters. After dinner we have *Copperfield*, and are getting on fast, but we shall not finish it by Friday. After Nelly is gone to bed I read Charles Fox.[1] I am glad you like Gray;[2] that century is very interesting, though I should not like to have lived in it; but the people were just like ourselves, whilst the Elizabethan are not. We were very lucky yesterday. Monday was a day of rain and sleet, and in the afternoon I thought it was going to turn to heavy snow; however, it cleared at sunset, and it was a fine night with slight frost. Yesterday was a perfectly beautiful morning. I breakfasted alone, and went off by the 8.50 train. I quite keep thinking of your crossing,[3] tell my sweet Lucy, as if I were going to cross myself; it is a horrid affair. I don't think the stopping an isolated meeting[4] makes the slightest impression over here, though you seem to think a great deal of it over there. What people are wanting here is a totally different system of government—an *état de siège*, in short—only carried out with perfect humanity and quietness. But the Radical masses of the large towns in the north approve, I believe, of the Government

[1] *The Early History of Charles James Fox*, by George Otto Trevelyan, M.P.

[2] M. A.'s Essay on Thomas Gray in T. H. Ward's *English Poets*.

[3] To Ireland, on a visit to Mr. Forster, then Chief Secretary.

[4] In Ireland.

doing nothing; they don't wish anarchy to be strictly dealt with anywhere, because they wish for no precedents or dispositions of interference if they choose to be anarchical themselves; and this is perhaps the most formidable thing in the present situation—this feeling in the proletariate of the large towns, and the complicity of the Government with this feeling. I hope you will talk to Lady de Vesci, and that Lucy will be introduced to her. You will leave on Thursday night, so this is my last letter.

## *To Miss Arnold.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB, *February* 21 (1881).

I have been very busy with my Report, but I hope to finish it to-morrow or Wednesday; then I shall be free for two years from one of the most troublesome tasks possible. I was asked to dine to-night at Lady Airlie's, to meet Lowe, but he does not much interest me, and I am not going. We dine quietly at home, and Ted[1] dines with us. He and Lucy have just walked with me to the door of this Club, and Lucy has been much interested in seeing the people in uniform coming from the Levee. On Friday night I had a long talk with Lord Beaconsfield at Lady Airlie's. He was in a good humour, and had evidently resolved to be civil. He got up, took me to a settee at the end of the room, and said, pointing to it—The poet's sofa! I told him of my having mentioned to Gladstone some of the epigrammatic things in *Endymion*, and he said—"But I don't want to talk about my things, I want to talk about *you*." He went on to say that he read me with delight, that I was doing very great good, and ended by declaring that I was the

[1] His nephew, E. A. Arnold.

only living Englishman who had become a classic in his own lifetime. The fact is that what I have done in establishing a number of current phrases—such as Philistinism, sweetness and light, and all that—is just the sort of thing to strike him. He had told Lady Airlie before I came that he thought it a great thing to do, and when she answered that she thought it was rather a disadvantage, for people got hold of my phrases and then thought they knew all about my work, he answered—Never mind, it's a great achievement! He said that W. E. F. was too old to carry well through the H. of C. such a bill as his Coercion Bill—that it needed such a man as the late Lord Derby was in his youth, as Mr. Stanley in the H. of Commons—a man full of nerve, dash, fire, and resource, who carried the House irresistibly along with him. He ended by begging me to "come and find him" in Curzon St., which rather embarrasses me, because I must ask whether he is at home, and I don't the least believe that he really wants a visit from me. However, I shall leave a card this afternoon, when he will have gone to the House. People say I ought to have gone to see him yesterday afternoon, when he stays at home; but we know what his opinion is of the social ambitiousness and pushing of men of letters.—Ever your most affectionate

M. A.

*To M. Fontanès.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
*March* 25, 1881.

MY DEAR M. FONTANÈS—I write in great haste, for I am very busy finishing an article on Ireland[1] for the *Nineteenth Century;* but I will not leave your letter unanswered any longer. I liked your remarks

[1] "The Incompatibles," *Nineteenth Century*, April and June 1881.

on Miss Cobbe, and I go along with you in every word of what you say in your last page. I do not think Miss Cobbe has any real influence, neither do I think that the Ritualists, about whom you inquire, have any real influence. But the two cases are different; the Ritualists have a large body of clamorous supporters, Miss Cobbe has a small body of earnest sympathisers. The force which is shaping the future is with neither; nor is this force, it seems to me, either with any of the orthodox religions, or with any of the neo-religious developments which propose to themselves to supersede them. Both the one and the other give to what they call religion, and to religious ideas and discussions, too large and absorbing a place in human life; man feels himself to be a more various and richly endowed animal than the old religious theory of human life allowed, and he is endeavouring to give satisfaction to the long suppressed and still imperfectly understood instincts of this varied nature. I think this revolution is happening everywhere; it is certainly happening in England, where the sombreness and narrowness of the religious world, and the rigid hold it long had upon us, have done so much to provoke it. I think it is, like all inevitable revolutions, a salutary one, but it greatly requires watching and guiding. The growing desire, throughout the community, for amusement and pleasure; the wonderful relaxation, in the middle class, of the old strictness as to theatres, dancing, and such things, are features which alarm many people; but they have their good side. They belong to this revolution of which I speak. The awakening demand for beauty, a demand so little made in this country for the last century and more, is another sign of the revolution, and a clearly favourable sign of it. Religious disputes have for so long a time touched the inmost fibre of our nation's being, that they still

attract great attention, and create passions and parties; but certainly they have not the significance which they once had. The moral is that whoever treats religion, religious discussions, questions of churches and sects, as absorbing, is not in vital sympathy with the movement of men's minds at present. Stopford Brooke and Haweis, about whom you inquire, do but make side-currents of no great importance; the great centre-current of our time is a *lay* current. They have some notion of this, but their action has been formed in view of the necessities and habits of another epoch, and in a lay world they are not perfectly in place. All this has its application in your country also—but of course a very different application. Neither *Scrutin de liste*, nor your great Gambetta himself, interest me much, I confess; not nearly so much as your causes and men in past times. But France interests me very much, and the French nation, and my friends in the French nation, who are working for a better understanding of foreign minds and foreign men, and for more co-operation with them.—Always truly yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*P.S.*—I never much liked Carlyle.[1] He seemed to me to be "carrying coals to Newcastle," as our proverb says; preaching earnestness to a nation which had plenty of it by nature, but was less abundantly supplied with several other useful things. Scherer was very good and very just—and his compliment to myself charming.

*To J. T. Rawlings.*

COBHAM, SURREY, *June* 11 (1881).

DEAR SIR—I have been away for the Whitsun holidays, and have only just had your letter. I am a

[1] Thomas Carlyle died February 4, 1881.

school-inspector myself, and know well what it is to feel oneself tied and bound, and unable to do what one would most like to do; but I am sure that the precariousness and anxiety of living by one's pen (if one is not a popular novelist) is worse for one than the taskwork of a profession or an office.—Believe me, truly yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## *To M. Fontanès.*

ATHENÆUM, PALL MALL (*July* 1881).

MY DEAR M. FONTANÈS—I did not answer your letter immediately, because I wanted to be able to tell you that I had given it to Lady Frances Baillie to read. She would have been gratified by it; it is the kind of letter that he himself would have liked to think of as written about him.[1] But poor Lady Frances Baillie is herself dangerously ill of the same disease — blood-poisoning — which was fatal to her brother-in-law. In the Deanery they are living, it seems, in the worst possible conditions of drainage, and Stanley had been warned that he was sleeping there at the risk of his life. He thought these fears the result of new-fangled theories of sanitary reformers, and neglected them; he had lived for many years in the Deanery, he said, without bad effects, and he did not see why he should alarm himself now. He had a bilious cold, such as he frequently had; then I saw in the *Times* that his indisposition "had become severe," and I telegraphed from Cobham to Lady Frances Baillie to ask what was the matter; she telegraphed back that erysipelas had come on, but that his strength kept up, and his mind was quite calm. This was on Saturday; on Monday I came up to town, and met on

[1] Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster, died July 18, 1881.

the steps of this Club the Bishop of Manchester, who told me that early that morning the Dean's life had been despaired of, but that there was a slight rally at present. I went at once to the Deanery, and there I found that the rally had not maintained itself, that he was quite wandering, and that he could hardly live through the day. He died that night. At three o'clock on the morning of Monday he had been told for the first time of his danger; he was then quite lucid, and spoke beautifully of his being content to die, and glad that his death should take place in Westminster. He mentioned several of his friends, and he dictated, I believe, some advice to the Queen about the Church which is quite excellent. Later in the day he was wandering, and his speech was not clear. I cannot write now about his character and his charm—the loss is too recent. What Scherer said in the *Temps* was excellent—far better than the more ambitious performance of M. Loyson. What is clear is that the Broad Church *among the clergy* may be almost said to have perished with Stanley—for the moment, at any rate; there is plenty of it in the nation, but Stanley's signal merit was that in his person it became a power among *the clergy* likewise. You must come and see us at Cobham next year, dear M. Fontanès, and we will talk of this "beautiful soul."—Ever affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*P.S.*—I have not much to send you, but you shall have a little volume which I have made up from Byron and published recently. The dear Dean liked the preface greatly.

All at the Cottage desire to be remembered to you affectionately.

*To the Same.*

Fox How, Ambleside,
*September* 5, 1881.

Dear M. Fontanès—Your letter has followed me here. The newspaper, I suppose, is at Cobham; it has not yet reached me. But I am quite sure that what you have said of the dear Dean will be better without any retouching by me or anybody else; if there are any little errors of date or fact Mr. Grove will be perfectly competent to set them right. I shall be much interested in reading you; your letter to me on the first news of the death gave great pleasure to those of the family and friends to whom I was able to show it. I do not think we have had any very successful characterisation of Stanley yet amongst the numerous review and newspaper articles which have treated of him; the best is one in *Good Words* for this month, by Dr. Story, the Presbyterian minister of Rosneath.

I envy you the sun of Montpellier, and still more the charm of Como, where you are going. I should myself have been now starting for Venice, where Sir Henry Layard has asked me to pay him a visit, but Lord Coleridge is coming into this neighbourhood, in which he has a great interest for the sake of his uncle, the poet Coleridge, who once lived here, and he relies on me to do the honours of the Lake Country to him. So here I must stay this autumn. If I had come to Venice I should certainly have tried to effect a meeting with you on the Lake of Como. I note what you tell me about your willingness to receive two or three English boys in your house; lucky boys they will be. We will do our best to find creditable specimens of the nation for you. My wife and daughters send their kindest remembrances, and I am always, my dear M. Fontanès, affectionately yours,

Matthew Arnold.

## *To Mrs. Forster.*

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
*December* 27, 1881.

MY DEAREST K.—One line to thank you for your letter on my birthday. I do indeed feel for you in the present condition of things in Ireland—the more so as a beginning of the better state of things is all that we shall probably be permitted to see in our time; but it will be something solid to look back upon if William has been instrumental in forwarding even this beginning. For my part, the immense revolution which is actually in progress in Ireland, and which is before us in England too, though it has not actually commenced, carries me back continually to the great Hebrew prophets, with their conviction, so distasteful to the rulers and politicians of their times, of the inevitability of a profound revolution; their conviction, too, of the final emergence of a better state of things. "O that thou hadst hearkened to My commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." The world is always thinking that the "peace as a river" is to be had without having "hearkened to the commandment," but the prophet knows better.

I am not sure that you will care very much about the A. P. S. poem,[1] but he himself would have taken great delight in the use I have made of a lovely legend[2] of primitive Westminster, which up to the Reformation was as universally a favourite as the legends of Alfred, but in our day is known to hardly a soul, though A. P. S. knew it well himself.—Ever, my dearest, your most affectionate M. A.

A happy New Year when it comes.

[1] "Westminster Abbey" (an elegy on Dean Stanley), *Nineteenth Century*, January 1882.

[2] That the abbey church of Westminster was miraculously consecrated by St. Peter.

### *To Miss Arnold.*

COBHAM, *New Year's Day*, 1882.

MY DEAREST FAN—A happy New Year to you! I think the beginning of a New Year very animating, it is so visible an occasion for breaking off bad habits and carrying into effect good resolutions. I am glad to find that in the past year I have at least accomplished more than usual in the way of reading the books which at the beginning of the year I had put down to be read. I always do this, and I do not expect to read all I put down, but sometimes I fall much too short of what I proposed, and this year things have been a good deal better. The importance of reading, not slight stuff to get through the time, but the best that has been written, forces itself upon me more and more every year I live; it is living in good company, the best company, and people are generally quite keen enough, or too keen, about doing that, yet they will not do it in the simplest and most innocent manner by reading. However, if I live to be eighty I shall probably be the only person left in England who reads anything but newspapers and scientific publications. We have Nelly at home again; she enjoyed herself greatly at the Goschens', and they were very kind to her. Mr. Goschen danced the polka with her, she being the only young lady on whom he bestowed this mark of favour. They wanted her to stay over the New Year with them, but she said she must go home. . . . She certainly is both gay herself and makes other young people so. We have had a pleasant week, not one single rainy day; but to-day it has begun to rain—thermometer 47. The primroses are coming out in all directions, and so is the pyrus japonica. We have also our first camellia out. Now I must stop.—Ever your most affectionate M. A.

*To the Same.*

COBHAM, *Sunday* (1882).

MY DEAREST FAN—Whatever else I leave undone, I must not leave unwritten my letter to you, for your letter about the poem[1] gave me very great pleasure. I was really uncertain, and I am uncertain still, about the public's reception of the poem. I always feel that the public is not disposed to take me cordially; it receives my things, as Gray says it received all his except the Elegy, with more astonishment than pleasure at first, and does not quite make out what I would be at; however, that the things should wear well, and be found to give pleasure as they come to be better known, is the great matter. But I was very anxious that my own family and the nearest friends of dear Arthur Stanley should not be dissatisfied; and therefore your warm satisfaction, and that of my dearest K., gave me very great pleasure. Pearson[2] is very much pleased too. I send you his note. I send you one from Coleridge too, which is not so cordial; and many will think, no doubt, as they did about "Thyrsis" at first, that there should have been more of direct personal effusion as to the departed and as to my feelings towards him. However, one can only do these things in one's own way. You will find all the words you mention in your volumes of Richardson's *Dictionary*. It is curious what happened about *cecity*.[3] The word came into my mind as so suitable in that place that I determined to use it, as its formation from *cecitas* in Latin and *cécité* in French is as regular and simple as that of *levity*, from *levitas* in Latin and *lévité* in

[1] "Westminster Abbey."
[2] The Rev. Hugh Pearson, Vicar of Sonning.
[3] "After light's term, a term of cecity."

French. Then I thought I would look in Richardson for the word, though really not expecting to find it there, and I found that the word had been used by the great Hooker. Those Elizabethans had indeed a sense for diction. *Pullulate*[1] is used by the Cambridge Platonists a good deal; *let*[2] as a noun substantive is thorough good English, being used several times by Shakespeare. But look in your Richardson; he is bad for definitions, but a treasure for his passages in illustration.

I am hard driven by examination papers, but I get excellent help in the French papers from dear Mrs. Holland, and some help from my own dear girls also. And I do very much enjoy the life at home, with half an hour in the garden every morning, and two hours in the lanes every afternoon. We have had no rain in the daytime since this day last week. The aconites are coming out, and as for the primroses, they are all over the place. I have been repairing the ravages made by the elm-tree's fall, and really with cupressuses and thujas the gap has lost its horror already, and will be quite filled up in a year or two. As soon as I go to London I shall order the two bell-glasses.— Ever your most affectionate brother, M. A.

*To M. Fontanès.*

COBHAM, SURREY, *February* 9, 1882.

MY DEAR M. FONTANÈS—I am very glad you like your importation, and your importation, I hear, greatly likes the family to which it has been consigned. There is a good deal of chance in these things, but in general it is far better to rely on private recommenda-

[1] "Pullulating rites externe and vain."
[2] "Wait for the leaven to work, the let to end."

tion than on advertisement; if you do advertise, the *Guardian* is perhaps as good a newspaper as you could choose. Of course, I shall be on the look-out for opportunities to serve you, but they will not present themselves every day.

I have sent you the *Nineteenth Century;* the chief satisfaction I have in the poem contributed by me is that I feel sure the dear Dean would have liked it himself.

Yes, I think your difficulties and dangers greater even, perhaps, than ours, though different from ours. Did I tell you that Taine, after quoting in a letter to me what he called a "terrible sentence" of mine about England, went on thus: "Si un critique comme vous parle ainsi de sa nation, que dirons-nous de la nôtre?" However, Renan has nothing but praise and hope for his "bonne et solide race française," as he calls it.

By all means get Green's book;[1] it is sure to be well done, and I believe that it deals with that early history which is so very dull in all the received authorities such as Hume, and of which the importance and the interest were never brought out till within the last thirty or forty years. You should also read Morley's *Life of Cobden.* Morley is, when he writes, a bitter political partisan; when you meet him in society he is the gentlest and most charming of men. Everything is sacrificed in his book to Cobden and the Free Trade party—even *les études classiques*, in the value of which Morley in his heart believes as sincerely as I do; but it is a book to be read, and will interest you greatly. If you come over to England, and will give us a day or two at this Cottage, the hermit and hermitesses of the Mole[2] will be truly charmed to see you.—Affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

[1] *The Making of England*, by J. R. Green.
[2] The stream which runs by Cobham.

*To Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff,*
*Governor of Madras.*

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
*July* 29, 1882.

MY DEAR GRANT DUFF—I was glad to hear from you direct, and I wish all happiness to your little Iseult. She coincides with Swinburne's poem[1] on the subject, which is just published, and which he has sent me with a pretty letter. He has taken the story, answering to the old Theseus story, of the black and white souls, and a very fine story it is for poetical purposes. Swinburne's fatal habit of using one hundred words where one would suffice always offends me, and I have not yet faced his poem, but I must try it soon. You should have read my "Word about America" in the *Nineteenth Century*;[2] I think you would have liked it. One had to trust a great deal to one's "flair," but I think my "flair" served me here pretty well. At any rate, Henry James, the novelist, being asked by Knowles to write a reply to it, said after reading it that he could not write a reply to it, it was so true, and carried him so along with it. You must also look at my Rede Lecture[3] at Cambridge, where I had a crowded audience; the parallel between Oxford and Cambridge will interest you, if the rest does not. It will appear in the *Nineteenth Century* for August. I am very glad you liked the lines on dear A. P. S. They did not fetch the great public, but the judicious were pleased, and A. P. S. himself would have liked them. And now no more literature.

Your Iseult reminds me that I have just been to Wotton to stand godfather to a little girl of Evelyn's,

[1] "Tristram of Lyonesse." 1882. [2] Of May 1882.
[3] On "Literature and Science."

and I mention Wotton because I was never so struck with the beauty of that country. The parallel foldings, of which the Wotton folding is one, running up into the greensand knot of Leith Hill are inexhaustible in beauty, and opposite to them is the sharp slope of the chalk hills, where I have been three or four times with my daughter Nelly this season to explore for flowers. They are the best chalk hills I know anywhere, the best wooded, and the most abounding in exquisite combes and bottoms. It has been a bad year for the bee orchis there, but the *pyramidalis* we found covering the ground. Lady Rothes is fond of botany, and we looked over together what would have interested you—a herbarium formed in Italy by John Evelyn—the plants wonderfully preserved still, and his notes to them full of matter. Of course, the nature of your South Indian region must be a world of delight, but it would rather appal me, I think, to have to take it in suddenly. You, however, are so infinitely better prepared for such an effort than I am. I have said nothing about politics. Events and personages succeed one another, but the central fact of the situation always remains for me this: that whereas the basis of things amidst all chance and change has even in Europe generally been for ever so long supernatural Christianity, and far more so in England than in Europe generally, this basis is certainly going—going amidst the full consciousness of the continentals that it is going, and amidst the provincial unconsciousness of the English that it is going. Ewald has a very profound sentence: "Eigentlich von der Verkehrtheit des Verhaltens gegen das Göttliche alles Unglück ausgeht." But a letter has no room for this sort of thing.

My affectionate homage to the Vice-Empress, and love to Clara.—Ever yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## *To his Wife.*

BANNAVIE, *September* 11, 1882.

There was no post from Brin yesterday, and we reached this place after the post had gone. Nelly had a letter ready, written yesterday, but it cannot go till to-morrow. I think she has now written another. She is a charming companion, and makes friends with every one. . . . It was worth coming here to see Ben Nevis. He is a noble mountain, 1000 feet higher than Snowdon, and 1500 feet higher than Scawfell, and he looks the whole of his superior height over them; not only has he deep drifts of snow lying in his hollows, but all his three tops are powdered with snow fallen in the last few days. It has been quite dry at Brin, but here it has been raining violently, and all the streams are full. The Lochy, which flows by this place, is a noble river, and full of sea trout. A dear old gentleman who has hired from Lord Abinger the reach between this and the sea, and with whose wife Nelly got talking at the *table d'hôte*, wants me to stay over to-morrow and to take his second salmon rod in place of his nephew, who has not yet arrived. It is really very kind of him, and some day I will come by myself, or with Dick, for fishing as one's main business; as it is, I cannot sacrifice Nelly. We have come into the stream of tourists here, Cook's among the number; with them also Nelly has made acquaintance, and knows their whole history. But there are very nice people travelling too, and you would not dislike anything but the wind and cold. In my two days in that stormy wind on Loch Ruthven I managed to set up a flying face-ache, which comes on at night, when I am warm in bed, and bothers me a great deal. We had a really beautiful drive from Brin to Loch Ness this morning; all the latter part, the descent through deep wooded

glens to Loch Ness, you would have enjoyed extremely. Then there was a lady on board with her family, an invalid boy among them, whom she stuck to, just as you used to stick to Tommy; her husband and the other children went and came and looked at the view and at all that happened on the voyage, but she never forsook the invalid, who was a sweet, interesting little fellow. The Deacons liked having us very much, I think, and certainly they make you most comfortable, and are the best people in the world for sending you or sending for you. Their man first took us to the Foyers pier, and then took us to the falls and brought us back. The falls are perfectly magnificent. I am very glad to have seen the Caledonian Canal, but don't want to see it again. Ben Nevis I should like to see again, and to make the ascent of him. To-night his head has been clear several times, but the weather is not settled enough for an ascent. We are full of discussions about our plans for to-morrow. We both of us wish to see Glencoe, and if the day is fine I think we shall leave the morning steamer at Ballachulish, and drive through Glencoe to Tyndrum, taking the railway there instead of at Oban; but if the day is uncertain we shall continue with the steamer to Oban, and start with the railway from there. We have neither of us any fancy for stopping there, and it would be impossible to get rooms, as the Highland Games come off there this week. I think we shall sleep to-morrow night at Callander, but we may possibly push on to Carlisle, though we could not get there before midnight. To-morrow we shall not be able to write, as we shall be travelling all day, but we shall write the day following. We hope to get letters from you at Naworth. I had a delightful letter from you last night at Brin. Nelly will have told you of our meeting the Miss Hendersons at Brin Church; their brother has the

Loch Farraline shootings. Such a beautiful place! I am so glad you had a fine day for Keswick. My love to dear Fan and to Francie, and kisses to Lucy.

*To M. Fontanès.*

FOX HOW, AMBLESIDE, WESTMORLAND,
*22 Septembre*, 1882.

CHER MONSIEUR—Je viens de faire quelques visites en Écosse—nous sommes ici presque sur la frontière—et ce n'est qu'à mon retour que je reçois votre lettre. Je n'ai pas lu le livre[1] de Mr. Seeley, mais j'ai lu au moment de leur publication les articles dont il le compose. Je ne sais pas si les articles gagnent à être rassemblés, mais je vous avouerai que, pris séparément, ils ne m'ont intéressé que médiocrement. Dans son nouvel ouvrage, l'auteur n'a plus la verve, la chaleur, qu'il avait lorsqu'il écrivait *Ecce Homo;* ni l'un ni l'autre ouvrage possède la lucidité, le coup d'œil, qu'on demande dans un ouvrage religieuse destiné à opérer une véritable réforme, ou du moins à y pousser.

Le choix des sermons de Smith[2] n'est pas de moi, il vient d'une source bien plus intéressante. Il a été fait par un ministre presbytérien de l'Écosse, un ministre très bien vu, lequel a une église à Paisley, ville manufacturière très importante; il est lié avec un assez grand nombre de ministres des mêmes tendances que lui—tendances sincèrement religieuses mais en même temps sincèrement libérales. Il m'a demandé la permission d'imprimer en tête de son volume quelques pages que j'avais écrites sur Smith et sur les "Latitude Men" de Cambridge au dix-septième siècle;[3] je l'ai accordée volontiers, mais il faut le dire, un théologien

[1] *Natural Religion*, by the author of *Ecce Homo*. 1882.

[2] *The Natural Truth of Christianity*, Selections from the "Select Discourses" of John Smith, M.A. With an Introduction by Matthew Arnold. 1882.

[3] In "A Psychological Parallel," *Contemporary Review*, November 1876.

du 17ème siècle, même un théologien libéral, ne produit plus le même effet lorsqu'on l'arrache de son milieu et qu'on l'imprime avec des caractères modernes. Vous le lirez avec plaisir, cependant; dès mon retour à Cobham, je vous enverrai le livre; il a passé inaperçu, mais il n'est pas du ressort du premier journaliste venu.

Oui, le *Temps* a été admirable dans la discussion de la question Égyptienne, et il sera évident bientôt à tout le monde que le *Temps* a eu raison dans son optimisme. L'armée anglaise quittera l'Égypte; il est à espérer, selon moi, que l'essaim d'employés anglo-français la quitte aussi. —Bien à vous de cœur, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## *To his Wife.*

KNOWSLEY, PRESCOT, *Sunday* (*October* 1, 1882).

I have had rather a bad time up to yesterday, but it is over now, and I can look forward with delight to seeing you to-morrow. I was much bothered by my discourse,[1] and very bilious. Dick was quite sweet, and tended me as if I had been an infant. I finished by noon on Friday, but I could not get properly to work at the writing out. After luncheon Dick wanted to show me his new lodgings, which I like, but they are a good way off. I wrote out two or three pages before dinner, and went off at a quarter past seven, very indisposed and cross, to dine with Willy and Henrietta. . . . When we got home I began writing out again, found a good deal to alter, so did not dare leave it to the next morning for fear I should have to read the thing half written, and, in short, sat up till ten minutes past five working at it. However, it was finished then, and I slept better than I expected till eight. Dick saw me off in the rain. At Liverpool I left my things at the station and drove to Rodney

[1] At the opening of the Session of University College, Liverpool, September 30, 1882.

Street. There was a champagne luncheon for about thirty, chiefly doctors, but you know I like doctors. Then Dr. Glynn drove me, in the rain again, to St. George's Hall, where we found Lord Derby.[1] There were 1200 people present, I am told. At any rate, the Hall was quite full. Lord Derby covered me with compliments, and I was very well received. I think the discourse gave satisfaction, though I thought it horrid while I was writing it out. I will bring the *Liverpool Mercury* with the report. I think I have succeeded in limiting the London papers to a report of about a quarter of a column only, but I am afraid the local papers will report more than Knowles will like. I had to meet some of the professors afterwards, but Dr. Caton undertook to send me out to Knowsley, and did so, seven miles, in the perfection of a brougham. I got here about seven o'clock. Lord and Lady Derby only got back from Scotland the night before, and her daughter did not return till just before dinner yesterday. Lord Derby said they would have liked to get some people to meet me, but their being so lately returned made it impossible. They are most kind and most pleasant. I like Lady Derby extremely. I had always heard from Arthur Russell that she was very nice, though shy at first. The house is full of interesting things, and the perfection of comfort. We dined at eight, and I was broad awake all the evening, and was rather afraid I should not get to sleep. However, I did, and had a good night, and drove to church with Lady Derby and her daughter, and walked back. Lord Derby has just been to my room to say that Lady Derby wants to show me the pictures before lunch, so I must end. After lunch he is going to show me the park. He sends me to the express to-morrow morning, and I hope to come

[1] Edward Henry, 15th Earl of Derby.

down by the 4.20 train; send Lola to meet it at Walton. All the rest will keep till we meet. Kiss the darling girls for me. How you would like this house!

*To John Morley.*

COBHAM, *October* 24, 1882.

MY DEAR MORLEY—Rapet, an old French Inspector, has just died in Paris, and the French *Journal des Instituteurs* has had a long article on him. He had "morality," so you will not be surprised to hear that I knew him; Guizot sent me to him as the man who could best tell me about popular education in France.

Shall I write a page or a page and a half about him for you?[1]

The "dirge"[2] is as good as done—a simple thing enough, but honest. I have given it to Grove[3] as you preferred, though Knowles got scent of the poor dead creature, and wrote from the Italian lakes to ask for its requiem.

I announced yesterday at the office my intention of retiring at Easter or Whitsuntide. Gladstone will never promote the author of *Literature and Dogma* if he can help it, and meanwhile my life is drawing to an end, and I have no wish to execute the Dance of Death in an elementary school. Was it Courtney who procured the appointment of Sir George Young?[4]—Ever yours, till the execution of the D. of D.,

M. A.

*To Henry Arthur Jones.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
*November* 2, 1882.

MY DEAR SIR—I will certainly come and see your

[1] "A French Worthy," *Pall Mall Gazette*, November 8, 1882.
[2] "Poor Matthias," an elegy on a canary.
[3] For *Macmillan's Magazine*, December 1882.
[4] To the Charity Commission.

play, but do you care particularly about my coming to the first representation? I am living in the country at present, but I shall be in town for a week in the early part of December, and again, probably, for two months in the early part of next year, and at either of those times I should be better situated for going to the theatre than I am now.

If, however, you care much about my coming to the first representation, let me know the day, and unless I am actually engaged, I will come. Do not keep a box for me, as you kindly propose. Two stalls will do perfectly well, as my family will not be in town then, and I shall not be able to bring more than one up with me.

One line to *Cobham, Surrey*, and believe me ever most truly yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To John Morley.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
*Sunday* (*November* 19, 1882).

MY DEAR MORLEY—Mlle. Rapet has not received her copy of the *Pall Mall.* My copy has gone the way of all back numbers, or I would not trouble you. But if you will have a copy sent from the office to Mademoiselle Rapet, 24 Rue de Châtres, Neuilly-sur-Seine, I shall be gratified.

Shall I write you a letter with the impressions called forth by the first representation[1] of *The Silver King?* I had not been at the Princess's for years, and several things occurred to me. I waited till your theatrical critic (who is he?) had fired his shot, but there is nothing in his satire to make my letter unsuitable. At the same time, you may have had enough of the subject. I know nothing of the author person-

[1] November 16, 1882.

ally, but he wrote saying he had nourished himself on my works and wished I would go to his first representation. I resisted, but went at last, expecting to be bored, but am highly pleased. I should sign "An Old Play-goer."—Ever yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To the Same.*

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
*December* 6, 1882.

MY DEAR MORLEY—A horrid suspicion struck me, after I had corrected the proof of *The Silver King* Letter and gone away, that I had not posted it. I dismissed the suspicion as frivolous, but it returns, now that I do not find the letter printed.[1] There is nothing pressing about it, and you may be keeping it back for editorial reasons; but if you had not the proof, tell me, and let me have another. If you have it you need not trouble to write.

Parody is a vile art, but I must say I read "Poor Matthias" in the *World* with an amused pleasure.[2] I wonder if it is that demon Traill.—Ever yours affectionately, M. A.

[1] The criticism of *The Silver King* appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, December 6, 1882.

[2] "Poor Matthias! many a year
Has flown since first upon our ear
Fell that sweetly-doleful song
With its ancient tale of wrong.
Now those curls, were wont to stray
O'er that brow so gravely gay,
Thin have grown and streaked with gray,
And the crow's cross tracery
Mars that eye's lucidity.
But the burden never falters,
But the chorus never alters;
Those smooth periods no more vary
Than the song of your canary.
Won't you give us something new?
*That* we know as well as you.

### *To Lady de Rothschild.*

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
*January* 4, 1883.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—The pheasants are just come. Many thanks for them. Your note, however, was even better than the pheasants, for it told me of your being pleased with "Poor Matthias," and there is no one whose liking for what I write gives me more pleasure than yours does—hardly any one whose liking for it gives me so much.

I had caught from G. Sand her strong dislike of Gambetta, but what a startling event is his death!

With every good and affectionate wish from all of us to you and yours for the New Year, I am always, dear Lady de Rothschild, most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

### *To the Same.*

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
*March* 31, 1883.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—My heart turns to you very often, and, above all, it turns to you when suffering or sorrow befall you. Of late years I seldom saw your brother,[1] but his goodness, and the excellent practical form which it took, always interested me in him strongly. I see he was still what seems to me now not at all old. I hope he had not much suffering. I heard that he continued to feel deeply the loss of Leonard,[2] but Claude, I hear, is very promising, and must have given him pleasure. Pray tell your sister-in-law, at a fitting moment, how sincerely I esteemed her husband and feel for her in this fresh loss.

[1] Nathaniel Montefiore died March 28, 1883.
[2] See p. 119.

I have been unlucky about Aston Clinton, but I hope you will let me come and see you soon either there or in London.—Ever affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To his Wife.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
*May* 2, 1883.

I have just time to write this before I dress; it will go with an extra stamp. The speech [1] is over, and I got through pretty well. The grave would have been cheerful compared to the view presented by the Westminster Chamber and the assembled Wordsworth Society when I came upon the platform. The hall was not full, the worthy —— having rather muddled things, and the Society is not composed of people of a festive type. But my darling Lucy looked charming, and so did Ally, who came with her. Coleridge, who proposed a vote of thanks to me, was very sweet. The papers were awfully boring, except Stopford Brookes's, which was saved by his Irish oratorical manner. I have quite been bilious for the last day or two, and to-day, when I saw the Society drawn out before me, my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, and I nearly began to retch. However it is over, and now I have no more speechifying in prospect.

*To the Same.*

(COBHAM, *May* 27, 1883.)

I have done my letter about the Lyceum and Irving, and I have done my diary, and from these two troubles I turn to what is always a pleasure when I cannot have

[1] An address to the Wordsworth Society delivered in the College Hall at Westminster.

you with me—talking to you on paper. At Claremont[1] last night the only lady besides Mrs. Collins was the former Lucy Campbell, sister of Mrs. Preston. She is married to a Sir something, a military personage with many orders. We had him and her and Sir Richard Wallace, and Mr. Gibbs, and Coleridge Kennard, and Dr. Acland, and an old man whose name I did not catch. I sate between Kennard and Acland. The Prince expressed sorrow at you not being there, and the cause. After dinner I talked the whole time to the Princess, who wanted to talk about schools, the working class, the clergy, and so on. I liked her very much, and thought her a thoroughly good, sensible, straightforward girl. There is certainly something attractive about her too. This place would be a feast to you to-day if you could see it. The May tree is in perfection, and so are the brooms, both white and golden. Then the rhododendrons are coming out fast. It is not a good laburnum year, that is the one drawback; but the foliage is superb. I send you the *P. M. G.* with my letter on "Impulse";[2] it is answered last night by some one on Mr. Stephenson's behalf: you shall have that too. Of course, I shall not answer that. My forthcoming letter is about Irving and *Much Ado.*

*To John Morley, M.P.*

COBHAM, *Sunday* (*May* 27, 1883).

MY DEAR MORLEY—I send you one more theatre letter.[3] The Lyceum really deserved one. But it is my last, and I must now prepare for the invasion of America.[4]

[1] Then occupied by the Duke and Duchess of Albany.
[2] "An Old Play-goer on 'Impulse,'" *Pall Mall Gazette*, May 25, 1883.
[3] "An Old Play-goer at the Lyceum," *Pall Mall Gazette*, May 30, 1883.
[4] This year he undertook to deliver a set of lectures in the United States.

If I make my lowly grave by the banks of the Connecticut River, you will sometimes remember me? . . .

" It is kind of you to like my letters to the *P. M. G.* —the last flicker of that nearly exhausted rushlight, but your affectionate friend, M. A.

*To the Rev. F. B. Zincke.*

COBHAM, SURREY, *June* 27, 1883.

MY DEAR MR. ZINCKE—My neighbour Lady Lovelace had written to me asking my opinion on a pamphlet she was sending me about marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister, and I opened your pamphlet[1] thinking it was *that*. I find it something a great deal more interesting. I have already read you half through, and shall read every word. You are very favourable to the Americans, but it is undoubtedly true that the owning and cultivating one's own land as they do is the wholesomest condition for mankind. And you bring out what is most important—that the real America is made up of families of owners and cultivators of this kind. I hope this is true; one hears so much of the cities, which do not seem tempting, and of the tendency of every American, farmer or not, to turn into a *trader*, and a trader of the 'cutest and hardest kind. I do not think the bulk of the American nation at present gives one the impression of being made of fine enough clay to serve the highest purposes of civilisation in the way you expect; they are what I call *Philistines*, I suspect, too many of them. But the condition of life of the majority there is the wholesome and good one; there is immense hope for the future in that fact.—Most truly yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

[1] "The Plough and the Dollar; or the Englishry of a Century hence."

## *To M. Fontanès.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
*June* 29, 1883.

MY DEAR M. FONTANÈS—I have been reading you with interest, although I do not like Gambetta any more than George Sand did. I cannot myself think that his defence of France will count, either for France or for Gambetta, among the great feats of history, and the moral qualities of the man seem to me to be those, indeed, which France naturally admires, but not those which she most needs. When I read his fiery patriotic phrases, and when you tell us that he was *avant tout un patriote*, I think of Dr. Johnson's brusque saying, "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." It is hard to practise the plain virtues, but not hard to *se griser de mots* about *la patrie*. What France wants is men with a passion for the plain virtues, and capable of inspiring this passion in others. His intellectual qualities, his perception of the law of evolution in politics, and his suppleness and adroitness in shaping his course accordingly, are far more remarkable. What you say of these qualities at page 22 of your lecture is very good indeed. They seem to me rather Italian than French; but whencesoever they proceed, they are not, although valuable, what France most needs, and cannot supply the place of this. I am much struck by what you say of his showing a sense of what France lost by the failure of the Reformation; I had not met with this before; it was only an *aperçu*, not a practical principle with him, but it was an *aperçu* of which I should hardly have supposed him capable. The sense of "the things by which men live," as Isaiah says, seems to me to be wearing out in France. Renan has much less of it than

a person of far less regular life and conversation, and far less wide and exact attainments—Ste.-Beuve. This gradual change is what strikes me most in your nation, and I think it your great danger. We over here have our great dangers too, but they are different.

The American book about which you ask is of no importance. I am going to see America with my own eyes. I shall pass the winter there and hold *des conférences*. Wish me well through it, and believe me, with affectionate regards from all of us, most sincerely yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To John Morley, M.P.*

FOX HOW, AMBLESIDE, *August* 10, 1883.

MY DEAR MORLEY—To my surprise, I have just had a letter from your great leader offering me a pension of £250 "as a public recognition of service to the poetry and literature of England." To my further surprise, those about me think I ought to accept it, and I am told that —— thinks the same. I have written to him, but have not yet got his answer.

I write to you, that, whatever his answer may be, I may be fortified by your opinion also, for I have an instinct which tells me that in matters of feeling you and I are apt to be in sympathy.

It seems to me that, the fund available for literary pensions being small, and literary men being numerous and needy, it would not look well if a man drawing already from the public purse an income of nearly £1000 a year took £250 a year more from the small public fund available for pensions to letters, science, and art.

I feel this so strongly that I should have at once refused, if it were not for those about me. Of course, I should be glad of an addition of £250, and if I find

everybody thinking that my scruple is a vain one, I shall at least consider the matter very carefully, though really I do not feel at present as if I *could* accept the offer.

Let me have a line here as soon as possible, as I must send an answer to your Pericles.—Ever affectionately yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To the Same.*

Fox How, *August* 16, 1883.

MY DEAR MORLEY—I relied on a dissuader from you; when you failed me I wrote to Lingen, but he too advised me to look at the daughters of the horse-leech, and govern myself accordingly. I have done so. I have written to your great leader, who has this morning read my acceptance. . . .

Lingen tells me, however, that Professor Owen has for some forty years held a pension along with his official salary as a Superintendent at the British Museum. This is a real precedent, but I still think there will be murmurs, and that I shall lose something of the "benevolentia civium," of which I have not too large a stock to begin with. "Magnum telum ad res gerendas existimare oportet benevolentiam civium," says Cicero, and how true it is, and what a pedant is Mommsen, who runs this charming personage down! —Ever yours affectionately, M. A.

*To Wyndham Slade.*

Fox How, AMBLESIDE, *August* 28, 1883.

MY DEAR WYNDHAM—I was delighted to get your letter. How many years is it since we travelled in Tyrol together? And you have been here too! And

this very afternoon I am going with the Forsters to the head of Troutbeck, where we came down on our return from Hawes Water. To-morrow Nelly and I go to Scotland, and then in a fortnight's time we must be back at Cobham, that I may prepare what I am going to say to the Americans. I hate going, but it has been proposed and canvassed so often that I had better go and have done with it.

As to the pension, I was at first in great doubts as to accepting it. However, my official friends were all for accepting, and the public so far seems very kindly disposed about it. Only I hear the *Echo* says I am "a very Bonaparte" for rapacity.

The real comfort is the addition to my retiring allowance, when I have served my time two years hence. I might have been forced to go on inspecting, because the retiring allowance is so small that I could not have managed with it. Now I hope in two years' time to be free to resign.

With love from us both to your wife, I am always, my dear Wyndham, affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To Mrs. Forster.*

COBHAM, *Friday, October* 5, 1883.

MY DEAREST K.—Your long and delightful letter did me good. I hate going to America, but, as I do go, I wish to have before me other things, and to be able, when I leave America, to put to myself without shame Joseph de Maistre's beautiful question, "En quoi ai-j'avancé l'œuvre générale, et que reste-t-il de moi en bien ou en mal?" I have nearly broken my heart over my first discourse,[1] but I think it will do.

[1] "Numbers: or the Majority and the Remnant."

It is for New York, and I have now got it in print, and nearly in the exact form in which I hope to give it. To the Rede Lecture,[1] which is in general my doctrine on Studies as well as I can frame it, I have put a new introduction, to fit it for America. Of the third lecture, the literary one,[2] I have not yet written a line, and, of course, this is a cause of anxiety; but to attempt to write it in this last distracted week would probably be vain, and all I do is to re-read Emerson, and to consider what other people I may take in connexion with him. I have a strong sense of his value, which I am glad to say has deepened instead of diminishing on re-reading him. I always found him of more use than Carlyle, and I now think so more than ever. I should like to slip away from New York and see Concord, and the grave where Emerson is buried, and Boston Bay, all by myself, and then to write my lecture with this local impression fresh upon me. A Mr. Clarence King, a charming man, tells me his mother has a villa at Newport, where I can go and be entirely free for a week, and enjoy the last of the autumn, while at the same time composing my Emerson; but I fear I shall not be allowed to make these disappearances. Letters come pouring in, and I feel sure that Flu and Lucy will have a very interesting time. The kindness of people is wonderful. . . . We have had Mr. Nadal down for a night; he made himself very pleasant. He is not in the least "spread eagle," but yet he declares that he prefers the American landscape to the English. This gives me a new interest about it, as it must evidently have some feature in it which I am sure to find. I had fancied it quite monotonous. But how absurd to think that any landscape can be quite monotonous. If you see the new edition of *Literature and Dogma*,

[1] "Literature and Science." [2] "Emerson."

you will like what I have said of Lord Shaftesbury, in leaving out the too famous illustration; he is a man to whom I have always felt myself drawn. And now, my own dearest K., farewell. Your letter (let me say it again) was a great pleasure, and *you* are a great pleasure. I will write to you from the other side, if I get there.—Your most affectionate always,

M. A.

*To Miss Arnold.*

COBHAM, SURREY, *October* 7, 1883.

MY DEAREST FAN—Probably this will be my last letter from Cobham to you this year. It is a cold, still, gray morning, with a look and feel of frost, though we have not yet actually come to frost; indeed, I have never observed it below 40 at night—from 40 at night to 55 in the day is the present range. Our single dahlias are coming out, everything of the marigold kind is very gay, the veronica is in full beauty, the geraniums go on making fresh buds, and if we stayed, and the frost held off, we should be very gay a fortnight hence. The pampas grass is a sight. Yesterday was a perfect day. Flu returned to luncheon, and the Yates Thompsons came down with her; then Nelly and I walked with them as far as Fair Mile, where we left them, and came home by Leith Hill. The distant hills were beautiful. I thought of you in passing through a cleared cornfield full of marigolds. I send you one of them. Nelly gathered a handful, and they are very effective in a vase in the drawing-room. Last night we all four dined with Lady Ellesmere, and now we are not going to dine out any more, but I lunch with Lady de Rothschild to-morrow. We have had ten partridges and two hares sent us in the last four or

five days, so we have plenty to eat. To-morrow I go up to London for a school, and again on Wednesday; then I break off inspecting till next March. Everybody is very kind, and I hear all sorts of promising reports about America. A railway contractor who has just come back tells the Yates Thompsons that all the railway porters and guards have read my books! We are taking a good many introductions after all: the Secretaries at the American Legation thought it better. They say Lowell only knows at home Boston and Cambridge, and his advice as to social points cannot be followed for America generally. Philip Currie, of the Foreign Office, has given us letters to the British Legation at Washington, and to the British Consuls in the chief towns. I have got two of my lectures fairly printed and ready, and am getting much interested in the Emerson one. I shall be glad to have it to think of on the voyage. He did me a great deal of good formerly—far more than Carlyle ever did, and now, going back to him, I do not feel his merit less than I did formerly. I want to see Concord, and Boston Bay, and his grave, before I actually write this lecture.

I am very glad you have been at Sea Scale; I feel as if I should like to be going to pass the whole winter there with you alone. I feel as if, after once starting from here, I should never be alone again till my return (if I live to return) in the spring. But perhaps I shall get some solitary moonlight hours on board ship, when people are gone to bed. We shall have the Hunter's moon for our passage, which is something. The servants are charming. They have given Flu a silver thimble, me a pincushion, and Lucy two tortoise-shell combs. Everybody is kind and interested about our expedition.

Good-bye, my dearest Fan. I hope to write to you next Sunday, though when the letter may be posted

I cannot say, but I shall begin it then.—Your most affectionate M. A.

*To the Same.*

SAINT NICHOLAS CLUB,
12 EAST TWENTY-NINTH STREET,
NEW YORK (*October* 1883).

MY DEAREST FAN—I was going to write on Sunday, but there was so much sea I could not. On Monday morning we landed, and ever since I have been in a whirl, hardly able to do more writing than the signing of my name, the demand for my autograph being incessant. Flu will have told you of our passage. We went straight from Ireland out into a gale on the Atlantic, and Monday was a horrid day with us all. Tuesday was not much better, but we all mended on Wednesday, though Lucy was never quite happy. On Monday we all stayed in bed—indeed, the decks were swept by the sea, and no one could be up there. Thursday was a beautiful day, and one saw the real beauty of the great ocean. Friday was intensely soft and warm, as we were near the Gulf Stream, but there was haze, which on Saturday became gloom and rain. However, we made a splendid passage, the boat and crew being so excellent as quite to excite enthusiasm. I did a good deal of reading—half a volume of Emerson's *Essays*, and the two thick volumes of his correspondence with Carlyle—the best memorial of Carlyle, I am inclined to think, which exists. My lecture on Emerson is pretty well formed in my head, and the passages marked which I mean to use for it—but oh, my dear Fan, how and when am I to write it? The blaring publicity of this place is beyond all that I had any idea of. My managers are anxious I should not refuse to see people,

the press people above all, as the newspapers can do much for the success of the lectures. The men who interview one are better than you would suppose, many of them English adventurers with a history; but there are so many of them that from 8.30 A.M. to 10 P.M. the knocking at one's door and the bringing in of cards is incessant. But I will go back to the steamer. About one o'clock on Sunday night I suddenly felt we were in smooth water—the eternal swinging, which so tries my poor head on shipboard, had ceased. We had crossed the bar and were inside New York Bay. We anchored till morning, as ships cannot go up to the city till the quarantine officer has passed them. You may imagine I was on deck with the first light. We were lying off Staten Island, a beautiful *orné* landscape with spires, villas, hills, and woods. "Just like Richmond," I said to some one by me, "and not a single Mohican running about!" This precious speech has got into the newspapers here. New York is about twenty-four miles up the Bay, and we were off the pier by nine o'clock. We expected a two or three hours' wait with our baggage, but Mr. Carnegie met us with his secretary, took all trouble off our hands, and bore us away up to the Windsor Hotel in a carriage. Since then, as I say, the interviewers have made life terrible. But the kindness and goodwill of everybody is wonderful, and I cannot but be grateful for it. I think the lectures will probably do well, but we shall see. You will think of me on the 30th. The lecture itself is all right, but I am not at all sure about my delivery of it.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

This is a delightful, poky, dark, exclusive, little old Club of the Dutch families in New York. It is the only place where I have found peace.

*To Charles Eliot Norton, Professor of Literature at Harvard University.*

BETWEEN PRINCETON AND NEW YORK,
*October* 21, 1883.

MY DEAR NORTON—Excuse pencil. I write in the train. You and the printers at Harvard have indeed done wonders. I return the corrected proofs. If I can find the fresh revise at Mrs. Field's on Saturday, that will do beautifully. Then they might strike off five or six copies for me on Monday. I keep the smudged original to bring to you when I come.

I think I will retain the comparison. It will not hurt Emerson, and may give some pleasure to others.

We are looking forward to our visit to you. My wife comes from New York on the 28th, on which day we dine with Holmes. Next day is Thanksgiving Day. It will be most convenient to be the 28th and 29th at an hotel; but on Friday, the 30th, my wife will come to you, if that suits you. I must be lecturing in the country that day, but on Saturday after the lecture I will come out, and we will stay till after the Cambridge Park lecture—that is, till Wednesday, December 5th, if you will. Lucy will not be with us. She has a visit she *must* pay near here.—Ever yours,

M. A.

Let us have a line to 78 Park Avenue, New York. And *do* make my admiring acknowledgments to your printers.

*To his Younger Daughter.*

THE CENTURY, 109 EAST FIFTEENTH STREET,
NEW YORK, *October* 27, 1883.

MY DARLING CHILD—As soon as I have done my Emerson lecture I hope to write you a long letter

every week, but at present I must give every spare moment to that horrid lecture. We got your delicious letter last night—your first to us on this side. It gave us quite an emotion. We dined out last night with some rich people called Sheppard. She was a Miss Vanderbilt, and Lord Coleridge is staying with them—the house magnificent: it was pleasant, and they were all impressed by Coleridge's affection for us three. He brought me in tremendously in a speech on Thursday night. I will send you the newspaper cutting. I am only afraid of his setting people a little against me by such praise. To-night Mr. Carnegie gives a great reception, to make me acquainted with people, and the lecture is on Tuesday. I am told the tickets are selling well, and all the literary and newspaper class are for me; but I cannot believe that I shall have the *gros public*. We shall see, however. We go to pay two visits in the country after the lecture, but by Monday week (5th November) we are to be at Boston, and you had better write to us at the Hotel Vendôme there. You would like the Windsor, where we now are, but we should not care to live in New York, though the bay and rivers are magnificent. My own darling Nelly, I must now stop, for I have a call to pay before luncheon. To-morrow I am to hear Mr. Ward Beecher preach, and then to be taken "a spin" by a Dr. Dennis behind two famous American trotters.—Your own always fondly loving PAPA.

*To Miss Arnold.*

KNICKERBOCKER CLUB, 319 FIFTH AVENUE,
*Sunday, October* 28, 1883.

MY DEAREST FAN—I have been invited to four clubs in New York—this, the Union Club, the

Century Club, and the St. Nicholas Club. This is the smart club *par excellence*, and it is indeed a beautiful house, splendidly and luxuriously furnished. The wealth of New York strikes me very much. We dined with the Sheppards on Friday to meet the Coleridges. Mrs. Sheppard is a sister of Vanderbilt, who is said to be the richest man living, and the house was as splendid as a house of the Rothschilds. . . . Coleridge was most affectionate, and his extraordinary eulogy of me produced a great impression here, and it is freely used as an advertisement for my lectures and books. I should say that it was a little too startling and strong for even this place, and a great deal too startling and strong for London. He says that he does not mean, of course, that I am so well known as several other people, but that I stand out from the crowd more than any one by reason of my ideas, the variety of my lines, etc. On the whole, the newspapers are taking me very kindly, and Chickering Hall, the great hall where I am to lecture, will be full, I believe. The tickets are said to be all sold—there are 1250 places, at a dollar each. But there may be a change of opinion at any moment. The *Chicago Tribune* is sent to me to-day with a violent attack upon me for lecturing for "filthy lucre," and the people catch the cries of their newspapers wonderfully. Far the best paper here is the *Evening Post*, written by Godkin, an expatriated Anglo-Irishman. I think we sent it you the other day with an article of his. The reception last night was magnificent, and Flu and Lucy did their duty splendidly, though poor Lucy had a bilious headache. They will tell you about the reception and the decorations. What I like is the way in which the people, far lower down than with us, live with something of the life and enjoyments of the cultivated classes. The young master of the hotel asked to present his steward to me last night, as a recompense to him

for his beautiful arrangement of palms, fruit, and flowers in the great hall. The German boys who wait in the hair-cutting room and the clerks at the photographer's express their delight at seeing "a great English poet," and ask me to write in their autograph books, which they have always ready. This morning I have been to hear Ward Beecher. Places were kept, and his management of his voice and hold on his vast audience struck me wonderfully, but the sermon was poor. They said he knew I was coming, and was on his good behaviour, and therefore constrained. At the end of the service he came down into the area to see me, gave me the notes of his sermon, said that I had taught him much, that he had read my rebukes of him too, and that they were just and had done him good. Nothing could be more gracious and in better taste than what he said.

We go to Boston to-morrow week, but I am not sure how long we shall stay there. We are going to a dear old man on Thursday—a Mr. Charles Butler, who made a pilgrimage to Fox How in 1852; we were none of us there. He lives in the country, and from him we go to pay another country visit, returning to New York on Thursday, 5th November, and thence going to Boston next day. Your first letter reached us on Friday night, with one from Nelly and one from Eliza.[1] It is delightful to hear from you. Now I must go home and dress for dinner. I am getting on a little with the Emerson lecture, but there will be a good deal of pressure to finish it amid all the interruptions besetting me.—Ever, my dearest Fan, your most affectionate M. A.

Tell dear K. I shall write to her as soon as I have got my Emerson lecture written.

[1] A maid-servant.

*To the Same.*

THE ST. BOTOLPH CLUB,
85 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON,
*November* 8, 1883.

MY DEAREST FAN—Here is Thursday, and my Sunday letter has not yet been written; but you have heard from Flu, and she will have given you some notion of what our life here is. I hope, however, to write once in every week to you. I wrote last from New York, before my first lecture. I was badly heard, and many people were much disappointed; but they remained to the end, were perfectly civil and attentive, and applauded me when I had done. It made me doubtful about going on with the lecturing, however, as I felt I could not maintain a louder pitch of voice than I did in Chickering Hall, where I lectured, and some of the American halls are much larger. There is a good deal to be learned as to the management of the voice, however, and I have set myself to learn it, though I am old to begin; the kindness of the people here makes everything easier, as they are determined to like one. The strength of the feeling about papa, here in New England especially, would gratify you; and they have been diligent readers of my books for years. The number of people whom, somehow or other, I reach here is what surprises me. Imagine General Grant calling at the *Tribune* Office to thank them for their good report of the main points of my lecture, as he had thought the line taken so very important, but had heard imperfectly! Now I should not have suspected Grant of either knowing or caring anything whatever about me and my productions. Last night I gave my New York lecture here. The hall was crammed, but it only holds 900, where the New York hall holds 1300; I

had refused to try a bigger hall here. I was introduced by Dr. Oliver W. Holmes, a dear little old man, and perfectly heard. I spoke much better than at New York, and shall improve still further, I hope. Holmes told me he could not have believed such an audience could have been gathered for a lecture in the heat of their election of a Governor for the State of Massachusetts; and he said also that he had never seen such attention and interest. We went from New York to Mr. Charles Butler at Fox Meadow—a beautiful old character with a delightful daughter. Lyulph Stanley sent us to him. From him we went to the Delanos, 90 miles up the Hudson. She was a Miss Astor, and it was like staying with the Rothschilds. All along the Hudson it is like the rich and finished villas along the Thames by Richmond. We came here on Monday night. Next week we shall be paying visits, but we shall be on and off here for a month to come. Imagine my getting a cordial letter from Louis Claude, entreating me "as an old Ambleside boy" to come and visit him somewhere out on the way to St. Paul. I have also heard from a Mr. Newberry, son of an old Laleham pupil of whom you have heard mamma speak; he remembers me as a little child, and wants to come and see me. I have scores of interesting things of this kind to tell you, but must stop now. We dine to-night with Norton at Cambridge; on Saturday we go to Newport.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

*To Mrs. Forster.*

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT,
*November* 15, 1883.

MY DEAREST K.—I am hard driven, but there is no one at home who so often comes into my mind, I

think, over here as your dear, dear self, and I must scratch you a line at any rate. We are here with a nice old couple called Clark. We met their daughter in New York. This is said to be, for its size, the richest town in New England, and Mr. Clark was the richest merchant in it. He has retired from business, is seventy-seven years old, and occupies himself in good works. It is exactly like the wealthy Quaker families I have stayed in when inspecting in England; only Mr. Clark is much more free in his religious ideas than they were, and the whole family have, compared with our middle class at home, that buoyancy, enjoyment, and freedom from constraint which are everywhere in America, and which confirmed me in all I have said about the way in which the aristocratic class acts as an *incubus* upon our middle class at home. This universal enjoyment and good nature are what strike one most here. On the other hand, some of the best English qualities are clean gone; the love of quiet and dislike of a crowd is gone out of the American entirely. They say Washington had it, as our Lord Althorp had it, and as so many of us have it still in England; but I have seen no American yet, except Norton at Cambridge, who does not seem to desire constant publicity and to be on the go all the day long. It is very fatiguing. I thank God it only confirms me in the desire to "hide my life," as the Greek philosopher recommended, as much as possible. They are very kind, inconceivably kind, and one must have been accustomed to the total want of real popular interest among the English at home in anything but politics to feel the full difference of things here. The newspapers report all one's goings about and sayings—the Commodore at Newport sends to put his launch at my disposal, Blaine telegraphs to the New York press his regrets that he cannot come up on purpose to hear me lecture, General Grant thanks

the *Tribune* for reporting me so fully—and so on. It is perfectly astounding, but there is not much real depth in it all. I have liked best a visit to Dartmouth College in New Hampshire. You remember how papa talked of New Hampshire and said he would emigrate there if he emigrated to the States at all. I stayed with a professor, a widower, in a small way of life, and saw what this small way was—it is better than with us. Still, what we call a gentleman has a tremendous pull in the old world—or at any rate in England—over the gentleman here. What it is in the towns, to have practically no cabs and to be obliged to use trams, you cannot imagine. It is as if in our Stockwell expedition we had had to get there by the tram, with two or three changes, and a walk at each end, and the chance of bad weather. And every one has to use these who has not a carriage. It is the best country for a Rothschild I ever knew, his superior pull is so manifest. We stayed with a sort of Rothschild on the Hudson —a Delano married to an Astor; but he grumbled, ungrateful man, because every one took a right of way through his grounds just as they pleased. But what made me think of you was the living power which papa's memory was still in that New Hampshire community at Dartmouth College. All through New England, however, he has had a prodigious effect, and perhaps he, like Luther, has been less pushed out by new men and new things than in the old world. Flu and Lucy enjoy it all, I think, though they get very tired. We had an immense reception here last night —the Governor and Senator for this sterling little old State of Connecticut, and every one thence downwards. The night before last I dined and slept at Barnum's. He said my lecture[1] was "grand," and that he was determined to belong to *the remnant;* that term is going

[1] "Numbers: or the Majority and the Remnant."

the round of the United States, and I understand what Dizzy meant when he said that I performed "a great achievement" by launching phrases.[1] My love to William. Tell him it is curious to find how one is driven here to study the "technique" of speaking, and how one finds it may be learnt like other things. I could not half make myself heard at first, but I am improving. A Professor Churchill, said to be "the best elocutionist in the United States," came twice from Andover to Boston on purpose to try and be of use to me, because, he said, he had got more pleasure from F. Robertson, Ruskin, and me than from any other men. This will give you a good notion of their kindness. Now I must stop. We go to Boston to-morrow, then on Monday back to New York. Love to all your dear party.—Your most affectionate brother,

M. A.

*To Miss Arnold.*

SOMERSET CLUB, BOSTON,
*November* 27, 1883.

MY DEAREST FAN—Since I last wrote I have had your letter, and very pleasant it was to receive it. . . . It is unnatural to me to speak so slowly and elaborately as in these great buildings; and to people unfamiliar with the English intonation, I am obliged to do so in order to be heard; but I *can* do it, and am now doing it quite easily. Last week I spoke to an audience of at least 3000—I am told now 3500—at Brooklyn, and was heard perfectly by every one. When I read my poetry I am apt to forget my audience and to repeat for my own delectation, but I shall get over this also next time. There is always a pleasure to me in doing a new thing, which looks like a thing you cannot well

[1] See p. 189.

do, and which people say you will not be able to do. At present I am bored by having to repeat my "Literature and Science" so often. There is a perfect craze in New England for hearing it, but I hope the big cities will be more rational. The Emerson lecture is ready, and will be given here next Saturday. I cannot be quite sure how they will like it here, but I am satisfied with it, and so would Emerson himself have been, I think, and it will be liked in England, and will help his fame there. To-night I lecture at Worcester, a Massachusetts city of 50,000 inhabitants, of which you have never heard. On Friday I lecture at Salem, famous for its witches. Last night I was at Newton, a kind of rural suburb of Boston, as Hornsey is of London. I dined with a medical man, a Dr. Stone, as I so often dined or lunched with like people at places such as Hornsey. Dr. Stone, his wife, and family might all have been English, barring the accent of the eldest daughter. The father, an old minister of eighty-three, had come in from the country ever so many miles to hear me. *Literature and Dogma* has certainly done good here in New England; at a critical moment it has led many back again to the study of the Bible, and has given reality to the study of it. The people last night were all full of papa, and the little boys were reading *Tom Brown* with delight. They were brighter than the corresponding people in England, and their dinner prettier; the abundance of fruit and ice is a great thing. They are cold audiences, but deeply attentive. They are excellent people, but their press seems to me at present an awful symptom. Flu joins me from New York to-morrow, and we shall go together to hear Phillips Brooks on Thanksgiving Day. He is delightful. You would also greatly like Mrs. Fields, with whom we are staying. But the people I particularly fancy are two daughters of Rufus Choate—

a Mrs. Bell and a Mrs. Pratt; they are called the twins, though twins they are not; but they are twins in a real genius for lively, *spirituel*, *enjoué* talk. I send you a letter about the family, as these things interest you. My travelling is done in great comfort, as the agents send a man with me (a gentleman), who finds out my trains, takes my tickets, sees to my lights, and saves me all trouble. But every one is most kind.—Your most affectionate brother, M. A.

*To his Younger Daughter.*

BOSTON, *November* 29, 1883.

MY DARLING CHILD—I have carried this about with me for some days meaning to write to you, but have had interruption after interruption. Now I am sitting down in the Somerset Club at Boston (a first-rate club) determined not to get up from my seat till my letter is written. I am staying with Mrs. Fields here—a *lovely* woman, as they say here—which means not a sweetly beautiful woman, but what we call a "very nice" woman. Mamma and Lucy are at New York; they are in good quarters, and had both got tired of knocking about. I was used to the sort of thing in my old inspecting days, and bear it pretty well, but there is more of it than I expected. To-night I go out to a place called Newton, to-morrow to another place in Massachusetts, a town of 50,000 inhabitants called Worcester; at both I give the lecture on Literature and Science, which they are all eager to hear out here, because the question is so much discussed in relation to the schools here, and everybody cares about schools. I get as sick of the lecture myself as Lord Hartington is said to get of his own speeches before he is through with them. On

Wednesday mamma joins me, and we dine with Dr. Holmes, the one survivor of the old Boston notabilities. Thursday is Thanksgiving Day, an annual day of thanksgiving for the Fathers of the Settlement and its welfare; we are to pass it with Mrs. Fields. On Saturday I give the Emerson lecture for the first time; it will be to a high-paying audience in the little Chickering Hall here, which holds at most 500. So many of the less wealthy class wish to hear it that it is to be repeated in Fremont Temple the week after, with a charge of half a dollar, instead of a dollar. Fremont Temple seats 2000 people. The price here must be a uniform one; they will not stand two classes, and so one cannot do what seems the natural thing and charge a dollar for the first ten rows of seats and half a dollar for the rest of the hall. Dear old Whittier came to meet me at luncheon yesterday. I have got his autograph for you, Holmes's, and Hawthorne's; but I hope to get a better one of Hawthorne's. The newspapers are too amusing. I do not see half the things, as I have not time or inclination to read the papers (they are the worst and most disquieting thing here), but people tell me of them. A man in one of the western cities is described as hurrying home to his wife with a placard—"Martin Luther Celebration." "What is it?" he asks his wife. "The distinguished English lecturer, to be sure," says she. "Run at once to the bureau and buy tickets to hear him." At Newport they showed me the following in a newspaper: "The Baptist Union recommend all good Christians to give at least two hours to reading their Bible for every hour they give to hearing Matthew Arnold. This shows that in the judgment of the Baptist Union Matthew Arnold's doctrine is very nearly twice as powerful as that of the Bible." I might fill my paper with these stories. I thought of you at

Newport, my darling; it is the most beautiful sea and sea walk I ever saw in my life; the wooden villas are many of them exquisite too. The cliffs are not much, and the country is not much, but the sea has an unspeakable charm. There are many nice people here, and I am very kindly treated, but I long for home. However, I shall go through with it, and, if one has any spirit, there is a pleasure in doing what you are not used to, and what many people say you cannot do. Your letters have been delicious. Love to your dear Aunt K.—Your loving PAPA.

*To Charles J. Leaf.*

SOMERSET CLUB, BOSTON,
*December* 6, 1883.

MY DEAR LEAF—Your letter reached me yesterday. I ought to have kept my promise of writing to you soon after my first lecture, but if you knew how I have to run about you would forgive all failures in my correspondence. I am just returned from Taunton, a town about twenty-five miles from here, where they make locomotives. I stayed at the house of a Mr. Sanford, who has been Speaker of the State Assembly of Massachusetts—a rich man, and a very pretty house—with a good-looking wife and daughters. They meet one at the train, have a good dinner (but very unlike ours) at six o'clock, then at a quarter to eight drive me to the Lecture Hall, and drive me back after the lecture at half-past nine, generally to a reception and supper. There was no reception last night, however, thank God. This morning we all came up by the train, the Greek Professor at Harvard, whom I think Walter[1] knows, and a pleasant Professor Child, a

[1] Walter Leaf, Fellow of Trinity.

great authority on ballad poetry, being of the party. I came here to write to you. I am invited to all the clubs, and this is one of the best clubs in the world. At half-past one I go to Wellesley, for a *matinée*, as it is called—that is, I lecture at three in the afternoon to 500 young ladies of Wellesley College and their 50 professors. Lyon Playfair tells me the College is an excellent one, and that the young ladies are charming. They have telegraphed to beg for the lecture on Emerson, which will be an agreeable change to me after for ever giving the lecture on Literature and Science. Here in New England every one is full of the Education question, and of the contest between letters and science more particularly; and all the country places want to hear me on Literature and Science. When I get to the great towns I have to give the lecture on Numbers. I get back at six to dine with Phillips Brooks at seven. I shall tell him I have heard from you, and that you ask for him. He is nicer than ever. To-morrow I go to Amherst, a university town at the other end of Massachusetts, returning to pass Sunday with some people called Sanders at Haverhill. He made a great fortune by the telephone, and has a beautiful place on a lake out there. Mrs. Arnold is going with me. We are staying here with some people called Page, friends of the Wordsworths, who have a fine house in Boston. Lucy is in New York; some dear people there, an old Mr. Charles Butler and his daughter, will not part with her, and their house is our home in New York. Lucy is very gay, and every one makes a great fuss with her. Next week I have four lectures in this neighbourhood, concluding with a lecture in Fremont Temple, a hall in Boston which seats over 2000 people, to give a popular audience the opportunity of hearing my lecture on Emerson; then we go to Washington and Baltimore.

The English papers never come here, and I have no time to read the American ones. The papers in England seem, by what you say, to have made too much of the failure in audibility at the first lecture; it never really endangered my success, as every one who read the report of the lecture was interested; I had no doubt that I could be heard with a little trouble. The "elocution lessons" were merely that a theological professor here, who is a capital speaker himself, and who is interested in me from my writings, went twice for twenty minutes to the hall with me when it was empty, heard me read, and stopped me when I dropped my voice at the end of sentences, which was the great trouble. I get along all right now, and have never failed *to draw* for a moment. As to pecuniary results, so many lectures were sold throughout New England for a fee of 150 dollars before I came—a fee which is 50 dollars above the usual fee, but which cannot make your fortune—that I hardly know what to say. Of course, I shall make something, but I suspect it will not be over £1000. It will depend on the large towns where we do not sell the lecture, but speculate—*i.e.*, take a hall, run the risk, bear the expenses, and take all the profits. Any way, I have learnt a good deal by coming, and am glad to have come. My love to your wife and Walter.—Affectionately yours, M. A.

*To Miss Arnold.*

SOMERSET CLUB, BOSTON,
*Saturday, December* 8, 1883.

MY DEAREST FAN—I do not think I have yet let a week pass, from Sunday to Sunday, without writing to you, and I will not do so now, for in your last letter

of 20th November you complained of having been long without a letter. This was owing to the bad passages the ships have been making. I am driven hard as usual. Yesterday I left Flu with the Pages here, the Wordsworths' friends, and took the eleven o'clock train to Amherst, a hundred and twenty miles from Boston, and the seat of a university. In the train Jane's letter and a charming note from Miss Emerson were brought to me. Miss Emerson wrote to say that she found not a word in the lecture on her father to give her pain. However, I am not going to read that lecture at Concord — it is too much of a literary criticism. Many here object to my not having praised Emerson all round, but that was impossible. I have given him praise which in England will be thought excessive, probably; but then I have a very, very deep feeling for him. One hears so much of him here, and what one hears is so excellent, that Flu and Lucy, who really know nothing about him, have become quite attached to him. Well, I was saying that I went to Amherst yesterday. I got there about three. It is a pretty village near the Connecticut River, with picturesque lines of hill in the landscape. I found the President of the University, with whom I stayed, had dined at twelve, thinking I should dine "on board" the train, as they say here. However, I said a lunch of bread and butter and tea would do perfectly for me, and then we went a walk into the country, and at six we sat down to tea—the President (who is a widower), his three daughters, and a favourite student, who perhaps is going to marry one of the daughters. At tea we had exquisite rolls, broiled oysters, and preserved peaches—nothing else—and iced water or tea to wash it down. For once, this suits me perfectly well. I had had a great dinner with Phillips Brooks—venison and champagne—the day before. Then we walked up to

the chapel where the lecture was. We had 650 people, the place quite full, and I spoke well. Then we walked back, and had a supper of apples and pears (excellent), sponge cakes and chocolate. I went to bed soon after ten, for at half-past five I had to get up to catch a train at a quarter to seven. The daughters like early rising, and all breakfasted with me. A porridge made of split oat groats, which I am beginning to like (one takes it with cream), a roll, and a cup of tea did for me very well. There was an immense beef steak, but that was too much for me so early. Since I got here I have been shaved, had my letters, seen my agents, and am now going to the Pages to pick up Flu. We go down to Haverhill for Sunday—an exquisite place, belonging to a man called Sanders, who has made a great fortune by the telephone. I had been there before, and they wanted me to bring Flu. She will be very comfortable, and they will drive us after church to-morrow to see what Washington pronounced the most beautiful view in New England. —Your ever affectionate M. A.

*To the Same.*

SOMERSET CLUB, BOSTON,
*December* 13, 1883.

MY DEAREST FAN—Here it is wonderfully fine; two slight drizzlings are all the rain we have had this month; no snow, and not excessive frosts; almost continual sunshine, and such sunsets behind the spires of Boston, and over the immense expanse of western sky visible here, as you never saw. I have bought a pair of *arctics*, the lined waterproof boots which everybody here wears in winter over their boots or shoes, but I have not yet worn them. The day after to-

morrow I leave New England. Boston ... has been very kind to me, and I am sorry to think that I shall see it no more. Last night I lectured at Concord. I did not give the Emerson lecture, as it was a free criticism of him on the literary side, and I did not wish to stand up in his town as a critic of him; but Miss Emerson wrote me a charming note about my lecture on him from the summary given in the newspapers, and his family and literary executor are perfectly satisfied. I give the lecture to-morrow night to a popular audience of some 2000 people here. We went to Concord at five yesterday afternoon; it is about twenty miles off. The Emersons sent to meet us. They live in the house which Emerson himself built, about a mile from the station; a good house with nine acres of ground. The house is much more English in its distribution and furniture than most of the houses here. I had told Fanny Lucy to expect something like Rydal Mount, but it was nothing like that—all the modern improvements were present. Mrs. Emerson is eighty-one, of great height, and an invalid. She is still one of the handsomest women you ever saw, with manners of high distinction. She was brought up a strict Calvinist, and never approved her husband's views. He called her "Queeny," and she does indeed look like a queen and rules the house. We dined at six, and all except Mrs. Emerson went to the lecture along the frozen road by which the British troops retreated—the high road from Concord to Boston. I gave the lecture on Numbers. This morning I left with them, by request, the lecture on Emerson to read, and we departed, after driving round to Concord Bridge and the monument with Dr. Emerson and his sister. It is a very pleasing country—gentle hills, and New England homesteads, and elm-bordered roads (such elms!), and the quiet river flowing through

it. Emerson's lines on the monument you know. They are very fine—

> "Here once the embattled farmers stood,
> And fired the shot heard round the world."

Tell William he should get and read his correspondence with Carlyle, if he has not already done so. It gives a most favourable impression of both the friends. Now I must be off to Andover, some twenty-three miles. I am quite well, and have as yet had no cold or hoarseness.—Ever your affectionate M. A.

*To his Younger Daughter.*

SOMERSET CLUB, BOSTON,
*December* 14, 1883.

MY DARLING CHILD—It seems too long since I wrote to you. Your last letter was delightful. Two of the former ones had been rather scraps, but then I like your letters so much that I could wish they never came to an end. This is tiring work here, but at all events it goes successfully, and I see a great many things and people that I shall afterwards be glad to have seen. To-night I give my last lecture in New England, at Fremont Temple here in Boston. I have rather a swelled throat, or I should not mind it a bit, but to speak to 2000 people with a swelled throat is rather trying. However, I have two days' rest after to-night. On Monday night I begin again at Washington. The managers have chosen a stupid lecture for that particular place—Literature and Science—and I do not expect a good audience. Last night's history will give you a good notion of my life in New England. After seeing mamma off at one I took shelter in this capital club to write my letters. I was invaded once or twice, but am better here than anywhere else. At

a private house it is callers all day long. At four I walked to the station for Andover, a town twenty miles off, where there is a theological seminary and a famous school. I was met at the station by a Professor Churchill, a very nice man, with whom I was to stay. He drove me up in an excellent hired carriage. The hired carriages are first-rate here. Mrs. Churchill is a pretty little woman, with two boys, one of fourteen, the other of five, an old dog and a tabby cat, which did me the honour to visit my bedroom at night. At six we had tea—it was really dinner, only there were no liquors. Then I dressed, found the students waiting outside the door to escort me to the Lecture Hall, was cheered by them, and walked to the Hall (a fine moonlight night—it is always fine here) with Miss Phelps, who wrote *Gates Ajar*. At the Hall I was again cheered, then I gave the lecture on Emerson, and was cheered again, then walked home, and a reception was held, with all Andover at it. "Glad to see you in our country, sir, and to tell you how much I have enjoyed your works," is pretty much what every one says. Scolloped oysters (with iced water and coffee) at eleven, when the people are gone; bed, called at seven, breakfast at eight with a party of professors and their wives—coffee, fruit, fish-balls, potatoes, hashed veal, and mince-pies, with rolls and butter. Then I was driven to the station by Professor Churchill, introduced by him to a "leading citizen," who talked to me all the way to Boston, and am now writing to you. Presently I shall be taken over a publishing house and a newspaper-office, neither of which I care to see; then I shall lunch with my agent and try my voice in Fremont Temple; then I shall pay some calls of farewell; then dine at the house of my agent's father, where I sleep; then the lecture; then

early to-morrow morning to New York. My darling Nelly, good-bye. I see the *Saturday Review* was not very nice about the birthday book,[1] but never mind. I kiss in fancy your brown head, and am your own loving PAPA.

*To the Same.*

RICHMOND, *December* 19, 1883.

MY DARLING NELLY—I must write to you from the capital of the Southern States, and the farthest point south that I shall reach. I left New York the day before yesterday in frost, with snow on the ground; snow lay all the way to Washington, though there it became less. At Washington I lectured, and I send you a cutting with a characteristic account of the lecture. This sort of thing appears every day. It is so common that one does not think of cutting it out and sending it, but I got this as I was getting into the train yesterday, and kept it for you. I started from Washington yesterday about eleven, and after we crossed the Potomac the snow disappeared altogether, the sun came out quite hot, and we had a beautiful journey along the great inlets of the magnificent Chesapeake Bay for the first part, and then through a woody country afterwards, where was the hardest fighting during the war between North and South. I passed Frederichsburg, where a great battle was, in which Stonewall Jackson was mortally wounded. At Washington I had a letter and a telegram from a General Anderson, asking me to stay with him at Richmond; I accepted, hearing that the hotels at Richmond were bad. At the station was a gentlemanlike, erect old man with a white moustache, and

[1] The Matthew Arnold Birthday Book, arranged by his daughter, Eleanor Arnold. 1883.

an open carriage and pair with two black servants. We drove through the rather ragged streets of Richmond—a city of 70,000 people, which suffered terribly in the war, but is now recovering. Imagine my delight after the poverty of New England winter vegetation, of which you can form no idea,—not a laurel, not a holly—to find the magnolia growing, a standard tree, in the gardens before the Richmond houses. There was the horse-chestnut too, which I have never seen in the North, and fine planes. We drove to a capital house standing alone, with a large garden behind it; here I found more black servants, and Mrs. Anderson. I was most kindly received. Virginia, of which Richmond is the capital, was colonised not by the Puritans, but by English gentry, and the liking for England and its ways, and for the better sort of English people, has never failed. Mrs. Anderson has been an extremely pretty woman; her father was a great planter, who lived in an immense house in the country, with at least a hundred servants, I am told—all blacks. She had three brothers in the Confederate Army, two of them generals and one a colonel; the colonel and one of the generals were killed. It was getting dark, but she took me out a drive to show me the view of the city with the James River bending through it, and sending up a beautiful sound from its rapids—no trout, though, tell Dick. But my great pleasure was the Cemetery, where is a great pyramid over the common soldiers of the Confederate Army who fell in the war; but the beauty of the garden is in its dells and trees—such magnolias, such red-berried hollies, such oaks! It was dark when we got home, but I found callers, and then dressed with a good fire in my room, which even here one is glad of. There was a party at dinner, the cloth drawn after dinner in the old English fashion, and excellent

Madeira; then we went to the lecture in a tumble-down old hall, but it did very well, as I was sure it would. My agents were against my coming here, and said I would have no audience, but I had all the "old families," who in general do not go to lectures; one gentleman came in twenty miles on an engine to hear me. Then I was taken to a ball by Mrs. Anderson, that I might see their beauties; I saw a good many pretty people, and one *very* pretty; also I was introduced to Miss Stonewall Jackson and her mother. We came back here, and I went to bed after hearing much about the war. I am asked to go down and stay at a country house near the sea to shoot duck, and at another up the country to shoot deer, but I must return to the North and my lecturing. I am going to drive about here this forenoon to see the town, and above all to see the schools of coloured children —dem little things. To-morrow I lecture at Baltimore, and next morning join mamma and Lucy at Washington. Lucy has been having a good time at New York. Kiss Dick for me, and speak very, very kindly to a certain pair of boys,[1] Miss Nelly. Tell them poor old master has broken one of his few remaining front teeth in trying to peel an orange—a great loss. I expect to like Washington, where we stay over Christmas Day; then we go to Philadelphia. Remember me to Eliza and Jane.[2] And now, my dearest, dearest child, I must stop.—Your own loving PAPA.

*To Mrs. Forster.*

WASHINGTON, *December* 22, 1883.

MY DEAREST K.—At Baltimore I had my first bad audience—only about 200 people—but this week

[1] The dachshounds. [2] Maid-servants.

of Christmas is a thoroughly bad one for lecturing, everybody having engagements at home. I shall lecture again at Baltimore to-night, being advertised to lecture, but I do not expect much of an audience. I lecture at Philadelphia next week, which is still so much of a Quaker city as not to keep Christmas like Baltimore and New York. MacVeagh, Ellis Yarnall, and a circle of friends there have, besides, taken my affairs into their hands, and have strength enough, probably, to counteract the season. I thought much of you, and more of William, at Richmond. When I got to Washington I found a telegram from a General Anderson at Richmond begging me to stay with him. The journey itself was most interesting—snow disappearing, sun shining, evergreen shrubs appearing in the woods, and the great inlets of Chesapeake Bay giving life to the landscape continually. General Anderson, a gentlemanlike old man with a white moustache, was waiting for me at the station with an open carriage and two black servants, and drove me through streets in which standard magnolias were growing to his house. . . .

The next morning I insisted on being taken to some of the coloured schools, and most interesting they were. People like the Andersons are very kind to their negroes, but don't yet like their being educated; however, they approved of my going to see the schools. The children are neater and better dressed than the Irish scholars in Boston. The negro is getting more wages in the tobacco manufactories at Richmond than the poor white gets. The astonishing thing is the line of demarcation between the white and the negro in the South still. I saw children who I took for granted were whites, and said, "So the races are educated together." "No," said the superintendent, "there is a law against it throughout the South; the children

you see have a strain of negro blood in them, and are so returned by their parents." I had to make a little speech to them, and in return they sang for me "Dare to be a Daniel" with negro energy. I could have passed hours there. Then I went to the Capitol, and saw both Houses of Legislature in session; the dirt, untidiness, and spitting were quite Southern here, and remind one of all that Trollope and Dickens say. But the interest of people in seeing me and in speaking of England, "the mother country," as they still call it, was touching. I wish I could have gone deeper into the South. If I ever come back to America, it will be to see more of the South.—Your ever most affectionate brother, my dearest K, M. A.

*To Miss Arnold.*

HANCOCK STREET,
GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA,
*December* 27, 1883.

MY DEAREST FAN—Last week I was on the point of writing to you, but finding that Flu was sending off to you a long letter, I wrote to Jane instead. Now I have just had your letter of the 7th; we got it, along with one from Nelly of the same date, on our arrival here yesterday. This is a very pretty suburb of Philadelphia—when I say suburb, it is full six miles out. We are staying with some people who asked us at New York, and who are so glad to have us that it is quite pleasant to give them that pleasure. We are very comfortable, moreover, and these warm houses will quite spoil one for English houses with their chill rooms and frozen passages. We are full of designs of putting an American stove into the Cottage. The thermometer has been at 28 *below zero* in New England,

at a place where I lectured; in New York, where Flu and Lucy were, it was down to zero; where I have been, at Washington and Baltimore, it has not been below 20 above zero. But there has been horrid snow, even at Washington, and now I suppose we are in for it until our return. I have a number of friends here. I had a requisition asking me to give a poetical reading, which my agents have had printed, as it was signed by about twenty-five of the leading people in the place, and the leading families of Philadelphia are much thought of. Mr. Welsh, whom you will remember Minister in London, lives here, and signed the requisition; also MacVeagh, who was Attorney-General, the Whartons, the Biddles, and a number of names which to you say nothing, but to an American say a great deal. Flu will send you an account of a party given in her honour by Mrs. Leiter, with whom we stayed at Washington. Christmas time is a shocking time for lecturing, but my agents insisted on filling the time, and the consequence was that in Baltimore I had a real bad audience, only about 200 people, and a frozen hall too, in which I caught cold, but the cold is now going. Here too the audience would be bad if it were not for the friends I have among the leading people, and the way in which they work to make their acquaintance give up their Christmas engagements and come to my lectures. The Wests (he is British Minister) asked us to dinner for two days at Washington, but we could not go either. We had a very pleasant dinner with the Henry Adamses, and I had a men's dinner with dear old Bancroft, which was most interesting, as I met the really best men in Congress; three senators—Bayard, Sterman, and Gibson—struck me particularly, as they would be distinguished men in politics anywhere: Gibson for choice; he is senator for Louisiana, and served in the Southern army during the war. The President was away when we

arrived, and only returned on Christmas Day, but he said he should like to receive us, as we were leaving the next morning, so General Hawley, the senator for Connecticut, took us to the White House at half-past three on Christmas Day afternoon. The house is far handsomer than I expected. The President is a good-looking man, with pleasant, easy manners. He told Lucy that if we would stay on in Washington he would "make himself personally responsible" for her enjoying her winter there more than even in New York. To-night we go in to Philadelphia for a dinner which our hosts give in our honour at the Bellevue Hotel. To-morrow I give the Emerson lecture, on Saturday I lecture in Jersey City, which is opposite New York, and then we have a day or two of rest in New York, as every one keeps the New Year, and it is useless to lecture. On the 3rd and 4th of January I lecture in New York; then we go to Buffalo and Niagara, I lecturing at places on the way. From Buffalo I think Lucy will return to New York, and Flu will accompany me to the West. Lucy enjoys herself so much in New York, and the Butlers so like having her, that we like her to stay there. Now I must stop.—Ever your most affectionate M. A.

This day two months, at latest, we start on our voyage home, I hope!

*To the Same.*

NEW YORK, *January* 1, 1884.

MY DEAREST FAN—I have half an hour's quiet in an admirable club here (the Union League), and I will employ it in writing to you, though I wrote only a few days since. A happy New Year to you, you dear girl, and many of them! . . . Philadelphia is

the most attractive city I have yet seen over here. I prefer it to Boston. We saw Christ Church, the oldest Anglican Church in America, which interested Arthur Stanley so much, where they still have the royal arms in the vestry, and the prayer-book with a meanly-printed prayer for the President pasted across the prayer for George the Third. The church is in the decorated Georgian style inside, which one used to see in the churches of the wealthy parishes round London; and they have the good taste to keep this style for Christ Church, where Gothic would be quite unmeaning. I have had a baddish cold, but am now better, though my head is stuffy and my throat not quite comfortable. I have had a lull of two or three days for the New Year holidays, but begin lecturing again to-morrow. I go 200 miles to lecture at the other end of New York State, which is nearly as big as England, returning here at night in a sleeping-car. On the evening of the day of my return I lecture at Brooklyn, and at New York on the day following. Perhaps when I retire (if I live to retire) I shall come back here and visit the South and California; the audience I have in this country is really important, besides. But all this is prospective; at present I have to get through the cold West, where we shall have the thermometer commonly below zero. But one is wonderfully protected by the warmth of the cars in travelling, and of the houses when one is stationary. I hear the Longfellow girls, who are now at Girton, in England, are aghast at the cold, and the helpless way in which we endure it—and well they may be. England is still in the condition, in this respect, in which New England was half a century ago; if we had the cold of New England we should have been forced to improve matters, but we have a quantity of needless suffering as it is.—Ever, my dearest Fan, your most affectionate M. A.

*To the Same.*

DETROIT, *January* 18, 1884.

MY DEAREST FAN—It seems an age since I wrote to you, though I think it was only last week, from Utica.

I went on next week to a small college at Cayuga Lake, a beautiful lake forty miles long and three broad, in the old Indian territory, divided by a strip of undulating woody country, seven miles wide, from another similar lake, Seneca Lake (called from the Seneca Indians, not from the Roman philosopher), to the west. It was the same severe weather which we have had ever since Christmas—snow on the ground and hard frost, though the frost we have is not so severe, by any means, as what we read of; it ranges from 15 to 20 of Fahrenheit. I cannot tell you the pleasure of going to my window in the morning and looking out upon Cayuga Lake rolling blue and free before me. The middle and upper part of this lake never freezes, it is so deep. On the lower part, on my journey to Buffalo next day, I saw a sledge standing still on the snowy, frozen lake, with the horses half turned round, which struck me as the only picturesque thing I have seen in America; the picturesque is the rarest of things here, and the people have even less of the artist feeling than we have. I had a long day to Buffalo, but arrived there to find very comfortable quarters at a Mr. Milburn's, the leading lawyer there, an Englishman, who went out young, and married and settled in Buffalo. He is very nice, and so is his wife. Flu and Lucy joined us from Utica late in the evening. I had a very good house in Buffalo, and I think we sent you the Buffalo paper with the account of the lecture. Next day was Sunday—bitterly cold; the snow is heaped up in the streets of Buffalo higher than we

have seen it anywhere. Buffalo is a place of 150,000 people, a commanding centre of trade between the East and the West. There, as elsewhere, it was affecting to find how many people thought themselves helped by me, and were looking forward to seeing me. On Monday Milburn took us to Niagara; it is an expensive expedition, but we had not a farthing to pay, and it was organised perfectly. You know Niagara from pictures, but, of course, you should see it, and to see it in winter, with the trees bare and the gigantic icicles hanging down the precipices, is even better, I should think, than to see it in summer. Above the rapids, just close to the river edge, I broke off a bit of arbor vitæ as a remembrance; the arbor vitæ is the evergreen shrub of the banks, as the holly might be with us. Just as we came out through the wood on Goat Island to the edge of the great fall an American eagle rose close to us, and flew, with its wide wings outspread, slowly across the fall. I have never seen an eagle (a wild one) so close before. Next morning I started early for Cleveland, and the others followed later. The railroad goes along the southern shore of Lake Erie. One sees vineyards and peach orchards as one approaches Cleveland, but Lake Erie is an unmoving sheet of snow like a frozen ocean, and everything is pinched and dead. At Cleveland I again had a large audience, and a charming man to introduce me, Colonel John Hay, who was Lincoln's private secretary. From Cleveland I went to Oberlin, an evangelical college, as we should say, where black students are educated along with white. I stayed in the President's house, the simplest and plainest living, on the whole, that I have seen in America. I have been interrupted by callers, as usual, and must now close this.—Your most affectionate brother, M. A.

We return by the *Servia* on 5th March.

*To his Younger Daughter.*

UNION CLUB, CHICAGO,
*Sunday, January* 21, 1884.

MY DARLING NELLY—Your letters are perfectly delightful. We got here late last night. We are staying with a great bookseller, who is also a general, and is always called General M'Clurg. He really was made a general in the Civil War, being a brisk and prominent man, but it is odd to address a bookseller as *General.* We arrived at the station at eight in the evening, and drove to his house. After a hasty dinner he hurried me off to a reception at the Literary Club, explaining to me on the way that I should have to make a speech. This was the programme. The hundred members of the club were gathered together when we arrived. The President received me, and then the whole club filed out to supper, I standing by the President, and being presented to each member and shaking hands with him as he passed me. The supper table was splendidly decorated with flowers. I was put in a great chair by the President, and, having just dined, had to go through the whole course from oysters to ice, with plenty of champagne. Then the President welcomed me in the name of the club to Chicago. I returned thanks in a short speech. Then two other members of the club made speeches, one about my poetry, the other about my prose. Then some American songs were sung, and we broke up about midnight. We have had a week of good houses (I consider myself now as an actor, for my managers take me about with theatrical tickets, at reduced rates, over the railways, and the tickets have *Matthew Arnold troupe* printed on them). Mamma and Lucy get the benefit of them too. Irving has just been here, and

the opera is beginning now that he is gone, so that I doubt whether my very grave entertainment will draw full houses here, but we shall see. We have taken our places on board the *Servia* on 5th March. The papers get more and more amusing as we get west.[1] A Detroit newspaper compared me, as I stooped now and then to look at my manuscript on a music stool, to "an elderly bird pecking at grapes on a trellis"—that is the style of thing. I hope they are sending you the *Chicago Tribune* with the reports of yesterday's interviewing and the description of mamma and Lucy. How I long to see you again, my precious child! We hope to get some furs for you in Canada.—Your own loving PAPA.

*To Miss Arnold.*

UNION CLUB, CHICAGO,
*January* 23, 1884.

MY DEAREST FAN— . . .

This is a great uninteresting place of 600,000 inhabitants, an *entrepôt* for trade between the East and the West. There are some beautiful parks, covering twenty miles, I believe, but in this weather we can see little of them. The striking thing in this city is its situation on the south-western shore of Lake Michigan. Michigan does not freeze like Lake Erie, it is so deep, and fed by so many springs. The day before yesterday I went by train to lecture at Milwaukee, 90 miles up the lake, and the principal town in Wisconsin; the line runs through a pleasing country full of what look like young oak plantations, but what are really the young trees springing up where the old oak forest has

[1] "I proceeded to Chicago. An evening paper was given me soon after I arrived; I opened it, and found . . . the following picture of myself: 'He has harsh features, supercilious manners, parts his hair down the middle, wears a single eye-glass and ill-fitting clothes.'" M. A. in *Nineteenth Century*, April 1888.

been cut down. At Wisconsin I was entertained by a Mr. Gordon, a Unitarian minister, but an Englishman by birth, the son of a great farmer near Dunstable. He remembered hearing of my coming to inspect at Dunstable, and Luton, and Toddington, when he was first beginning to feel interested in me from reading my books. He was like Tom—he disliked the state of society in the old world, went out to New England, married a wife there, and has now a chapel and a pleasant home at Milwaukee. We had a crowded lecture, and next morning, under a bright sun and a sharp frost, he drove me to the edge of the bluff above the lake. It was a glorious sight.. Michigan is 400 miles long and 80 miles broad; the water was alive, and moving right up to the shore; ducks, which come down from the Arctic regions to winter, were swimming and sporting near the shore; then came long narrow packs of floating ice, washed from shallow creeks along the shore; beyond that the width of waters, as blue as I ever saw the Mediterranean. Milwaukee is a place of 150,000 people, on a great bay on this beautiful lake. How I wish I could go on to Superior City, a town at the head, and from there across to Lake Superior itself! Our berths are taken by the *Servia* on the 5th of March.—Ever, my dearest Fan, your most affectionate brother, M. A.

*To the Same.*

St. Louis, *February* 1, 1884.

My dearest Fan—Here we are at our farthest point, and in this old slave city I begin to recognise the truth of what an American told the Bishop of Rochester,[1] that "Denver was not ripe for Mr. Arnold." The audiences here are the smallest I have had—from 200 to 300 or 350,—comprising the best of the wealthy

[1] Dr. Thorold.

and cultivated people, headed by General Sherman, who is quite delightful. There is a large population descended from the French of Louisiana; their interest is in their priests. There is a large German population; their interest is in their beer-gardens and singing-halls. Of the English-speaking population there is the small cultivated and wealthy class I have mentioned, and there is a wonderful number of the "poor whites" of whom one heard so much in the slavery times. A revivalist called Evangelist Harrison is at present campaigning amongst them, holding daily and nightly services, and producing extraordinary effects. His "weeping girls" are his crowning stroke. After the services he calls the young women forward to give proof by tears of being converted. You may imagine what the scenes are amongst these people with the religious cravings of our race in them, and also a dash of Southern heat. But St. Louis interests me very much; it is very dirty certainly, and in the buildings there is the want of anything beautiful which in all the American towns depresses me, but it is an old place, and a mixed place, and it looks like both of these, and escapes the profound *Gemeinheit* of the ordinary American city thereby. And then there is the Mississippi. It is not so wide as the Rhine at Cologne, but then it is 1200 miles from its mouth; it is very dirty, but then one knows it has just received the Missouri, and was clear till the muddy Missouri joined it. We are here in the latitude of Palermo, or something like it, but they have had the mercury at 20 below zero this winter, and the river was choked with ice in spite of the strong current. The "ice-gorge" has broken up since we were here, and the river is now flowing free, though ice-blocks are tumbling about in it. Steamers cannot travel on it yet; you have to go down to Memphis by rail, some 300 miles; from there the river is

free from ice to Orleans. Both Flu and I wish we were going; the weather at New Orleans is now lovely, and the lonely wastes and cotton-fields through which the Mississippi flows, with the great trees hung with Spanish moss on the banks, would interest me for once far more than they would tire me." But it cannot be, and to-morrow we go out to Indianapolis, though to-morrow is Sunday. But we dine with General Sherman to-night, and Monday will be too late for getting to Indianapolis in good time for the lecture that evening. We came here on Tuesday, through the frozen and besnowed prairie State of Illinois. As we got south one saw the "poor whites" loafing about at the stations, as unsatisfactory-looking as the roughs in our large towns at home. Crossing the Illinois River, one of the great features of the Mississippi, was interesting, but the prairie State is one dull flat, in general. But as we approached the Mississippi all the snow disappeared, and the deep mud of the great river was everywhere, making utter sloughs of the roads and streets. We caught at Alton, twenty miles above St. Louis, our first sight of the river; it spreads out very much there, and has bluffs both on the Illinois and the Missouri side; the sun was setting over the Missouri bluffs, and the effect was very fine. It was nearly dark when we entered St. Louis by a huge suspension bridge. Soon after we got to our hotel General Sherman and Mr. Hitchcock, the leading lawyer here, and a Mr. Chapman, a great timber merchant, came to call, and sat a long while. All of them are pleasant, and their desire was to part our days here among them.

When I think of England, the desire to be back rises sometimes into a passion; but we are in February, and our berths taken for the 5th of March. And I shall like to see Canada, and one place on the way to

it—Cincinnati. We got your letter yesterday, and the *P. M. G.* with it, my dear. Many thanks for both. Lucy is in bliss at New York, but she is a goose to prefer it to Canada.—Always your most affectionate M. A.

I send you rather a good sonnet, sent to me by an employé in a great book-store at Chicago.

### *To Mrs. Cropper.*

CINCINNATI, *February* 7, 1884.

MY DEAREST SUSY—I cannot let my American tour pass without writing once to you. I send you a cutting from a newspaper at our last place. The comments are of all sorts, bad and good, but the friendly ones prevail greatly. What strikes me in America is the number of friends *Literature and Dogma* has made me, amongst ministers of religion especially,—and how the effect of the book here is conservative. The force of mere convention is much less strong here than in England. The dread of seeing and saying that what is old has served its time and must be displaced is much less. People here are therefore, in the more educated classes at least, less prone to conceal from themselves the actual position of things as to popular Protestantism than they are in England, and the alarm at my book, simply as a startling innovation, is not considerable. This being so, the mind is left free to consider the book on its real merits. But I am not going to write you a letter about *Literature and Dogma*.

From Indianapolis we came here, to this finely situated "Queen City" of the Ohio. It has become a very smoky place of late years, with quite the climate of the manufacturing towns of England, but its situa-

tion is beautiful, and it has more look of age and solidity than most American towns. What strikes me so much in them all is, what is the truth, that they are so unfinished; they are like a new quarter still in the builders' hands, with roads half made and in a frightful state, and with heaps of rubbish and materials not yet cleared away. I lectured here last night, and gave the lecture on Numbers. It is a sort of lay sermon, and the people are beginning to like it much. I now *speak* it almost entirely, as it is getting lodged in my memory. In these large halls it is almost necessary to speak, as any stoppage to the voice, such as a book or paper coming between the speaker's mouth and the audience, is fatal. Of course, if you are near-sighted and have to hold your manuscript close to your face, the stoppage is worse still. . . .

On Saturday morning we are off for Cleveland, where I lecture that night,—an eight hours' journey, but away from the river and the floods. At Cleveland we pass Sunday with some delightful people, Col. John Hay and his wife. On Monday we go on to Buffalo, to some more very nice people, with whom we have stayed already—the Milburns—and I lecture in Buffalo that night—then to Canada. We hope to sail for that blessed England on the 5th of March.—Your ever affectionate brother, M. A.

*To Miss Arnold.*

TORONTO, *February* 12, 1884.

MY DEAREST FAN—I meant to have written to you on Saturday from Cleveland, but our train was two hours late, and I had no time on arriving to do more than dress and dine before my lecture. On Sunday I had what is called here "a mail"; it brought

me a welcome letter from you, but also invitations and business letters which consumed all the time I could get on that day for letter-writing. Yesterday I was travelling and lecturing, and to-day I have travelled and lectured, but the lecture was at three, and I get half an hour before dinner for writing to you. We have had an exciting week: we were Monday at Indianapolis, where I had a capital audience, and found some zealous disciples who interested me; on Tuesday we travelled through thaw and rain to the valley of the Ohio. The little brook which we followed down from the table-land of Indiana to the basin of the Ohio had become a furious river before we reached Laurenceburg, at the junction of the Miami with the Ohio. Laurenceburg was only just out of water (it has been quite flooded since), and the low land around it was one lake. We entered the station at Cincinnati through water, and found the city full of rumours of flood. They had a great flood last year. The river when we arrived was 56 feet above its summer level, and rain was falling fast. Callers arrived as soon as we reached our hotel, and a number of gentlemen gave me a very pleasant dinner at the Club that evening. But no one could talk of anything but the flood. Cincinnati is built on the bank of the Ohio. The streets descend the steep bank to the river, and at the foot of every one of these descending streets you saw the great yellow river, boats and rafts conveying people about, and endeavours to save goods and furniture. The record of the hourly rise was posted in the street, and there were crowds to see the returns; the rise was an inch an hour. We passed the next day at a beautiful place in the environs, belonging to the daughter of Mr. Longworth, who was long the principal man in Cincinnati. The hills of the Ohio valley at Cincinnati are really picturesque, and the views from the park-like heights where we spent the

day were very fine. The river, with its wooded hills, had a curve which bore a startling resemblance to Windermere, with its curve at the island, only the Ohio was much broader. We dined at another place among the heights, and were then sent back in a carriage to Cincinnati. Next day we spent the morning in crossing over the great bridge to the Kentucky side and looking at the flood; from three to six we attended a great reception given in our honour; then again a lecture, again wonderfully well attended; then a farewell supper given us by some of our friends. Early the next morning we started for Cleveland, much delayed by the flood at starting and by the rottenness of the ground all along our route. At Cleveland we stayed with the John Hays; he was Lincoln's private secretary, and is very interesting; she was an immense heiress. Sunday we went to church, and then a long drive to a cemetery commanding a grand view of Cleveland and Lake Erie. Next morning we were up at six, and travelled to Buffalo, where we again stayed with the Milburns, whom we like extremely. I had very good houses both at Cleveland and at Buffalo. This morning we came on here, where we are the guests of Goldwin Smith. We are again in snow and ice here in Canada, but cannot lose the thought of our rushing Cincinnati river, and watch for telegrams. The river is now 67 feet, half a foot higher than the highest point of last year, and still rising. I find here a telegram from the Lansdownes,[1] asking me to stay with them at Ottawa. Now I must dress.—Your ever affectionate brother,

M. A.

[1] Lord Lansdowne was Governor-General of Canada, 1883-1888.

*To his Younger Daughter.*

THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB,
*February* 26, 1884.

This will be my last letter to you from this side, my darling child. Your letters have been our greatest pleasure, and we more than ever feel how we long to see you again, and how we must not again be parted from you in this fashion. Of course, the passage across the Atlantic is not a pleasant prospect at this season, but it will be constantly cheered by the thought that every day brings us nearer to our darling Nelly. My last lecture in the provinces was rather dismal; it was at Albany. There had been a fire at the hall the night before; the fire had been put out, but there was a smell of burning, and a slush of water, and the windows were all shaken so as to keep up, said the newspapers, "a perpetual encore to the lecturer." The thermometer was at 15, and people would not venture to the hall, so I had an audience of about 150, and they were uneasy and depressed. Now I lecture only once more in New York here—on Saturday, March the 1st. When you get this we shall be "on the ocean," as they say here. God bless you, my own precious Nelly. We have got you some little matters in furs, which I hope you will like. We have much dining out here this week, but it will soon be all over now. Lucy is still with the Coddingtons—such nice people.—Your own most loving PAPA.

*To C. E. Norton.*

78 PARK AVENUE, *February* 27, 1884.

MY DEAR NORTON—Among my pleasantest recollections will be those of Shady Hill and its inmates,

and of the days passed there. I wish we had caught a glimpse of you on our passage through Boston, but it could have been but a glimpse, as we arrived at 2 P.M. one day and went off at 8.45 A.M. the next. If I ever return, I fear there will be the same necessity of lecturing, but I shall arrange it on a very different plan, reserve to myself far more liberty, and, above all, manage to spend May and June here, and not your terrible winter months only. But I hope to see you on the other side before that.

Hervé said that at the end of his stay in London he felt himself not to have attained "one single clear intuition." I will not say that I feel myself precisely in this condition at the end of my stay in America, but I feel myself utterly devoid of all disposition to write and publish my intuitions, clear or turbid.

You must look at "Numbers" when it appears in full in the *Nineteenth Century*.

With love to all your party, I remain, my dear Norton, affectionately yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To Walter Arnold.*

NEW YORK, *February* 28, 1884.

MY DEAR WALTER—You must not be the only one of my brothers and sisters to whom I have not written during my stay here. The business is nearly at an end. It will not have brought the profit which some people expected, but it will bring a good sum, and has shown me how a really large profit may be made if I come again. But when I once get safe over to the other side, shall I ever bring myself to start on such an errand again? To-day I have to visit the Seminary for training Presbyterian ministers—a speech. Later I have to attend a reception given me by the

Author's Club—a speech again. On Saturday I lecture, and have probably a speech to make besides. On Monday I visit the great training school for school-mistresses, and shall certainly have a speech to make. Besides this, luncheons and dinners to attend every day. Next Wednesday we start for England. . . .

I send you two letters, from which you will see what there is attractive in the intercourse one has with people over here, and what there is the reverse. Mr. Milburn, the writer of the Buffalo letter, is a very able young lawyer who does all the business of the great railway system which centres in Buffalo, and it is a pleasure to have such a letter from such a man. The other man mistakes me for Edwin Arnold, thinks I wrote *Belshazzar*, and writes as you see. He alludes to a speech I made in the two-thirds Ultramontane and one-third Orange Montreal, in which I said that the pretensions of the Catholic Church on the one hand, and the "black Presbyterianism" of the Protestants on the other, hindered the fusion of French and English in Canada; but that I looked to literature for gradually opening and softening men's minds. Some of the Catholics much resented this; the Protestants took it better by far. Quebec is the most interesting thing by much that I have seen on this Continent, and I think I would sooner be a poor priest in Quebec than a rich hog-merchant in Chicago. Things in Egypt seem to have been much muddled. It is characteristic of —— to avert his mind from a thing he does not like, to deal with it by expedients from day to day, and to trust to his speechifying for clearing himself when the break-down comes. I see they propose bringing Irving into Parliament. How like the *silliness* of which, in our politics, we see so much at present. The political sense of the people here seems to be

sounder than with us, and the soundest thing they have. To be sure, it is not confused by such a system of make-believes and conventions as ours. My love to your wife and to your Nelly. Our Nelly has been writing us letters which are perfectly delightful.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

## *To M. Fontanès.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
*April* 2, 1884.

MY DEAR M. FONTANÈS—I was delighted to hear from you, though I do not quite know what you will say to my doctrine about France[1] when you read me in the new number of the *Nineteenth Century*. But I wished for an opportunity to say it, and I had an opportunity given me in America; for it was expedient in that country, where plain truth is not palatable, to lead up to the dangers of America through those of England and France. Tell me what you think of it, and what Scherer thinks of it.

I was extremely interested in Quebec and in the French people there. They came to hear me speak on Literature and Science, gave me an excellent reception, and were pleased at my talking French to them. The Englishman in those parts is apt to be what I call a Philistine, and a Philistine of a hard type; and so is the Yankee too—indeed of a yet harder type than the Englishman. In Montreal I endeavoured to say how much mischief was caused by the jealous Ultramontanism of the French Catholics, on the one side, and the "black Presbyterianism," the narrow Puritanism of the English Protestants, on the other; but this was not agreeable to either of the parties inculpated.

[1] In "Numbers."

I saw and learnt a great deal, but I am not going to write a book. Only, if you will come and see us, I will promise to talk to you about the United States as much as you please. I wish I could hear your "Conference" in Paris!

Mrs. Arnold and Lucy were with me in America, and we all of us remember gratefully the unbounded hospitality and kindness shown to us.—Most sincerely yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To John Morley, M.P.*

COBHAM, *April* 8, 1884.

MY DEAR MORLEY—In spite of your prohibition, I was fully intending to answer your kind letter when the rush of arrears on me had a little subsided. The thought of you, and of one or two others, was often present to me in America, and, no doubt, contributed to make me hold fast to "the faith once delivered to the saints," though, in truth, I have not that talent for "blague" and mob-pleasing, which is a real talent, and tempts many men to apostasy.

I have shaken hands with friends of whom I had never seen or heard, but who are going the same way as myself, and who have found me a help to them for some years past.

It must have been one of these friends who wrote the article for the Sunday issue of the *Boston Herald*—a coarse paper, but perhaps the strongest in America—of which I think you may like to read the full text.

I will send the Emerson. I have not yet read your essay on him—I have read nothing,—but I imagine we are pretty well in sympathy about him.—Ever yours affectionately, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*P.S.*—Under your friend Stead, the *P. M. G.*, whatever may be its merits, is fast ceasing to be *literature*.

### *To the Same.*

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM,
SURREY, *April* 17, 1884.

MY DEAR MORLEY—The enclosed is by a man of great freedom of mind, who was actually a Government official in Munster, and saw with his own eyes things and persons there. He is no longer in the public service, and wants to try his hand at literary work. He had better become a monk, but people do not become monks nowadays.

I sent the second proof of Emerson to my American editor, but I don't think there is much chance of his being able to use it.—Ever yours, M. A.

### *To Henry A. Jones.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
*May* 20, 1884.

MY DEAR SIR—I have been travelling about, or I should have written sooner to you to thank you for the stalls, and to say that there was good writing in *Chatterton*, and good acting in Mr. Wilson Barrett's impersonation of the part, but the thing is too painful. I feel so strongly the defects of a situation where "everything is to be endured, nothing to be done," that I suppressed a dramatic sketch[1] of my own on that account; and though I afterwards restored it at Mr. Browning's request, I restored it for reading only—I would never have restored it for representation.—Very truly yours,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

[1] *Empedocles on Etna.*

*To Charles E. Norton.*

COBHAM, SURREY, *October* 8, 1884.

MY DEAR NORTON—I had a presentiment that you would like the little Isaiah book,[1] but am very glad to hear from yourself that you do. With a book of this kind it is particularly hard to make an impression in England at this moment; the new world thinks it knows all about the matter, and that nothing is to be made of it, and is sick of it; the old world profoundly distrusts the dealings with it of an innovator such as I am, wants no change in its ideas on the subject, and draws its bed-clothes over its ears. But the book will be useful some day, perhaps. *Literature and Dogma*, which the publishers hated cheapening, but of which I insisted on publishing a half-crown edition last winter, has done very well indeed, to their great surprise, and I am going to publish a popular edition of *God and the Bible* this winter. But then these books the new world thinks sufficiently "novel and strange" to be bought, and the new world is getting very large and strong. I shall send you this new edition of *God and the Bible*, because in preparing it for the press I seem to find some chapters in it to be the best prose I have ever succeeded in writing.

You are quite right in saying that the influence of poetry and literature appears at this moment diminishing rather than increasing. The newspapers have a good deal to do with this. The *Times*, which has much improved again, is a world, and people who read it daily hardly feel the necessity for reading a book; yet reading a book—a good book—is a discipline such as no reading of even good newspapers can ever give. But literature has in itself such powers of attraction that I am not over anxious about it.

[1] *Isaiah of Jerusalem.* 1883.

Lowell's address[1] at Birmingham is full of good things, and the *Times* is loud in its praise. But here again I feel the want of body and current in the discourse as a whole, and am not satisfied with a host of shrewd and well-wrought and even brilliant sayings.—Believe me affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To his Son.*

GRAY HOUSE, DUNDEE,
*October* 28, 1884.

MY DEAREST DICK—The lecture[2] did very well—the Kinnaird Hall crammed; they say there were 2500 people, but I think there were about 2000. There was no one in the audience whom I cared to please as I cared to please you and Ella,[3] but the attention was very deep, and was kept up to the end, and in all that great assembly there was no shifting about or restlessness. You seem to have written a charming letter to mamma, from whom I have heard to-day. I am come into Mr. Small's office in Dundee, four or five miles from Gray House, the old place of Lord Gray, the Scotch peer, which Mr. Small hires. The estuary of the Tay, on which the house looks, is very beautiful, and the whole district is full of fine seats and woods in all their autumn colour. I am to see the new University here, and a church, and the main street, and then I am to go out by train to Megginch Castle to lunch with the Drummonds. Lucy knows who they are. Later in the afternoon Mr. Small is to call for me in a carriage, and take me home by Rossie Priory, Lord Kinnaird's. Gray House is very comfortable—fires warm and dinner good. But no fires could warm

[1] On Democracy.
[2] On "Literature and Science," delivered at Dundee, October 27, 1884.
[3] His son's wife, daughter of Dr. Ford of Melbourne.

me better, and no dinners could suit me better, than the fires and dinners at 243 Upper Brook Street, Manchester.[1] I had a cold journey to Wigan, and on the platform there it was windy and dismal. They told me at the booking-office there was no chance of a berth in a sleeping-car, but when the train came up the guard of the Perth carriage told me he had one. He threw open a door, and revealed a pursy man on his back in bed, close to whom I should have had to lie. I said No thank you, and tumbled into an empty first-class carriage, where I soon made myself a nest. Tell Ella her cap and cloud were invaluable; I don't know which was most important. At Carlisle a German merchant got in, and established himself on the other (the windy) side of the carriage; after that we were undisturbed. I slept brokenly, but I got a fair allowance of sleep altogether. At Stirling (7 A.M.) I pulled up the blinds just in time to see the long line of the Grampians, clothed half way down with snow, shining in the morning light like the line of the Alps seen from Turin. The peak of Schiehallion was like Monte Viso. Sunday's rain had filled the rivers, and they came foaming and tumbling along—the first time this year I have seen them behaving in this proper manner. I breakfasted at Perth, and got to Invergowrie at ten. Mr. Small's carriage met me, and when I got to the house (one of those long, low old Scotch houses with endless windows in front) I had a bath, shaved and dressed, and was all right. To-night there is a dinner-party, and to-morrow I go quite early. They stop the train for me at Invergowrie, I catch the fast train at Perth, and reach Leeds by the train we settled.

Now I must stop.—I am always, my darling boy, your own most loving PAPA.

[1] His son's house.

## *To A. Mackay.*[1]

WHARFESIDE, BURLEY IN WHARFEDALE,
LEEDS, *November* 3, 1884.

MY DEAR SIR—Your letter and cheque have just reached me here. You have sent me too much, and, if we had come to our settlement when we met in Dundee, I should only have accepted the price of my railway ticket from London and back. However, I do not know what the excess actually is, so I am going to give myself the benefit of my ignorance, and to keep your cheque.

I had an excellent audience, and a most kind reception. I am bound to feel grateful to Dundee, because a number of young teachers, when I was comparatively unknown and my books were dear, clubbed together to buy them. Many thanks for the kind expressions in your note. I hope we may some day meet again. —Most faithfully yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## *To Henry A. Jones.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
*December* 23, 1884.

MY DEAR SIR—I went to see *Saints and Sinners*, and my interest was kept up throughout, as I expected. You have remarkably the art—so valuable in drama—of exciting interest and sustaining it. The piece is full of good and telling things, and one cannot watch the audience without seeing that by strokes of this kind faith in the middle-class fetish is weakened, however slowly, as it could be in no other way.

I must add that I dislike seduction-dramas (even in

[1] Secretary to the "Armitstead Trust," founded by George Armitstead, M.P. for Dundee.

*Faust* the feeling tells with me), and that the marriage of the heroine with her farmer does not please me as a *dénouement.*

Your representative middle-class man was well drawn and excellently acted.—Very truly yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

### *To his Son*

LONDON, *February* 24, 1885.

MY DEAREST DICK—On Sunday I was unable to write either to your Aunt Fan or you, for in the afternoon, my time for writing, I was making calls, and was kept so long that I could write no letters afterwards. To-night I am going to dine with Lord Rosebery, and shall perhaps hear something about the Australian offers of help,[1] as he is so great a friend to the colonists. I do not wonder that you and Ella have been pleased at the offers and at the notice of them by the newspapers. Every one is blaming Lord Derby's stupid way of treating them, though it is said he does not really mean to decline them, but only to ask for a little time to see exactly what will be wanted. I am afraid that, as the hot weather comes on, the force in Egypt will waste very fast, and we shall want all the men we can get. About Herat and the Russian advance people to-day seem to be reassured. But the times are very anxious, and I do not think the present Government are good people for dealing with them.

Mamma and Nelly make constant expeditions together, sallying out generally on foot, and returning in a hansom. This is the most convenient situation we have ever been in; Eccleston Square is our only difficulty; in general, every place one wants to go to seems quite at hand. The other day at Grillon's I

[1] In the Soudan.

sate next Lord Northbrook, who has excellent fishing on the upper Itchen. He asked me if I would come down there with him some day and try it; so, unless he forgets his proposal, there is some more Hampshire fishing for me—the best trout-fishing, I think, in the world. Mamma will perhaps have told you that a new edition of my poems is called for. My love to Ella, and I am always, my dear old Dick, your loving

PAPA.

## *To his Elder Daughter.*[1]

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
*February* 24, 1885.

MY DARLING CHILD—A beautiful day with a bright sun and a south-west wind. What an awful spell of weather they seem to be having in America! We thought much of you yesterday—it was your afternoon. I wish I could have looked in at it; but we rather pity you for your incessant luncheons and day business. It is a sign of real civilisation when the world does not begin till 8 P.M. and goes on from that to 1 A.M.—not later. I hope you will gradually form your own habits, and that you will neither give up walking nor give up reading. Keep always something going besides the mere novel of the hour. You know what pleasure your turn for reading always gave me, and you will find the resource more and more precious. They are bringing out *Junius* at Wilson Barrett's theatre, and I need not say I have been asked to attend the first representation and to write a page of "Old Play-Goer" about it. I have refused. In the first place we dine out that night; in the second the play

[1] Married to F. W. Whitridge of New York.

cannot be very good, or Bulwer would have brought it out in his lifetime. If it is poor I should not like to do execution upon it, as Bulwer was always so studiously kind to me. . . . Knowles has just stepped in and asked us to dine with him to meet Lord Acton, and I have accepted. Lord Acton is here so little, and I like him so much. To-night I dine with Lord Rosebery. On Sunday at Lady Reay's I was introduced to Lady Garvagh, and talked to her a long while; she made herself very pleasant. Lady Reay spoke sweetly of you, my darling. Last night we dined with Lord Coleridge and met Lord and Lady Feilding. You remember her as that pretty Miss Clifford; and she is as sweet-mannered as she is pretty. Nearly every day, Miss Lu, I go home to luncheon and take the dear man[1] his round in Hyde Park afterwards; he quite expects it, and is the best of boys. I did not take him to Cobham last Saturday, but all the coming Saturdays I shall take him. Next Saturday mamma is coming with me. . . . It is a pleasant walk to the Cobham Station for the 5.7 train. You will find it makes quite a change as to the labour of getting to and from London. I am to be painted by Weigall for Mr. Knowles, who is making a collection of his chief contributors; there will at last be as many portraits of me as of Rubens's wife. Do not forget the Delafields. Are you not much pleased with the offers of service made by the Colonies? It is pretty to see Ella's pride and delight in them. Your letters are delightful, my child. I always cry when they are read to me; but 't is a happy cry.—Your own loving PAPA.

[1] Dachshound.

### *To John Morley, M.P.*

7a MANCHESTER SQUARE,
*March* 2, 1885.

MY DEAR MORLEY—I am losing sight of you, which is very bad. But we are here for a few weeks, and I don't know when we may be here again. Can you come and dine with us next Monday, the 9th, at eight, to meet a Montrealer who was very kind to me in Canada, and who is all with you and Goldwin Smith, and against Forster, on the Federation Question? You will also meet Browning and the Gosses. Do snatch two or three hours from the "Thyestëan banquet"[1] in Palace Yard, and give us all the great pleasure of seeing you again.—Ever yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

### *To his Elder Daughter.*

LONDON, *March* 17, 1885.

MY DARLING CHILD—This morning I have your letter to console me for being left alone—mamma and Nelly having gone down yesterday to East Grinstead. They come back to-day, and your dear letter will delight their eyes when they come in. . . . I think we dine out more than ever: we have not a single free evening till Passion Week. Yesterday we had four invitations to dinner arrive in the course of the day, not one of which we could accept. Of course it is a great pleasure to take Nelly about; she enjoys it so much. Mamma and I constantly say to

[1] "We are now on the point of commencing what Arminius, with his fatally carping spirit, called our 'Thyestëan banquet of claptrap';—we are on the eve of the meeting of Parliament."—*Friendship's Garland.*

each other: "Lucy would be pleased with her dress to-night"; and then we add: "and if we could have seen Lucy herself come into the room!" Nelly dined with us at the Pascoe Glyns on Saturday, and went to the Ripons afterwards, looking her very best and making herself her very pleasantest. On Sunday I went to Aston Clinton; they always ask much about you there. It was a large party this time: Sir Nathaniel, the Roseberys, the Marjoribankses (she is Lord Randolph Churchill's sister), Arthur Balfour and Reginald Brett, and a young Ferguson, member for Ross-shire. Lord Rosebery is very gay and "smart," and I like him much. I have promised to go to the Durdans, near Epsom, which he likes much the best of all his places; it is very small. Lady Rosebery produced, for me to write in, an interesting autograph-book she has just set up, beginning with the Queen, who has written Tennyson's stanza "'Tis better to have loved and lost," in her very best and boldest hand. Then the Prince of Wales has written a long rigmarole out of a French author about l'amour; the Princess, "Plus penser que dire," and "Plutôt mourir que changer"; each of the Princesses a sentiment and the two Princes —that of Prince George being: "Little things on little wings bear little souls to heaven." Gladstone has written a verse from Wordsworth; Lord Salisbury, "Ich bin der Geist der stets verneint" (Mr. Whitridge will tell you what it means, but learn German), from *Faust*. Lord Granville some very poor verses; Millais a capital impromptu. Altogether the book much amused everybody. . . . To-night we dine with Admiral Maxse. To-morrow we have a young party here; the Star Bensons for chief; but I have asked Pigott the Licenser as a second old death's-head beside mine. On Saturday we dine at the Arthur Hobhouses, and have Lady Hayter's second party afterwards. Nelly likes

these crushes better than anything. Now I must stop.—Always, my own precious child, your most loving PAPA.

*To the Same.*

COBHAM, *April* 28, 1885.

MY DARLING LUCY—I had your long letter, and as sweet as it was long, yesterday evening; never imagine that I mind about your not writing direct to me, but still this was a beautiful letter. I have a letter from Major Pond to ask what I am going to do; I am waiting to hear from you, but I think from what you say to Dick that you are dropping the intention of coming over this year. But we shall be guided by your decision. We have beautiful weather, and I have just been making one of those rounds of mine in the garden which you so well remember. The blossom is a sight of beauty this year on the fruit trees, and I hope there will be some fruit. Dew and I are diligently following the treatment laid down in the pamphlet Mrs. Lushington gave me, and I hope it will answer; certainly the bloom seems finer on the trees to which the treatment is applied than on those to which it is not. In another week the lilac will be out, and a week after that, the broom and the laburnum. It is a heavenly moment of the year in England, certainly. I took the dear dogs the Burwood round yesterday. I got back from London at four, having walked from the station. Both dogs were sitting in the passage with their eyes intent on the hall door, in despair at the day slipping by without their walk, Miss Lu. You may imagine their delight. Max is now no trouble to me whatever; when we enter Burwood at the further lodge Kai is always put in the chain. As we went along that pretty walk under the

chestnuts the cuckoo was so loud and so close that Max was fairly puzzled and stood still; at that moment a squirrel seemed to rise out of the ground at our feet, and ran up one of the trees. Kai strained and tugged, but I had him in the chain; Max was so absorbed by the cuckoo that he never perceived the squirrel. I should have liked to have seen your gray squirrels building; I thought them beautiful creatures, and quite as interesting as ours. . . . My love to the Butlers when you see them.—Always, my darling child, your own loving PAPA.

*To his Son.*

COBHAM, *Sunday* (*May* 1885).

MY DEAREST DICK—I hoped to have heard definitely about Chenies before writing to you; I think, however, Lord Tavistock will give me two days in Whitsun week.

I had been having a horrid pain across my chest, and on Friday mamma carried me to Andrew Clark, who has put me on the strictest of diets for one week—no medicine, but soup, sweet things, fruit, and, worst of all, all green vegetables entirely forbidden, and my liquors confined to one small half-glass of brandy with cold water, at dinner. I am to see how this suits me. He thinks the pain is not heart, but indigestion. At present I feel very unlike lawn tennis, as going fast or going up hill gives me the sense of having a mountain on my chest; luckily, in fishing, one goes slow and stands still a great deal.

I have been down at Exeter to inspect the Training School there, and stayed with Lawley at Exminster, where the Exe becomes a tidal river. There are some salmon, but nothing else. The county is pleasant, but

not, to me, so pleasant as Surrey. The rains have been very good for the garden, and the new treatment which I have been trying for the fruit trees seems really most successful. I think we are going to have a really great crop of pears and plums; you know, we have not had any to speak of hitherto. It is a great amusement to watch the trees and see the blossom setting. The treatment consists in administering guano while they are flowering; this enables them to resist cold, and gives them strength to set their fruit. I send you rather a nice note I have just had from a young Catholic priest; you may burn it when you have read it. My love to dear Ella.—Your ever loving

PAPA.

*To his Elder Daughter.*

COBHAM, *Whitmonday* (1885).

MY DARLING—It is a long while since I wrote to you, but you will know how you have been in our minds and on our tongues. Your husband is an angel, but he must come over for the last month, or your visit will not be quite enjoyed by us with a good conscience. I send you a note I have had this morning from Coleridge, which will show you that he is doing honour to your recommendation and entertaining your friends. We will get them down here, too; but, of course, the Coleridge visit is the more important.

Well, my darling, and now I look at things about the place I say, This must be put right before Lucy comes. It is a beautiful year, the first year that we have had the lilac and laburnum in glory. And such crops of pears! The strawberries are good too, and you will be just in time for them, I hope. We are off this

afternoon, mamma and I, for Chenies, where Dick and Ella are to meet us. . . . Mamma will drive Ella over to show her Harrow, and Dick and I shall fish. Lord Tavistock has hitherto given no leave at all this May, so I expect the fishing will be good. The weather is showery, as is right, but I wish it were warmer. . . . I have got to like Mrs. Charles Lawrence very much. I dined there on Friday, and took Lady Hayter in to dinner—beautifully dressed as usual. We dine on the 3rd of June with the Archbishop of Canterbury,[1] which I always think a gratifying marvel, considering what things I have published. I cannot get rid of the ache across my chest when I walk; imagine my having to stop half a dozen times in going up to Pains Hill! What a mortifying change. But so one draws to one's end. My love to your husband, and tell him he is to mind and comply with the injunctions in my letter. —Your own loving and expecting PAPA.

*To M. Fontanès.*

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM,
SURREY, *July* 18, 1885.

MY DEAR M. FONTANÈS—I have been sending you my *Discourses in America*,[2] and that brings to my mind that I ought to have written to you long since. But I am finishing my business in the Education Department, previous to resigning my office there, and I have been more than usually busy in consequence. But directly I saw the *Life of Gordon* I said to myself that here was the book for you. It is badly

[1] Dr. Benson.

[2] The year before his death Matthew Arnold told the editor of these Letters that *Discourses in America* was the book by which, of all his prose-writings, he should most wish to be remembered.

edited, but it is full of interesting things, and it has for its subject a man who has struck the imagination of all people. In a superior redaction, and with much omitted, a fascinating book might be made out of the bulky and inconvenient publication which people here are reading, certainly, but are grumbling at while they read it, and asking themselves how it can be that a book about Gordon does not interest them more.

Have you seen a book by a certain Professor Henry Drummond, called *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, which has had an astonishing success over here? The best public, perhaps, does not much care for it; but the second best, all the religious world, and even the more serious portion of the aristocratical world, have accepted the book as a godsend, and are saying to themselves that here at last is safety and scientific shelter for the orthodox supernaturalism which seemed menaced with total defeat. I should like much to know what you think of the book, though I can hardly imagine its suiting any public but that very peculiar and indirect-thinking public which we have in England. What is certain is, that the author of the book has a genuine love of religion and a genuine religious experience; and this gives his book a certain value, though his readers, in general, imagine its value to be quite of another kind. He is a Scotch Presbyterian, quite unknown until the other day, with pleasing manners, and great success in addressing audiences of working men on the subject of religion.

My American daughter is with us, and she, as well as her mother and sister, sends you her affectionate remembrances.—I am always most truly and cordially yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## *To his Wife.*

DUFFRYN, MOUNTAIN ASH,
SOUTH WALES, *August* 25, 1885.

This must be short because we have been all the morning at the Eisteddfod, and now the girls want me to play lawn tennis before tea, as I am to go out with Lord Aberdare afterwards. I had a very good journey —swarms of people, particularly babies, but all third-class. I had a carriage to myself all the way, except from Carnforth to Preston, and my luggage, port-manteau and all, in with me, the guard saying there was no chance of my being disturbed. I had to change at Crewe and Shrewsbury. There is nothing on the journey more beautiful than the passage at Church Stretton between Caer Caradoc and the Long Mynd, which you have seen; but it is a pleasing country all the way, and the Welsh valleys and rivers, with the high viaducts spanning them, very interesting. There were traces of rain from Abergavenny onwards; they had a little rain yesterday morning, and much the day before; to-day it is beautiful. This valley is beautiful, and the house and grounds so placed that the mines and houses of miners do it no harm; but the population swarms, it is really one street from here to Aberdare, four miles. . . . Lord Aberdare is a dear, and so is a little French dog, Patou, with whom I have made great friends. This morning we all drove into the Eisteddfod, and heard Sir G. Elliot's address; it was all rather dull, but I got off speaking by saying I would only speak once, and *that* they wished should be on Thursday, the chief day. They want me to stay till Monday, but I shall not. My love to Fan and all, and kisses to the sweet girls. Tell Nelly I am still shocked when I think of the farewell her laziness obliged me to take of her.

*To the Same.*

DUFFRYN, MOUNTAIN ASH,
SOUTH WALES, *August* 26, 1885.

I am ashamed to think of the poor scrap I sent you yesterday, when I look at the charming long letter I have from you to-day. Lord Aberdare says he cannot quite forgive me for not bringing with me a wife and daughter—*a wife at the very least*, and I am sure this is a place and family you would like. As for Patou, he is angelic; but he must be reserved for our meeting. It is hard to find time to write, one's day is so laid out; and perhaps one of the healthiest things in visiting is that one's day is thus laid out and one has no time for doing more than what one's hosts mean one to do. After I wrote to you yesterday, I had some very good lawn tennis with three of the girls, and then after tea a beautiful walk with Lord Aberdare and another of the girls along the side of the beautiful mountain opposite. Then Miss Napier and two of the girls went to the Eisteddfod concert, and we dined without them. I send Fan the ivy-leaved campanula, which grows in quantities on the mountain where we walked yesterday. All the country has a softness and foreignness which are not English, and the plants would be very interesting if one had but more time to look for them. On the whole, I did more yesterday, and did it easier, than I have done since I was first visited by this pain. I was a little tired, but the cool champagne at dinner brought me quite round. We have been again at the Eisteddfod this morning; I had to make a little speech to second the vote of thanks to the president, because, it appeared, he wished it. The people here receive me so well that it wonderfully takes off from the difficulty of speaking. The audience is certainly

a wonderful sight, and, I shall always think, does credit to the country which can produce it. It was much fuller to-day than yesterday, and will be much fuller to-morrow than to-day, because the shops in Aberdare are to be closed early. Lord Aberdare wants me to stay till Monday, in order to go to Llanthony Abbey on Saturday. If he could have gone there on Friday, I think I should have stayed till Saturday; but he has to attend the Friday sitting of the Eisteddfod, so I shall come home on Friday, as at first intended.

### *To his Elder Daughter.*

COBHAM, *Tuesday, October* 6, 1885.

MY DARLING LUCY—Yesterday morning while I was dressing, mamma broke in with the telegram announcing your safe arrival at New York. We had very stormy weather here on Friday and Saturday, and though of course we knew it might be different over there, still the howling wind could not but make us feel anxious. I was at Mentmore on Friday, on the top of a hill, where the raging of the wind was fully felt; I kept constantly thinking of you. And now we are longing to hear of your voyage, and how you are. If you arrived on Saturday *morning*, you took exactly the same time as we took, when we went out in the *Servia*, if later in the day, you took longer. . . . I had a pleasant visit at Mentmore: the house is splendid, and not only splendid but the perfection of comfort. Lord Rosebery is a great man for books and reading, not a mere politician, and this makes him much more interesting. He asked me to go down to Dalmeny, where he is to receive Gladstone in the latter part of this month; but I have promised to do "Sainte-Beuve" for the *Encyclopædia Britannica* by the end of the month, and these

visits, though in many ways pleasant and profitable, are fatally distracting. I am not going to Knowsley either, where Lady Derby has asked me. Lord Spencer was at Mentmore—very pleasant. He told me Lady S. had lost by death her beloved Dachs, and he had been in hopes she would never have another dog—her heart got so knit to them; however she has got another. Next week I have to go to Oxford for three days to inspect a training school—that I shall like; and if the Warden of Merton asks us, I shall take mamma and Nelly with me. I think Oxford is still, on the whole, the place in the world to which I am most attached. Take all possible care of your dear self, and so you will best please your fondly loving PAPA.

*To Miss Arnold.*

COBHAM, *Sunday, October* 18, 1885.

MY DEAREST FAN—To-morrow I begin inspecting again, but it will be light, as several of my schools are taken by Sharpe. I have been for three nights at Oxford this last week, staying at Corpus in the perfection of comfort; Fowler, the President, is a bachelor. The house is as pleasant and cheerful a one as —— is the reverse. I dined at the Oriel Gaudy on Thursday, and met two bishops, Stubbs and Wordsworth; the other two nights there were people to dinner in Corpus. I saw many things I had never seen before: the Corpus plate which is unique in Oxford, not having been melted down for Charles the First; the library which is full of treasures; the long record of papa's admission as a scholar in presence, as the fashion then was, of a notary public; the spoons given by papa when he left the College—these and a mustard-pot given by Keble are now put aside as

curiosities and not brought into use; finally, papa's rooms, which had formerly been Bishop Jewell's. The college is a most interesting one; its founder, Bishop Fox, who had accumulated a large sum to found a convent of monks, was warned by the King's ministers that monks had had their day and that property left for their benefit would not be safe, so he founded a college for learning instead—at the very beginning of the sixteenth century. Much was said at Oxford about my coming forward for the Chair of Poetry, and I believe a requisition will be sent to me. On Friday I got out to Hinksey and up the hill to within sight of the Cumner firs. I cannot describe the effect which this landscape always has upon me—the hillside with its valleys, and Oxford in the great Thames valley below. The pears are now coming in in good earnest; why are you not here to help eat them?—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

*To his Son.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
*October* 19, 1885.

MY DEAREST DICK—You say you are told nothing from home. I am just back from the Office, where the authorities had sent for me to ask if I would go to Berlin and Paris to get information for them as to Free Schools. I should like it very much, because on one of these official tours one has the opportunity of learning so much. They have to get the consent of the Treasury, but Lord Cranbrook is certain of obtaining that; and by the beginning of November I shall be off, as they want my report at Christmas, that they may acquaint themselves with the facts before Parliament meets. Won't this be news for mamma and Nelly

to-night? I shall go to Berlin, which is an expensive and not delightful place, by myself; and then I hope they will meet me in Paris. I shall not be away more than six weeks. Then at Christmas you and Ella will come to us, which will be delightful. I like to hear of your going out shooting: I think you did very well indeed, though I myself find partridges easier to hit than pheasants. . . . I had a delightful three days at Corpus, staying with the President; it is a college I greatly like. I went alone up the Hinksey hillside towards Cumner Hurst, and enjoyed it more than I can say. I hope your pears will turn out well; they want watching. Ours are delightful. The dear men[1] would send their love, Mr. Dick, if they knew I was writing; they took the Redhill round with me yesterday, and were patterns. My love to dear Ella.—Your own ever loving PAPA.

*To his Elder Daughter.*

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM,
SURREY, *October* 27, 1885.

MY DARLING LUCY—I have just got Miss Butler's letter. Give her my love when you see her, and tell her that there was affection in my message to her, and in all my messages to her there will be affection. I was delighted to hear from her. I have had a charming note, too, from Fannie Coddington, and another from Bessie Marbury. I constantly find myself thinking with pleasure of once more seeing both the friends I have on the other side the Atlantic and also the country itself. But it seems likely that I shall see the Continent of Europe before I see America, as I think I told you last week. However, I have heard nothing more about it, so I will say nothing more at present except to tell you that I said to mamma the other

[1] Dogs.

morning before I got up: "I have been thinking in the night *how* I shall miss my Lucy in Paris; she is such a perfect companion there." Nelly expects to enjoy it very much; but your knowing French so well and taking so much interest in things gave you a special value as a companion when we were together there. We all agree that Mr. Woodhouse in *Emma* is rather like *me;* in particular, so far as his sayings to and of his daughters are concerned. Mamma will have told you of the requisition from Oxford about the Poetry Professorship. I send you a charming article by Andrew Lang, which appeared in the *Daily News;* and I would send you an equally charming one by Escott which appeared in the *World*, only it seemed to me that the *World* is the one English paper, besides *Punch*, which you all see in America. We have had a beautiful bright day, like an autumn day in America; and the colours are beautiful too, only we want more of the American reds in addition to our yellows; still the Spanish chestnuts, beeches, birches, and hornbeans are lovely pieces of colour. All the morning I was up a ladder gathering the pears, and you should see the baskets of them I brought in. Then I brought in a basket of walnuts; and to-morrow at dessert (we have Admiral Maxse, the Combes, and the Helmes at dinner) we shall have grapes, pears, and walnuts of our own growing. Dear Max has been very rheumatic, but is better this morning. While I was gathering the pears he was all the time worrying round the cucumber frame where the yellow cat now establishes himself for warmth, uttering a deep "beuglement" and vainly endeavouring to get in; Kai, seated on the path close by, regarding him with astonishment and asking me by his looks: Is he beside himself?

My love to Fred.—Ever, my darling girl, your own loving PAPA.

*To the Same.*

COBHAM (*November* 1885).

MY DARLING CHILD— . . . What does Fred say to the astounding attack made by the *New York Times* on Whitelaw Reid? It has been telegraphed over here. The *New York Times* was the paper they told us was their best—the Butlers took it in. Imagine our *Times* writing in this way about the editor of the *Standard!* Say what Carnegie and others will, this is the civilisation of the Australian Colonies and not of Europe —distinctly inferior to that of Europe. It distresses me, because America is so deeply interesting to me, and to its social conditions we must more and more come here; but *these* social conditions! All this for Fred. I have a long and gloomy letter from Milburn, at Buffalo, too. But here things are breaking up, and all the politicians in their multitude of speeches never say one word which shows real insight, one word for the mind to rest upon; so the prospect is not very cheering here, either. I start to-morrow morning. Cardinal Manning has given me letters to the Archbishop of Cologne, who is to put me in communication with the Catholics in North Germany, that I may hear other than official accounts of the schools. All this will be very interesting, and I am told that I am going at just the right time for Berlin, and that it has grown into a much finer and most brilliant place in the last six years. We shall see. I did not care for it in 1865. I have a letter for an old country gentleman, Count Canitz, in Silesia, where I hope I shall go for a day or two and see real old German rural life. Then I go to Dresden, then perhaps to Munich, then to Berne, Zurich, Lucerne. . . . From the 22nd of December to the 4th or 5th

January we shall be here, and then mamma, Nelly, and I shall go together to Paris till the end of the month. I daresay the American papers will have told you about the Oxford professorship, and how 400 undergraduates followed up the memorial of the heads and tutors with a memorial of their own. Every one is very kind as one grows old, but I want my Lucy. How I wish you could eat the Marie Louise pears! they are a perfect success. My love to Fred.—Your ever fondly affectionate PAPA.

## *To his Wife.*

KAISERHOF, BERLIN, *November* 14, 1885.

I rather hoped to find a letter from you last night, or at least to have had one to-day, but I have not. I found a letter from Fan waiting for me, but have had no other. I sent you a post-card from Calais, and wrote to you from Cologne; and hope to send a letter regularly every other day. After I wrote to you from Cologne, I had supper and went to bed. The six o'clock *table d'hôte* of Cologne I could not stand, so what do you think of the four o'clock *table d'hôte* here—unless one goes every night to the theatre, what an impossible dinner hour! I went early to bed, was called at seven, had the breakfast you like—good coffee and a roll—and was off at half-past eight. A dull, foggy morning, but Cologne is a beautiful place, and I should like to be a couple of days there with you. The journey to Berlin is long, because the country is thoroughly dull, except a little bit of Westphalia, and of the one or two interesting towns one passes—such as Düsseldorf, Dortmund, Hanover—one sees nothing. I had a carriage to myself, but at Dortmund two Germans, wealthy merchants I should think, got in.

My enjoyment of the day was gone, because when they very civilly asked me if I minded their smoking (there are no absolutely non-smoking carriages except for ladies) I felt bound to say no, and they smoked incessantly, and bad tobacco. However, I kept a bit of window open, and read a great deal; talking enough to them in German (for neither of them spoke any French or English) to convince myself that my German has become, as I told you, shocking. We reached Berlin at half-past eight. It was so dark that when we crossed the Elbe an hour or so before Berlin, I could not see it. At Berlin I had no difficulty, for all is well organised. I got a porter and a *Droschke*, and came to this splendid hotel. I have a very good bedroom on the second floor. The hotel is on the Ziethen Platz, very near the Unter den Linden, and I look out partly on the Mohren Strasse, partly on a church—a very good look-out. Then I unpacked my things and went to bed. I bought *Sapho* at the Calais station, and shall keep it for you. The *data* of the book are, of course, shocking, and deserve all that is said against them; still the book is one of Daudet's very best, perhaps actually his best, and extremely interesting. I have been reading the *Odyssey* to-day to take the taste out of my mouth, still Daudet imagines his book to be full of "morality" (he dedicates it to "My sons at twenty"), and some sort of morality it really has. However, reading it in the train had tired my head, and I was glad to get a good long sleep. I was up at eight, breakfasted in the restaurant on *chocolate* (very good here) and a roll, for coffee does not suit me and the tea is sad stuff. Then I went out and did my Berlin, which has become what is called a very fine city indeed. Exactly what —— misses in New York it has in perfection—the finish, care, and neatness; but it is, alack! as new as

New York, for the typical houses of old Berlin are gone, or are disappearing.

*To the Same.*

BERLIN, *Sunday* (*November* 1885).

I said I should not write to-day, but I shall scratch a line every day if I can; the more so if I have such delightful letters to thank you for as yours of this morning. I will write to my Nelly to-morrow. I don't want you to feel bound to write every day; it is so different when one is in a new place and has always a sort of journal to send; but do not harass your sweet self to write when you are pressed with other things. I shall always understand when I do not hear. I have seen Sir Edward Malet, and like him. Lord Rosebery had written to him about my seeing Bismarck, but Bismarck is not here, and will probably not be here while I am; he does not come even for the meeting of Parliament. I expect to-morrow Sir E. Malet will get his answer from the Foreign Office here, to which he has written for an introduction to the Education Minister for me; and then I shall be able to get to work. You would very much enjoy this place, and I should enjoy it much more if you were here to enjoy it with me. The troops are splendid: Sir E. Malet said it is a constant pleasure to look at them; and so it is. Not the least swagger or ferocity—on the contrary, a generally quiet, humane look; but such men and such discipline! I like the looks of the officers too; the club is full of them, and all in uniform. After I had written to you yesterday evening I went down and dined at the restaurant in discomfort, for a great fête to Rubinstein was coming on and everything was upset. The Berlin Philharmonic gave it. It began with a concert, at which all the best musicians of

Berlin helped. This was in the next room to the one where I dined, and ladies were perpetually passing through in full dress, followed by a maid with a bundle; the bundle was to convert them into proper subjects for the *bal costumé*, which was to begin, after supper, at eleven. I suppose you and Dick would have enjoyed the music, of which while I dined I had the full benefit. After dinner I went out into the streets for peace. I was not at all disturbed at night—this house is so large and well built; but indeed the ball ended soon after one.

*To Lady de Rothschild.*

KAISERHOF, BERLIN, *November* 14, 1885.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—I actually started from the Athenæum, before I left London, to call in Grosvenor Place, but I was stopped on the road, and then it was too late. I think I should have persevered had I been sure of finding you, but I knew it was three chances to one you would be at Aston Clinton. But I wished you to know of this impulse, at any rate; it is much too long since I saw you or heard of you.

I am here because the Government wanted exact information as to school fees and one or two other points in the German school system. It is very interesting; but it is twenty years since I was in Germany, and my German is shocking. My latest preparation for calling a *Droschke*, or ordering my luncheon, was reading Ewald on the prophet Zachariah. However, it will come in time, but I think with envy of the beautiful clever German I heard poor Leonard Montefiore[1] talking to Madame Norman Neruda. If you have any friend here whom you would like me to

[1] See p. 119.

see, send me a line. I shall be here for a fortnight. This town has grown into a very handsome one since I was here last; but interesting it is not, and cannot well be, perhaps. The Embassy, from Sir E. Malet downwards, are most kind. Two of the attachés have published poetry, so you may imagine there is a sort of fellow feeling.—Ever, dear Lady de Rothschild, affectionately yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

### *To his Younger Daughter.*

BERLIN, KAISERHOF, *November* 18, 1885.

MY DARLING NELLY—I have your charming long letter this morning. I wrote to mamma yesterday, so must write again to you to-day. Again a bright, cold day, without wind; the finest winter weather possible. I like to hear all you tell me about the weather and garden at home. The official people here are slow in moving. I have been to see the Director of the Division for Elementary Schools at the Ministry to-day; very civil, and happily he speaks French, though bad French. But he can hardly bring himself to understand that one is in a hurry, or that one is not going to give a month to Berlin alone. However, I do hope to see something in the way of schools to-morrow. I am to have documents sent me to-night, and a showman chosen for me. I want, if possible, to get away from here to-morrow week, as I find I must go to Munich; and a week at Dresden, a week at Munich, and ten days at Zurich and Lucerne will take me right up to Christmas. It very much interests me trying to improve myself in speaking German, as I really have a very large vocabulary, which is the great thing. But the usual forms of talk are strange to me, from having known the language by books only. I am now waiting for

Rennell Rodd, who is to call for me and take me to Mrs. Pendleton's. After that I come home, and take my lesson of my elderly German teacher. Then I get a cup of tea at the café close by, and Rodd and Cartwright call for me to go with them to *The Wild Cats*, a broad, comic piece with songs, at a popular theatre. I am sure this will amuse me more than the opera of *Undine*, or the translation of Shakespeare's *Much Ado about Nothing*, or of the *Duchess of Gerolstein*. We shall have supper at a restaurant after the play, which is over by ten. I find that the young men at the Embassy go to some theatre every night, now that the season has not begun. The season begins about the 18th of January with the Court balls, and goes on till May. The entire absence of late dinners, except under great difficulties, almost obliges the stranger here to go to the theatre; and it is because all the natives have the habit of going there, that the rule of dining early has come to prevail.

*To his Wife.*

CARLSDORF BEI ANGERMÜNDE,
*November* 23, 1885.

I begin this here, but I expect to be called away directly to go with Count Redern to see his school—a little village school with not more than fifty children—a specimen of its class which I shall be glad to see, for, of course, the great town schools are what the officials will chiefly take me to. Count Redern is one of the greatest Prussian proprietors; they say he has £70,000 a year. He has been much in England, for he is very fond of racing, and breeds horses; he was at Newmarket last month only. He has fitted up the interior of the house with every modern convenience, and the Khiva carpets, which he brought from Peters-

burg, would delight you. I write to you from my own salon, a great room with an open fire, but cold, then a large dressing-room, then a larger bedroom, then a bathroom. Fires in bedroom and dressing-room as well as salon. Our party was Count Seckendorff, Cadogan, Rodd, and myself. We started at half-past eight yesterday (Sunday) morning, were met by the Count's carriages at a station about forty-five miles from Berlin, and drove five miles to this place, which we reached for luncheon at eleven. The Count has an English valet, and two English coachmen, and a French cook of great merit. It is a country slightly rolling, with great forests of fir with birch, beech, and oak mixed, and a number of beautiful lakes. We drove out in the afternoon about ten miles to a wooden watch-tower, from which they expected to see red deer. We saw plenty of fallow deer, but no red deer except close to the house, where a few are kept tame; also I saw no wild boar, which I would rather have seen than even red deer; but they keep very close. An admirable dinner, and in the evening they made me repeat some of my poetry, saying it would be an event to remember; I cut it as short as I could. I am very glad to have seen the place, so unlike anything we know; I wish I could have gone to the river Oder, which is only eight miles off. The Count wants me to come back in June, when the woods are in leaf, and the grounds are alive with nightingales. The *soirée* at the Crown Prince's palace was a brilliant affair—about two hundred officers in uniform—very fine men, and I know no uniform which looks better than the Prussian. The Crown Princess came round the circle, and I kissed her hand, as every one here does when she holds it out; she talked to me a long time, and said I must come and see her quietly and comfortably; then the Crown Prince came up and talked for some time;

I never saw a man do his duty to his guests better. I was introduced to Count Herbert Bismarck (very natural and pleasant), and to Rudolf Lindau, who is the chief permanent official at the Foreign Office here; the terrible thing is that you have to wait to the end, and having gone punctually at nine, I did not get away till after midnight.

*Berlin*—6 P.M. I have got back here and found my Nelly's letter; also one from Max Müller sending me introductions to the University people best worth seeing. I dine to-night with the Leveson-Gowers, to-morrow with the Pendletons; Lindau and Seckendorff I am also to dine with this week, and to keep a day for Scott, the first secretary, and also for Sir E. Malet, who returns on Thursday. So I am pretty well filled up. Seckendorff says the Crown Princess will arrange for my seeing, when I go to Dresden, the Saxon royalties, who are very interesting: whether or no she really will, remains to be seen. I wrote to Lucy this morning. I thought she would like to have a letter from a country-house in the Mark of Brandenburg. All the Crown Princess's children were there the other day. Prince Henry, in a naval uniform, looked a charming youth. The great Bismarck is not here. Now I must dress. Take great care of yourself, and give a kiss to my Nelly with thanks for her nice long letter. I am sorry the Forsters are not off to Torquay; I must write to Jane soon. The weather has changed to mild and rainy. I am here till Sunday at any rate.

*To the Same.*

BERLIN, *November* 25, 1885.

I got your long letter last night. I am glad you will now write from Cobham, as I like to get your

letters in the morning; they do me good for the whole day. I am still doing very little in the line of visiting schools, though I have plenty of documents to read, but the slowness about doing things is incredible. I told you I had two men named to me as my pilots, one for town, the other for the suburbs; I pass my life in moving from one to the other; neither is at home except for one hour in the day, and one of them, whom I have just visited at great inconvenience and at some distance, has chosen his home hour to-day for going out to see his doctor. The other I got to at last, and found that he had not yet received his official instructions to take me about; I am to see him again to-morrow. If I can make nothing to-morrow of my inspectors, I shall on Friday go straight to the schools with a letter I have received from the Minister himself, begging all school authorities to admit me. But I should like to have some one to question, like my poor lost Rapet. I was going about so much yesterday that I could not write; after getting this you had better write to the Hotel Bellevue, Dresden, where I go on Monday. Yesterday I wasted my day in trying to see my official guides; but I got my German lesson (very useful) and lunched with my young men at the Embassy. In the evening I dined with the Pendletons—a pleasant dinner. This morning while I was dressing there arrived a tall personage in black to invite me to dine with the "Königlichen Kronprinzlichen Herrschaften"; it was like a play: he mentioned dress and hour and his royal personages, all with the same solemnity. The hour is six and the dress is plain evening dress—which is lucky, as I have no court suit. It is very kind of the Crown Princess to have asked me. I have had a kind letter from Max Müller with notes for Hofman, Zeller, and Mommsen—all men of European reputation, whom one ought to see

while one is here. I saw Hofman last evening—a dear, doggy, cheerful old thing, very fond of England, where he lived some years, and married. Then Zeller, the historian—a thin, sweet-faced, refined, elderly man, to him I had to speak German; Hofman speaks English perfectly. Mommsen, I know, talks French. I am to see him on Saturday probably.

### *To the Same.*

KAISERHOF, *November* 27, 1885.

I was going to write to Nelly, from whom I had a pleasant letter, but I have such a long and sweet one from you this morning that to you I must write. You need not tell me anything from the *Times*, as I see it regularly. It is the only English paper one sees, but this one is found everywhere—in the hotel, at the club, in the Embassy. The elections are, as you say, profoundly interesting.[1] How I wish we could talk about them together!

Yesterday one of my school guides appeared before I was out of bed, and made an engagement to take me to-morrow to a country school near Potsdam. Then I paid a visit to the director of the Elementary Schools in Berlin, and got the names from him of four Elementary Schools to visit. One of them I have seen to-day, and another I shall see on Monday. The other two I shall not be able to go to, but two Berlin schools is quite enough. I am also going to the Crown Princess's Kindergarten. I lunched with the Embassy, and then went with Rodd to the Museum to see the Marbles from Pergamos. They are very fine, but, like the Elgin marbles, a little beyond me. It

[1] The first General Election after the extension of the Suffrage to the Agricultural Labourers began November 23, 1885.

was a black and gloomy day, and while we were in the building on came the snow. I had my German lesson (I am beginning to make a little progress), and then had to dress for the Crown Prince's. None but private carriages are allowed to drive to the door, so I had to stop at the sentry beneath and walk up through the snow. The palace is small, but very cheerful and agreeable. Hofmann, the chemist, who is a favourite with the Crown Prince, was the only other guest. We were shown into a drawing-room, where we were presently joined by the lady-in-waiting. About five minutes afterwards a door was thrown open and the Crown Prince entered in what looked to be a Windsor uniform, but I am told is the evening undress of the Prussian Guards. His two younger daughters were with him, still children. The Princess Victoria followed with her mother, both in high dresses, the young Princesses all white, the mother all black. We went into dinner almost directly, and the Crown Princess put me by her and talked, I may say, all dinner. She is very able and very well informed. . . . After dinner she again made me sit by her on the sofa, and presently the Crown Prince wished Hofmann good-night and came to the Princess and me. He stood leaning on a chair, so of course I got up, on which he crossed his hands over his breast and said, "I entreat you to stay as you are." They were thoroughly pleasant. We talked much of the English elections, and then they said I must hear the telephone, laid on from the Opera. The Prince showed me how to put it to my ears, and I heard every word of the recitative, which was then going on distinctly, and presently the music also. Then the Princess got up and held out her hand and said, "We must see you again before you go to Dresden."—"Oh yes," said the Prince, "we must certainly see you again." I

kissed her hand and shook the Prince's, and then the Princess Victoria came forward and held out her hand, and her two younger sisters followed suit. They then all went out, and the Prince, who went last of them, turned round and shook hands with me again on the top of the stairs. Then I went down into the snow, rejoicing in my "Arctics."

### *To his Younger Daughter.*

BERLIN, *Sunday, November* 29 (1885).

MY DARLING NELLY—I have another letter to thank you for, and I have to thank mamma for one received this morning, which I did not expect. I cannot now write every day, because my days are more and more filled. Yesterday I never got time to look at my newspaper till after twelve at night. I brought my history down to Thursday night. On Friday morning the thaw had come, and it poured with rain. I drove to a great girls' school, and passed the morning there. It was very good, and the slow, distinct speech of the teachers, and the slow, distinct answers which they insist on from the scholars, is a capital lesson in German for me. Yesterday morning I breakfasted in my own room as I got up—a common practice here, where your breakfast is only a cup of coffee and a roll. At nine Dr. Tzyska called for me—a sensible, pleasant man who speaks English, who took me to a country school six miles from Berlin—very interesting. I got back in time to lunch with the young men at the Embassy, and to go to the Reichsrath. Sir E. Malet and the Crown Prince had both told me Bismarck would probably speak. I had a very good place in the diplomatic box. One of the French attachés, seeing a stranger enter, politely insisted on my taking his

place in the front row; and sure enough there was Bismarck on his legs. He is gigantic, and just the face you know from his photographs; but his expression milder, and with more of bonhomie than I had expected. He was in a general's uniform, which surprised me, but I am told he always wears it in the Reichsrath (the word means Imperial Parliament). Just under him, with his hand to his ear to catch what was said, stood Moltke. Bismarck spoke for more than half an hour. He spoke badly, with short, awkward gestures, and dropping his voice. He had a great portfolio of papers, which he perpetually consulted, and read from. He was answered by Windthorst, the Catholic orator, a little old man who is a first-rate speaker. He got far more applause than Bismarck, who spoke again when Windthorst sat down. Then Windthorst in his turn spoke again, and then Bismarck once more rose and was speaking when I had to go away for my German lesson. Then I dressed in a hurry and out to the Chancery, where I had a capital cup of tea with two of my young men who went with me to see *Othello* at the Royal Theatre. Horrid! but I wanted for once to see Shakespeare in German. I afterwards gave them supper at Uhl's, being glad of an opportunity to give something to those who had given me so much, and I think they liked it. . . . This morning I breakfasted with Count Seckendorff at his house close to the Crown Prince's palace. He is kindness itself, and is managing all sorts of things for me both at Dresden and Munich.

To-day it pours with rain; I drove to a great school in the extreme east of Berlin, and stayed there till one, when the school closed; this school-seeing interests me here extremely. I walked till I could get a cab, and then came back here and lunched. Directly after luncheon came a message from Count Seckendorff to

say that the Crown Princess wanted me, if I could, to call upon her at half-past four, so I went across and put off my German master, who was coming at that very time, till six. Then I walked in the rain to the Crown Prince's palace, and was at once taken through a passage filled with books, to her room. I kissed her hand this time both on coming and going, and really she is so nice that to kiss her hand is a pleasure. She said she could not let me go without seeing me again, gave me a chair, and kept me three-quarters of an hour. She is full of the Eastern question, as all of them here are; it is of so much importance to them. She talked too about Bismarck, Lord Ampthill, the Emperor, the Empress, the Queen, the Church, English politics, the German nation, everything and everybody indeed, except the Crown Prince and herself. At last I got up, though I suppose I ought to have waited for her to dismiss me, but I might have been there still; she said I was of course to come and see them if I returned to Berlin; that she regretted they could not take me in here, but that if I ever came when they were at Potsdam they had plenty of room there, and I must stay with them. Then she asked me where I was going to dine to-night, and I am sure would have asked me to dinner if I had not been engaged to dine with the Ambassador. I then went down the beautiful staircase, and allowed my great coat to be put on by a magnificently grown footman, and walked here. I have since had a last lesson from my excellent old man (born in the same year as myself), have paid him and taken leave of him. I see William is in; I am very glad (though I was in no fear about it) and must write to Jane. Now I must really dress; the last time I dined at the Embassy I was late.

*To Miss Arnold.*

HOTEL BELLEVUE, DRESDEN,
*December* 4, 1885.

MY DEAREST FAN—I have just got your letters; this makes three I have had from you since I came abroad, and I have only written to you once, which is too bad! But my day is very full, and I have more letters to write than I expected. I hope that Lord J. Manners will get in for Leicestershire, and the Tory for Westmorland, though I should never myself vote for a Tory; but for the present I wish Lord Salisbury to stay in, the Liberals being so unripe. Lord Salisbury is an able man, and I think he improves and is capable of learning and growing. When one has seen Bismarck one feels the full absurdity of poor ——, transacting foreign affairs with him; and when one hears him, and perceives how earnestly he is putting his real mind to the subject in hand, one thinks of —— pouring out words as the whim may take him, or party considerations render convenient. I heard a very good debate in the Reichstag, but I do not think there is any chance of my having speech with Bismarck; he arrived in Berlin only just before I left it, and it needs arrangement to get him to see new people unless his duty obliges him. I could not possibly ask Sir E. Malet to help in it; in the first place he would decline, as they are all much afraid of Bismarck. Still, if I go back to Berlin, perhaps it will be managed somehow, but by a private channel. I was sincerely glad W. E. F. got in for Bradford, but I was sure he would; the wiser Liberals, if they have any real political sense, will be very strong in this Parliament. I hope they will not unite with the Tories, and will also resist steadily the temptation

of going against their judgment with the Radicals, merely to keep a supposed party together. I am learning a good deal here, and am at last making some progress in speaking German; but much more time is needed for an inquiry of this kind than I have. It is impossible to see more than one school a day, for they all close for good at one o'clock, and the officials do not like one hurrying over a thing, and quite right. Then, too, even more important than seeing the schools, is the ascertaining what people think of the system of payment or non-payment in them, and what is likely finally to be done about it. This is a beautiful place, and cheap still; the best places in the best boxes on the grand tier of the opera cost only six shillings. And the picture gallery, that is an attraction indeed! I was two hours there yesterday, and I found that I had not half done it justice before, having come here straight from Florence, where the galleries are even better. The city has its public buildings partly in the style of Blenheim, partly in that of Bow Church, if you know those monuments; but the effect is very fine; and the town proper is a real German town of high old houses, not like Berlin, a handsomer Bond Street, all new. Then there is the red-brown Elbe, a perfect beauty, pouring through the bridges; and in the distance hills, real hills, the beginnings of the Saxon Switzerland. Good-bye, my dearest Fan.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

I keep wonderfully well, and here, where we have no Minister and no attachés, I go every night to the theatre—hours from seven to nine and a half—to the great improvement of my German.

### *To his Younger Daughter.*

DRESDEN, *December* 10, 1885.

MY DARLING NELLY—This morning I had your letter, so to you I shall write; I wrote to your darling mamma yesterday. Well, I have seen the King! The Prussian minister told me evening dress was *de rigueur*, so after doing a school with my official guide this bitter snowy morning, I came back here at twelve o'clock, and put on evening things and a white tie. I wore also my order, but I was obliged to have in the chambermaid, a red-haired, pleasant-faced girl, to tie it behind for me, which she accomplished with much tittering, and with a lively interest in my making myself *hübsch* (beautiful), because I was going to speak with *der Konig*, and to speak with him *allein*, too! Then I put on over my evening shoes those comforts of my life, my Arctics, and walked through the snow to the Schloss. I was received by a magnificent creature with a silver-gray great-coat with immense fur collar and cuffs and a cane. He led me through endless corridors and sentries to a room where the aide-de-camp was, a tall good-looking man, who was expecting me; he led me through more passages, saying, as we went, that he was glad I spoke German. "But His Majesty speaks English," I said. "Yes," he answered, "but His Majesty is always *genirt* and put out when he is obliged to speak English; he doesn't feel sure about the pronunciation."—"But French?" I suggested. "Oh yes," said my aide-de-camp, in French, "that will do perfectly well," and went on in French himself from that time. He led me into a large bare room, with polished floor, begged me to wait a moment, went through a door, and was seen no more. In a minute or two the King entered, an

elderly-looking man in uniform. He bowed and I bowed lower; he at once began in French, saying the Crown Princess had written to him about me. We went on about schools for some time; then we talked about Prince Thomas,[1] whom he did not know to have actually lived with us, though he knew he was at Harrow; then about politics, then about the dependence of people here upon the State and its officials; then about the English language, and about the *masse* of Americans in Dresden, for the English language as spoken by whom His Majesty expressed his cordial dislike. Then he said how glad he was to have seen me, held out his hand, which I shook, and back he went to his own room. I found my magnificent attendant in the furs waiting for me on the landing, to conduct me to the great door out of the palace—I should never have found it without him. I had again to call in my chambermaid to untie her fastening of my order. I assure you it improves my appearance immensely. For the first time since I have been abroad I felt the unspeakable benefit of my French. My Lucy would have liked to hear me talk it. His Majesty and I talked it in much the same manner, neither of us like Frenchmen, but with perfect fluency and perfect solidity of grammar.—Always your most loving PAPA.

*To his Wife.*

DRESDEN, *December* 10, 1885.

I always reproach myself when I have not written to you or Nelly, but this morning I said to myself: Well, at any rate, *they* had not written either; and now when I come in at one o'clock here is your letter of the 8th. I write at once, that my letter may go by

[1] The Duke of Genoa.

the five-o'clock post; then you will get it on Sunday morning. I was going to Baron v. Canitz's to-day, but the King has sent through Count Dönhof to ask if I can come to him to-morrow at one; of course I stop for this, and have written to Baron v. Canitz to propose coming on Saturday instead. Then I should stay over Sunday with him and go to the regular Lutheran service in a country place; see his village school on Monday morning, and return here at night. I must return here, as Tuesday was the first day I could fix for being taken to a Saxon country school; the inspector for the district round Dresden is to take me. Then on Wednesday the 16th I shall go to Berlin, and after a few days there shall make my way home by Cologne, where I must stop a day to see schools. But some time on Wednesday the 20th I hope to be at home again, and I feel as if I could never leave you any more. The schools here are so good that I am never tired of seeing them. I am interested to find that Lutheranism is very much more alive than I thought; the hymns and Luther's catechism are a great feature in every school; the hymns are the models on which ours are formed, and are better than ours. The catechism, too, is better than Dean Nowell's which we use; but the remarkable thing is the use which is made of the hymns and catechism, as well as of the Bible; the way the children know them and seem to like them, and the way the inspectors examine them. This morning I have been to a school for a higher grade of boys, those who are going to be engineers, merchants, manufacturers, and so on; but it is all part of a system, so it is well to see it all. It would have surprised you to find how well the boys answered in English history—boys in what would with us be the fifth form. This afternoon I am going to an Elementary school; in the evening I

am going to the opera—*La Juive*. We have a Polish lady staying here, short and fat, who is the *prima donna*; she has sung with great success at Warsaw, Milan, and Naples, but the papers here have made unfavourable remarks on her appearance, which greatly distresses her. I have promised to go to-night and applaud her. The librettos in German are so carefully made, and so good, that they are quite another thing from the librettos in English, and are a great help to me in getting through the opera; they interest me, if the music does not. The worst of it is I get out so little, though to be sure the weather is bad for country walks; yesterday we had snow, after a very fine morning, and to-day there is a slight thaw and slush.

*To the Same.*

MITTEL SOHRA, GÖRLITZ,
*Sunday, December* 13, 1885.

I could not write yesterday, so I take a larger sheet to-day. Yesterday morning I left Dresden at ten, bitterly cold, and the Elbe full of blocks of ice and frozen snow; but the snow had ceased falling. It is always warm in the railway carriages—too warm! and if there is a dispute, the railway officials have orders to decide always in favour of *closing* the window. We went through Saxon Lusatia, a pleasant country, but the windows were so frozen, it was hard to see anything of it; past Bautzen, where was one of Napoleon's great battles; a very interesting place full of old buildings, on the Spree, the river of Berlin. Then to Görlitz, a fine place of fifty thousand inhabitants, once the capital of Lusatia, but since 1814 given to Prussia, and included in Silesia. In the carriage was an old gentleman in magnificent furs, with his wife; after a

few words in German he began to talk English, said he was going back to Dresden, and if I was going back too, he wished I would call on him there; that he was H.M. Consul-General at Leipsic, and a member of the Upper House, now sitting at Dresden. He gave me his card, and it was Baron Tauchnitz, the man who has made his fortune by the Tauchnitz editions! He seemed really much interested when he found out who I was, and I am going to see him.

### *To Charles J. Leaf.*

BERLIN, *December* 18, 1885.

MY DEAR LEAF—I was very glad to get your letter here, and we will certainly dine with you on Christmas Day. It is delightful to be looking homewards again; and I shall think it an excellent employment for Sunday to spend it in travelling to Cologne. I have the excuse that it is a day on which schools cannot be seen, and I am so pressed for time that I must give to schools every day I can. What I have seen is most interesting and instructive, and the German schools deserve all the praises given to them. I am never tired of attending the lessons in general, but they make me hear too much music. I send you, for Mrs. Leaf, the programme of a School-music by which I am to be victimised from ten to twelve to-morrow morning. Walter will be interested in hearing that I had more than half an hour's talk with Mommsen this morning; he is quite white, and older than I expected; —in manner, mode of speech, and intellectual quality something between Voltaire and Newman. I believe I am to see the great Reichs-Kanzler to-morrow, but I do not like to say so before the interview really comes off. He is almost inaccessible, but the Crown Princess herself asked him to receive me, and I hear he

has consented. I shall hear to-night at the Crown Princess's, where I am going to a "small" tea at nine o'clock. She has been most extremely and markedly kind to me. I very much like the Crown Prince also—and the girls. I am getting to speak German much better than I did at first, but in the "higher circles" almost every one speaks English, so one does not get practice enough; Prince Bismarck transacts all his business with our Ambassador in English. Now I must stop, and go about school business. I have asked all the Americans I meet about Farrar;[1] they had generally been going to hear him. I am glad his visit has been so successful. My love to Mrs. Leaf and Walter.—Ever yours affectionately,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To Miss Arnold.*

COLOGNE, *December* 21, 1885.

MY DEAREST FAN—Your letter has been sent to Munich, where I have not yet been, and was then sent back to Berlin, where it reached me just as I was starting on my return to England. I have had a very good time, and no ailment except a few hours' face-ache off and on. What I have seen has interested me very much, and makes me wish to see more. To-day, here, I have in the morning seen the vicar of the cathedral and the archbishop, and have passed the afternoon in a free school for poor Catholics. Since that I have dined, and am now really going to start for home, which is delightful. I had meant to sleep at Brussels to-morrow night, but I see no reason for wasting time in doing so, and therefore, though I hate sleeping carriages, I am going to try one once more, and to travel straight through from here to England. I hope to be in

[1] Dr. Farrar had been lecturing in the United States.

London soon after five to-morrow afternoon, and at Cobham in time for dinner. This is my last letter, if all goes well, from abroad. I have telegraphed to Fanny Lucy to say I hope to arrive to-morrow evening. My three days in Berlin were very interesting; I saw the Education Minister, Herr von Gossler, who gave me an account of what was going to happen as to free schooling in Prussia, quite different from what everyone else had given me; I can only suppose that Prince Bismarck has made up his mind that so it shall be, and if he has made up his mind that so it shall be, so it probably will be. He has promised to see me, but his son, Count Herbert de Bismarck, told me he was quite laid up with a varicose vein which has gone wrong, and could not see me till Wednesday or Thursday; I could not wait for that, so I must take Berlin on my way to Munich in February. I was at a small party, at the Crown Prince's, on Friday, where I met Count Herbert de B. The Crown Princess had herself asked his father to see me. She has been quite charming to me, and the Crown Prince also. But what has touched me most has been the devotion of the smart young men at the Embassy. Two of them came to the station to see me off yesterday; and they have all been sweeter than I can say. The weather is splendid, though cold. It is something to cross, as I did yesterday, in one day, two such rivers as the Elbe and the Rhine.

I have just been dining in the very same coffee-room where you and I were together, and I thought of you and of our journey. I am getting on wonderfully with German; I talked it to-day to the Archbishop, who speaks neither English nor French. What a move is this of Gladstone's in the Irish matter![1] and what

[1] Mr. Gladstone's intentions with regard to Home Rule were divulged December 17, 1885.

apprehensions it gives me! . . . —Your ever affectionate 'M. A.

*To the Same.*

COBHAM, *December* 27, 1885.

MY DEAREST FAN—I got your letter from Bristol, and now we have heard from you after your arrival at Torquay. You are excellent in writing. I believe Flu has acknowledged your letter, but I wrote a hasty note myself to send my love to dearest K., and to tell her how full my thoughts are of her and her dear invalid. My work is unusually interesting because it enables me to see and hear so many of the rank and file instead of merely the chiefs, who are all that a foreigner on a mission usually comes in contact with. If I only saw the Minister in Berlin I should report that a system of free schools would certainly be adopted throughout Prussia very shortly; as it is, I very much doubt whether it will be. But the question is being discussed throughout Germany, and this, with the great excellence of the schools, makes it so interesting to be there on an errand like mine. It is odd that while in this extraordinary England no one seems to think of connecting the elementary school question with the question of intermediate schools, though the case is ten thousand times stronger here than there, in Germany the constantly heard argument is: Why is it harder on an artisan with £50 a year to pay 4s. a year for his son's schooling than on an officer or functionary with £150 or £200 a year to pay 40s. a year for his? Lucky country, we might say, where the officer or functionary can get first-rate schooling for his son for 40s. a year, whatever may be done as to relieving other classes! I suppose if they have a Royal

Commission that will at any rate give time for the question to be considered, and Chamberlain and his company will not be able to rush free schools in a session. I must stop. We have four turkeys sent us, and how we should like your help in eating them! The Whitridges have sent us a barrel of Blue Point oysters—but those you don't care about.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

*To M. Fontanès.*

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM,
SURREY, 9 *Janvier* 1886.

CHER MONSIEUR ET AMI—Votre lettre est venue me trouver au fond de l'Allemagne, à Dresde. Je ne vous ai point écrit en réponse, parceque je ne pouvais vous donner les indications que vous avez demandées ; à présent, j'ai mes instructions, et je puis vous dire que nous partons pour Paris le 21 de ce mois ; nous y resterons, j'espère, trois semaines. Nous descendrons à l'Hôtel Romain, rue St. Roch ; nous amènerons nôtre fille, et tous les trois nous serons enchantés de vous serrer la main. Le plus tôt sera le mieux ; il est possible que dans les premiers jours de février j'aie à m'absenter de Paris pour voir quelques écoles de campagne.

Tout ce que j'ai vu en Allemagne m'a extrêmement intéressé. Berlin n'a pas ce qu'ont Paris et Londres, une grande société agréable et cultivée. On a une cour, des fonctionnaires, des militaires, des professeurs ; les professeurs ont dans leur nombre des hommes très distingués, mais ce sont des savants et des spécialistes, à l'écart du monde proprement dit, lequel reste, je le repète, plus borné, plus sec, et beaucoup moins intéressant que le monde de Londres et de Paris. Mais le très bon côté là-bas, le voici : tout le monde apprend son

métier et le pratique consciencieusement. Les écoles méritent parfaitement leur haute réputation. Une chose m'a singulièrement frappé dans les écoles populaires—l'instruction religieuse. Elle y occupe une grande place, elle est obligatoire, elle est très bien donnée, bien que trop dogmatique. Or, on vous dit que les deux tiers des parents, dans l'Allemagne du Nord, sont socialistes et athées ; pourtant, leurs enfants sont soumis à cette forte instruction religieuse, et, qui plus est, ils paraissent la goûter. Ils en garderont certainement quelque chose ; tout cela aura une action conservatrice, et je doute fort que la révolution arrive sitôt en Allemagne, même après qu'on aura perdu Bismarck et l'Empereur Guillaume. Le vrai secret pour préparer les révolutions, c'est de former des générations de Gavroches, n'est ce pas ?

Adieu, cher Monsieur et Ami ; nous causerons de tout cela à Paris. Mille amitiés à Scherer—and believe me—Affectionately yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To Miss Arnold.*

COBHAM, *January* 11, 1886.

MY DEAREST FAN—It is a long time since I have written to you, but really one had no heart to write a common letter when one was in such distress of suspense about William. Now things do really look better for the present. Yesterday I skated, and the Rains Hill Lake in snow and ice was as beautiful as ever. I got on very well, and the skating did not bring on the chest pain : smooth motion does not, but laborious motion—making my way uphill or through snow. I did not skate very long, nor attempt going backwards ; for Fanny Lucy arrived, and soon wanted to go home again, and as her

way took her among some calves of a year old, whom she was pleased to call bisons, and she had the little dog with her, she required an escort. I enjoy my time here very much. I read five pages of Greek anthology every day, looking out all the words I do not know; this is what I shall always understand by *education*, and it does me good, and gives me great pleasure. Then I plunge into my German documents, which I must read more or less, though seeing and hearing is a great deal better. This morning Eliza, in calling us, told me that the water was coming into my dressing-room through the ceiling, the thaw having set in during the night. The water entered at a corner where the books did not matter much, being mainly, as I said to Flu profanely, "a heap of science primers which could be of real use to no mortal soul"; but the room got into a very wet state, and I am not sure I have not caught a little cold from pottering about in it, removing papers and books. I have been very well till now, however, all through this winter; so much clear gain! I send you a note of Rosebery's, with an inquiry for William. He wrote to implore me to come to Mentmore, but I cannot, so I said I would send him *Culture and Anarchy* instead. The preface contains a prophecy which has come quite wonderfully true. If I had time I would write a last political article with the title of *The Nadir of Liberalism.* For all I have ever said of the Liberals calling *successes* not things which really succeed, but things which take with their friends, unite their party, embarrass their adversaries, and are carried—and how very, very far this is, in politics, from true success, has proved itself to a degree beyond which we shall not, it may be hoped, pass. I send you Goschen, too, to whom the Crown Princess begged me to give a message from her; return him, for Nelly wants the letter. I send you one, too, from the old

Baron Carl von Canitz, a perfect dear, at whose Schloss I stayed in Silesia. He commissioned me to get him an English flask, so I sent him one as a Christmas present. The blackbirds and thrushes are flying in and out of the holly before my window, as they used to in the hollies behind Spring Cottage when Tom and I shot there fifty years ago! The birds are a delight. —Your ever affectionate M. A.

*To his Wife.*

HOTEL DES QUATRE SAISONS,
MUNICH, *February* 26, 1886.[1]

I was not entirely comfortable at the Bellevue at Zurich, and never was I thoroughly warm there except once in a café; but the schools were very good, and there are some thoroughly nice people there. After writing to you I went to dine (half-past twelve) with the Wunderlys; an excellent dinner, and he produced real Johannisberg. Then I drove over the slopes of the mountain behind Zurich to Wytikon, a small village; the sun came out, and there were beautiful gleams of the lake, but far too much mist still. I took the school by surprise, and anything more creditable to Canton Zurich you cannot conceive. I had sent back the carriage, and the schoolmaster walked back to Zurich with me, three or four miles, but down hill; his parents live in Zurich, and he was going in to some choir-singing. Then I had a long visit from dear old George de Wyss, and then an evening school; then a light supper, packed, and to bed. My bill was very reasonable; at the rate of hardly more than eighteen francs a day. I started by the ten o'clock express yesterday morning for Munich; they call it an

[1] Having returned to England for Christmas, he went abroad again to resume his inquiries.

express, but it never goes far without stopping, or fast, except for the last thirty miles before Munich. Snow covers the whole face of the land both here and in Switzerland. At Romershorn we took boat, as you and I and darling Tommy did; there was sun, but such fog that we lost sight of the Swiss side directly, and did not see the German side till we were close to it; then, however, we had a fine but dim view of the nearer Von Arlberg mountains, and Lindau, our port, came out well. I lunched on board, the only occupant of the cabin—luncheon cheap. At Lindau I got a beautiful *coupé* to myself; and indeed from Zurich to Munich I never had any one with me in the carriage. So I read and looked out of window, and was not disturbed by tobacco smoke. I think we went with Tommy to Friedrichshafer for Ulm; but surely you have been with me on the Lindau and Kempten line? As we passed the beautiful little lake (all frozen now and besnowed) of Immerstadt, I fancied I had seeh it with you; I have been there myself certainly. It got clearer, but still snow everywhere, and the stiff small pines sticking up out of the snow like Noah's ark trees; I had a day of blessed rest, however, after all my schools.

*To the Same.*

MUNICH, *Sunday, February* 28, 1886.

Your announcement of dear Lola's[1] death did indeed give me a pang. I have just been reading your letter again. You tell it beautifully, just all that I should naturally want to know; and all you have done is exactly right, and as I could wish. Perhaps we might have kept a mêche of her hair where it used to come over her forehead, but I should have hated mangling her to take her hoof off, and should not have

[1] A pony.

cared for having it when it was done. You have buried her just in the right place, and I shall often stand by the thorn-tree and think of her. I could indeed say, "Let my last end be like hers!" for her death must have been easy, though I am grieved to hear of her being so wasted and short-breathed. When I was at home at Christmas, I thought she was much as before, and she always liked her apples. I am glad Nelly went to see her. How glad I am, too, that we resisted all proposals to "put her away." How small has been the trouble and expense of keeping her this last year, and how far different is the feeling about her death now from what it would have been if we had put an end to her. There was something in her character which I particularly liked and admired, and I shall never forget her, dear little thing! The tears come into my eyes as I write.

*To Miss Arnold.*

MUNICH, *March* 1, 1886.

MY DEAREST FAN—"It is the first mild day of March," says Wordsworth, and the line has been running in my head for the last fortnight, in the hope that it might come true. But alas, yesterday was grim and cloudy, and snow fell; the snow had disappeared when we entered the Bavarian plain, having accompanied us all through Switzerland; now this morning all the ground is white again and it is piercingly cold. But I have a delightful room in an excellent hotel; a two windowed room, thoroughly well furnished and turned to the south; the stove and the sun together keep it warm all day, though the stove is only lighted for an hour or two in the morning. I find here Lady Blennerhassett, who is a Bavarian; she is staying with

her mother, and would be a great resource if I were here longer and not so much occupied with schools. Then I have paid a long visit to Döllinger, whom I was interested in seeing; he is eighty-four years old, but his hair is still brown and his tall thin figure erect. I have also visited two other professors to whom Bruce gave me letters, besides the ministers and officials, who are very civil. The real concern which people in Switzerland and here show about English affairs, and the critical period on which we seem to be entering, is remarkable; and is evidently not the affected and mortifying concern of enemies, but the true concern of those who at bottom like England and think her a great and useful force in the world. The schools are interesting from its being here a Catholic country in which the Protestants are treated with absolute fairness; whatever is done for the Catholics is done for them also. I go a great deal to the theatres, the acting is so good; and besides, it is a great help to one's German; to one's understanding it when spoken, which is quite as great a difficulty as speaking it. But my evening has often to be devoted to schools or classes: to-night I am going to a class for young men. I hope to get home by Lady Day at latest; so the beginning of March enables me to say that before the month ends I shall have done. Write to the Kaiserhof at Berlin, where I hope to be on Sunday. Continue to give me accounts of the family, and believe me, your ever affectionate brother,

M. A.

## *To his Wife.*

MUNICH, *March* 4, 1886.

I have been kept so late at one of these one o'clock dinners that I must write hurriedly to save the post.

I almost hoped for a letter this morning; if not, I shall have to wait till Dresden. After getting this, you will write to the Kaiserhof at Berlin. The day before yesterday, after sending my letter, I walked about a little and then went to the opera to see *Tristram and Iseult*. I may say that I have managed the story better than Wagner. The second act is interminable, and without any action. The hero and the heroine sit on a sofa and sing to one another about light and darkness, and their connexion with love. The theatre was a brilliant sight, and the *prima donna* is a handsome woman with some sweet notes in her voice; but at the end of the second act, at about half-past ten, the piece having begun at half-past six, I was quite worn out and came away. The third act is better, I imagine. But even in that, less is made of the story than might be made. I had a long and interesting visit from dear old Döllinger that afternoon, and am now going to pay him a farewell visit.

*To his Younger Daughter.*

NUREMBERG, *March* 6, 1886.

MY PRECIOUS NELLY—Blinding snow and a baddish inn, at least by comparison with the Munich one—but the town is one of the most interesting I have ever seen. I think Carcassone for the Middle Age of Knights and Crusaders, and Nuremberg for that of Burghers and Guilds, are the most perfect things imaginable. The outside decoration of the houses is all preserved, and of the churches likewise; every image seems in its place; and you cannot go a yard without finding a house with a statue or a decorated projecting window that compels you to stand still and get the snow down your neck while you look at it.

I got your letter (short) in the afternoon of my last day at Munich; it was bright but very cold. In fear and trembling I dressed (for I have not worn my thin evening clothes since I left Paris) and went to have supper with Lady Blennerhassett; the apartment which her mother has is a very fine one, full of rare things, but in the way of china mostly, which I do not care for. Lady Blennerhassett is very clever, sympathetic, a very pleasant woman to pass an hour with. She tells every one that I am married to a *sehr ausgezeichnete Frau*, which I leave you and mamma to translate. Yesterday the morning was fine and cold; I packed and left Munich for this place at twelve. The journeys are long, the trains go so slow; we did not get here till eight in the evening. We crossed the Danube at Ingoldstadt, which I think is a place mentioned by Dugald Dalgetty; Gustavus Adolphus besieged it, and Tilly was mortally wounded in the siege. The Danube was magnificent, of a pale yellow colour, sweeping along. We passed some interesting places, the castles of Pappenheim particularly; and I was in great comfort, having the carriage to myself all day. This hotel has many picturesque bits, but is rather ratty; the cooking not very good, and the beds of the true German kind; a sheet and one coloured blanket over you, not wide enough to tuck in at the sides; and then a great feather bed on the top of you. The cold is so great that use it you must, but I hate it. This morning when I woke the snow was coming down merrily; but when I went out after breakfast I was in amazement, as I told you, at the beauty of the place. I had letters for the Mayor, and for the Director of the Museum; I called on both; the Mayor showed me all over the Town Hall, and I saw a marriage, a civil marriage, they were going to church afterwards; I never saw one before; it was

very decorous. Then I drove to the Museum to call on the director, and arranged to go and see the pictures to-morrow morning before I start for Dresden. I walked back, and oh, Miss Nelly, what do you think I saw in one of the open places—the darling himself, the same colour, the same sex, the same age, the same size, the same slow and melancholy way; his eyes were yellower than Max's, that was the only difference. The extraordinary and more than natural crook of one foreleg was the same. He looked at me wistfully, as if to say: "I know you, but we must not speak here." But what makes it almost miraculous is that a minute afterwards Kai ran out from a passage and there they were both together. If you had seen them at Cobham you would not have doubted for an instant that they were our pair.[1] I have seen Max again this afternoon rather pleased with the snow, Miss Nelly; I again had that weird look from him, as if to say that we were in a dream, and must dream on. The Mayor sent his secretary, a charming young man, to show me all over the place; without him I could never have done it in the time. What churches I have seen, what fountains, what painted glass, what statues, what house fronts! I have been over Albert Dürer's house, where that great and sad artist worked and died; I have been over the old Burg, the nucleus of the town, the first possession of the Prussian royal family; they were the burgraves of Nuremberg, and the Emperor gave them Brandenberg, the province where Berlin now stands, in the year of the battle of Agincourt. The snow fell endlessly, and the streets are deep; how I shall get through the Saxon hills in the train to-morrow I don't know. But I plunged on up hill and down dale, and have been well repaid; oddly enough,

[1] "Max, a dachshound without blot:
Kaiser should be, but is not."—*Poor Matthias.*

heavy as the walking was, I have not had my pain at all to-day. It is now between six and seven, and quite dark: I shall not go out again, the snow is so bad.—Always your loving PAPA.

After getting this (if it penetrates the snow) write to Berlin.

*To Miss Arnold.*

PARIS, *March* 20, 1886.

MY DEAREST FAN—I hope this will be the last letter I shall write on the Continent this time. . . . I went from Berlin to Hamburg, and it was almost all new to me. To the Scotch firs were added heather and broom, which I had not remarked in the stretches of pine wood in Brandenburg. Crossing the Elbe was interesting, and I am very glad to have seen Hamburg; but all the streams which pass through it were frozen, and the two beautiful sheets of water which give it its character, the Inner and Outer Alstu, which are generally alive with little steamers, were fields of snow with the steamers all frozen in. I had very good letters to Hamburg, and the Crown Princess had recommended me to the Burgomeister, who has really and truly the title of "Your Magnificence." He is a charming old man. I am really quite glad to have called a man "Your Magnificence" and to have been asked to dinner by him; but I could not go because I had taken a ticket to see Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. His stories interest me so much, and his libretto is so poetically written, that I like to see his operas, though, of course, the music says little to me; but this being so, it is better to pay five shillings in Germany to hear him than a guinea or more (for a similar place) in London. I had a long day from Hamburg to Cologne, but at Münster (where

the treaty was made which ended the Thirty Years' War) we left the snow—that is, it did not prevail any more over the wide face of the land, but only lay in hollows and hedgerows. It was very cold at Cologne, however. I walked round and round the Cathedral by moonlight for about an hour, for I knew it might be a long time before I saw it again. Next morning I left Cologne for Paris. After Liège it was all new to me, and the valley of the Meuse to Namur, and that of the Sambre beyond, were interesting, and in parts beautiful. But how much better Wordsworth saw the valley of the Meuse by the sort of travelling in his day! I passed Compiègne, and thought of Walter; but I did not manage to catch sight of the Palace. I came to this admirable hotel, which is "as replete with every convenience" as the poor St. Romain is the contrary; but for five weeks, with a party of three, this hotel would be beyond my means. I had a pleasant dinner with Lord Lyons yesterday, and to-day I have lunched with Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice. We are all against Gladstone's present policy,[1] and I am glad to think it seems threatened with a check; but the mass of middle class Liberalism on which he relies is so enthusiastically devoted to him, and so ignorant, that I am not sure of his being frustrated till I see it happen. I have been all the afternoon at the Senate, where the Minister, M. Goblet, made a good speech for his policy of expelling the Congréganistes, and Jules Simon made a poor reply; he spoke very well the other day, however. Now I am going to dine at the *table d'hôte*, and afterwards go to a last theatre; at 9.40 to-morrow morning I start for Boulogne. Thanks for your enclosure about the sonnets. I wonder if I shall ever get anything more done in poetry.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

[1] Home Rule.

## *To his Wife.*

COBHAM, *Wednesday, April* 21, 1886.

MY SWEET GRANNY—How lucky you went when you did, and how you will be repaid. I got the telegram in the middle of dinner on Saturday, the 17th. Mary and Humphry Ward were with me. Of course I am very anxious to hear again of my own darling Lucy, kiss her for me, and kiss the dear little granddaughter too. I shall hear nothing about it in the letter from you which will, I hope, reach me to-morrow, but I shall most resolutely take no news to be good news. I send you a sweet little note from Lady Ellesmere which I found here on my return from London yesterday. I shall go and see her to-day. I dine with the Leafs. Mrs. Leaf is perfectly radiant, and as much pleased as if she had a grandchild herself. I am so very glad it is a girl—and what will it be called? I had a severe week with my article[1] last week, but it is all done now, and Knowles telegraphs to me that it is "magnificent," and that he means to open his number with it. So, at any rate, I continue to give satisfaction to the Editors. I get the strangest letters from people who have read and liked *Literature and Dogma*. One man writes to me to ask if I think he, having read and liked that book, can without hypocrisy serve the office of churchwarden. A mother from a "Norton Hall" in Gloucestershire has read the same book and wants my advice in educating her daughters. . . . The correcting my evidence given before the Commission, and given in the careless manner of conversation, is very hard work, and I wish it were over;

[1] "The Nadir of Liberalism," *Nineteenth Century*, May 1886.

it keeps me from my Report. We have nothing but cold and east wind, still we have no frost at night, and the bulb-beds are getting very gay. The greenhouse you would like too. Poor Gina's camelia has been very handsome indeed; the dentarias, too, are beautiful, and the great azalea is splendid. The scented rhododendron has nine blooms on it, and will be out in a day or two.

*To Charles E. Norton.*

COBHAM, SURREY, *April* 24, 1886.

MY DEAR NORTON—I have sent your letter to my sister, because I know she would be gratified by it. "Integer" is indeed the right word for Forster.[1] To the same effect old Lord Sherbrooke said more than once to me in a moved tone the other day: "He did not think of *himself*, he did not think of *himself*."

It was tragic for a man who so keenly felt the satisfaction of political influence to die just at the moment when the certainty of it presented itself. Whether he who is gone or any of those who remain had or have power to extricate us from our present difficulties and dangers is another question. I suppose things looked even worse for us at the end of the last century, but to my eye they look extremely bad now.

Mrs. Arnold is in New York. Since her mother's arrival Lucy's baby has been born—a little girl—and all is going well. I cannot follow until I have finished a Report on Foreign Schools—or rather on some points in the system of Foreign Schools—for the Government. But I shall try my hardest to come out on the

[1] The Right Hon. W. E. Forster, died April 5, 1886.

15th of next month, by my old friend the *Servia*. But I wish you could see Surrey in April, and the garden at this Cottage, and the trees.

But you mention a country on your side, the Berkshire country, is it not? which, I believe, is very beautiful, and which I have always wished to see. Most certainly we will, if possible, come there to you for a week. But, of course, I should have come to see you wherever you might have been; even the horse cars should not have kept me from Cambridge.—My love to all your party, and believe me ever affectionately yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## *To his Wife.*

COBHAM, *Saturday, April* 24, 1886.

At last I have your letter. What a passage! Often and often I have felt miserable for you, and tried to comfort myself by thinking you had got away from the bad weather we were having here, but my heart refused to believe it, and I was never easy till I saw your arrival telegraphed. I had not thought of the pilot. I don't remember our hearing any news by the one that met the *Servia*, but I suppose the papers came by it, only they had nothing to interest us. I thought you would be met by Fred and he would tell you. I knew how you would feel it; the tears ran down my cheeks as I read what you write about it. I feel quite sure you will have written to Jane. I have at once forwarded your letter to Dick, though he too will have heard either from you or from Nelly. Dear Nelly, hug her for me. So she has been punished for showing me the green frogs on board the French steamer, long ago, and exulting in my being ill when she was not. And I have got it

all to go through still. I am rather glad it is the old *Servia*, for I daresay she rolls about neither less nor more than the others, and at all events I know her and my way about her. I shall strain every nerve to get out by her, for, as you say, "we are too old for these separations," and I cannot bear them. But my Report is troublesome; however, I have now done all the things which at all took me off from it, and hope this next week to make real progress with it. I got on well enough in my examination, but I find I have made, having to answer questions suddenly, mistakes on points of fact which I never should make in writing a report, when I go to my documents for all I say, and even write to my foreign informants if I am in doubt; however, I hope to correct my evidence before it circulates.

*To Miss Arnold.*

CUNARD ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP *Umbria*,
*May* 22, 1886, 9.45 P.M.

MY DEAREST FAN—One line to tell you I have made a good start in this splendid ship. The sea is quite calm and we are not crowded. 180 passengers, and they reckon they have room for 400. We left the Mersey at one to-day. Dear old Dick saw me on board, but had to leave almost immediately, as the *Umbria* was going to start. I shall settle down into some regular reading presently, but at present I have done little except walk the decks. The line of Ireland is visible, or was visible an hour ago—it is nearly ten o'clock now. We ought to be in Queenstown early to-morrow morning, and to leave at between twelve and one. Then we shall see whether there is any difference between the Atlantic and the Irish Sea. The Dicks have been the dearest care-takers in the world, and have

also thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The screw makes such a shaking that I write badly. I will keep this open till to-morrow morning to give you the latest tidings of myself. Good-night, my dear.

*May* 23, 10 A.M. — A fine morning, and we are anchored off the mouth of Queenstown Harbour, waiting for the tender with letters. She will go off with this before her letters are delivered. This ship is comfort itself, but the sea makes me bilious. However, by managing myself, and a copious use of lemons and soda-water, I shall do pretty well, I hope. I have had water-cresses for breakfast, that will give you a notion of what life on board these ships is. The low weird hill-coast is very Irish. Good-bye, my dearest Fan.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

*To the Same.*

GERMANTOWN, *June* 9, 1886.

MY DEAREST FAN—I had your letter of the 25th May before I left New York. I have no doubt another letter is on its way. The cable is the only quick correspondent; owing to the difference of time they were able to cry the House of Commons division [1] in the New York streets on Monday night. And the papers have long accounts of what passed—all coloured by favour to the Irish, but still very interesting. They had made up their minds here that Gladstone was going to win; from the first I had thought he would lose, but I was not prepared for so good a majority. A load is taken off my spirit, but unless Lord Hartington and Goschen bestir themselves and seize the occasion, it will pass from them, and the Home Rulers, pure and

[1] The Liberal Government was defeated on the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill on Tuesday morning, June 8, 1886.

simple, will win. Of course I have not seen the comments of the English papers on my letter[1] to the *Times*, but on this side the water it has done good by drawing the distinction between giving to the Irish legislative control over their own local affairs, and giving to them *a single national legislative body* to exercise such control. They all here go off saying, "Of course Ireland ought to have Home Rule just as all our states have," and till the thing is pressed on their attention they do not see the difference between what their States have and what Gladstone proposes to do. But this would lead me too far.

How one thinks of the position in which this division, and the important speech he would certainly have made, would have placed dear William Forster! It was a tragic cutting-short indeed, although life is full of such things. I was talking of him last night to one of the best men in the United States, Wayne M'Veagh, who was Attorney-General of Garfield's government. Ellis Yarnall was there too, a man of sweet nature, who is bent on coming to see Jane when he is in England, for which country he starts in a week. A group of men I met yesterday were the first men I have seen in this country who were serious and cultivated enough to understand the Irish question. The President of the Pennsylvania University had got up at some unheard-of hour in the morning to get the newspaper as soon as it was published, so anxious was he (on the right side) about the division. All this is pleasant. To-day we have a drive in the Philadelphia Park, one of the noblest in the world—3000 acres of beautiful undulating country with a fine river. On Thursday we have a reception at the Music Hall; one of the receiving ladies is Mrs. Reed, widow of Wordsworth's friend. On Friday I breakfast at the

1 "The Political Crisis," *The Times*, May 22, 1886.

University, and we go on to Washington in the afternoon. We return to New York on Monday, but start visiting again immediately. The weather is superb, not too hot for me as yet, with rain occasionally at night, and the sun of Naples to stimulate the vegetation, which is magnificent. The great feature at present in this city is the tulip tree, or tulip poplar as they call it; it flowers badly in England, but here it is covered with its green and orange tulips from top to bottom. And the leafage and growth of the tree are enchanting. The plane is the great tree; I believe the tulip tree is a plane, certainly the American maple is. The trees and the green are brilliant, a great contrast to what I saw on my last visit, when I never beheld the colour of green at all. We drove out to M'Veagh's to dinner after my lecture at the University (quite a success) yesterday; it might have been England, the country was so green, so fenced and so cultivated; the distances were like Hertfordshire distances, only one missed the being able to say that here or there was such and such interesting place. The clover, both red and white, are everywhere; else the flowers are somewhat different, composites, and spiky uninteresting specimens so far as I have yet seen. But I have seen little yet. The house is a delightful stone house, bigger than Fox How, with a great verandah, a well-kept garden, and splendid roses. My Lucy's baby is a real pleasure to me, and I nurse it a great deal. It is such a refined, calm-looking little thing; "we count her quite English," her nurse says to me. Now I must stop for we are going on our drive. —Your ever affectionate M. A.

## *To Mrs. Forster.*

METROPOLITAN CLUB, WASHINGTON,
*June* 13, 1886.

MY DEAREST K.—How often have I thought of you in the closing days of the great debate,[1] and how you must have been thinking of the part which dear William would have taken in it, and of the important position which he would at this moment have been occupying! For my part, I think constantly of what, after all his experience, he would have considered really expedient and feasible in the way of Home Rule. I regretted his expression of general objection to Home Rule, but I know that by this he meant only Home Rule as understood by Parnell. In this country it is supposed that England refuses every kind of Home Rule, and as this is eminently the country of local government, almost every one goes for Gladstone as the only propounder of a scheme of local government. The moment any politician produces a counter-scheme, free from the great danger of Gladstone's, the separate national Parliament, but giving real powers of local government, opinion here, which is extremely important if for no other reason than that most of Parnell's friends come from America, will undergo a change. The Americans are not really indisposed to England, I believe, but they are not closely informed on Irish matters, and they see no Home Rule proposed but Gladstone's measure. I doubt if Salisbury is disposed, or Hartington laborious enough, to make one; William and Goschen together would have been invaluable for this purpose.

We have the sun of Naples here with the vegetation of Virginia, and that vegetation heightened by a wet

[1] On the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill.

spring. The heat is great, but there are as yet hardly any mosquitoes, and in a town of trees like this I can bear almost any amount of heat. We had it at 85 in the shade yesterday. Flu and I drove up to Arlington, a beautiful place on the wooded bluff above the Potomac, which belonged to General Lee and was bought by the Government from his heirs to make it a national cemetery for the soldiers who fell in the War. About 12,000 are buried there, and the place, in addition to its natural beauty and admirable situation, is exquisitely kept, the only well-kept public thing I have seen in America. Nelly was taken by Archibald Forbes, who has turned up here, and is going to be married to an American, to the Capitol, to a garden-party, and to make a round of visits. We dined in the evening with General Meigs, the United States Quartermaster-General, and had a pleasant party of diplomatic people and others in the evening. Tell Fan that I have found here much more interesting wild flowers than hitherto, and merely to see the kalmia and the magnolia growing wild everywhere in the woods is worth making the journey to see. I must not begin about the trees, or I shall fill my letter with them. We return to-morrow to dearest Lucy and little Eleanor at New York. It *is* hot in the trains.—Ever, my dearest, your most loving brother, M. A.

### *To the Same.*

LAUREL COTTAGE, STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.,
*July* 8, 1886.

MY DEAREST K.—I should have written to you last week, but Flu told me she was writing. I am very, very often thinking of you. I have just got the *Springfield Republican*, a prominent Massachusetts

local paper, and my eyes are gladdened by the heading, "The Liberal Defeat becomes a Rout."[1] The newspapers here are so sensational that they alway's exaggerate, even when, as at present, all their wishes are against the side which is winning; still, the counties do seem to have begun well. We get no details except as to very interesting elections, such as Sexton's for West Belfast, or Whitmore's for Chelsea. The Americans are fairly puzzled; they thought Parnell was going to win. You cannot make them understand that his cause is not that of the local self-government which is universal here and works well. The truth is, we have not their local self-government in England or Scotland any more than in Ireland. Parliament has been at the same time local and national legislature for those countries, as well as for Ireland. But as government in England and Scotland has been in accordance with the wishes of the majority in the respective countries, the system has worked well enough hitherto, though public business is now getting too great for it. But in Ireland, where government has been conducted in accordance with the wishes of the minority and of the British Philistine, the defects of the system have come into full view. Therefore, I am most anxious that the question of local government should be in every one's mind. If it comes to be fairly discussed, the Americans will be capable of seeing that there is no more need for merging Ulster in Southern Ireland than for merging Massachusetts in New York State.

This is a pretty place, with many hills of 2000 feet, and one of 3500. But the heat of an American summer is great, and makes itself felt even here, where we are 1200 feet above the sea. We came

[1] The General Election, consequent on the loss of the Home Rule Bill, began June 30, 1886.

here on Monday from the Hudson, expecting to find this much cooler; but a spell, as they call it, of hot weather arrived with us, and we found the thermometer at 85 and the mosquitoes active. Yesterday was a terribly warm day, the thermometer above 90 in the afternoon, and not below 80 at night; but to-day the wind is changed, and it is about 75, which I like well enough. But between 10 A.M. and 5 P.M. you cannot go out comfortably, except along the village street, beautifully shaded with American elms and maples. It suits the baby to be here, and her nurse likes the heat; but the baby has to be enveloped in a net when she goes out because of the mosquitoes. At five I have a carriage, and we drive out. There are a great many people in the neighbourhood, some of them nice. The country is pleasing, but not to be compared to Westmorland. It is wider and opener, and neither hills nor lakes are so effective. The villas are very pretty. The American wooden villa, with its great piazza, where the family live in hot weather, is the prettiest villa in the world. And the trees are everywhere; indeed, they cover the hills too much, to the exclusion of the truly mountainous effects which we get from the not higher mountains of Langdale.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

*To Miss Arnold.*

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS., *July* 11, 1886.

MY DEAREST FAN—Fred brought us your letter from New York last night, with Mary's and Walter's enclosed. Write here in future. We gain a day or two by not having to wait for Fred's coming. The letters from home seem terribly old news when they arrive, and so do the papers. Our latest is the *Pall Mall*

*Budget* of June 24th, before the elections began. On the other hand, the column of cablegram in the American papers every day is something wonderful; and Smalley's despatches to the *Tribune* are our only indication of there being any other opinion expressed in the world except a pro-Gladstone one. Of course, the elections tell their own tale, but not in speech. To-day we hear of Trevelyan's defeat and Lord Hartington's return, both of which you yourself, at Fox How, did not hear of till this morning. The *Pall Mall* splashes about more wildly than ever, but I suppose it represents a certain phase of Liberalism. I shall perhaps write another letter to the *Times*,[1] as now comes the critical moment. Lord Salisbury and Lord Hartington have an opportunity offered to them, and if they miss it now, it will never return; and the worst of it is that the English do not know how much more than other people—than the French, the Germans, the Swiss, the Americans—they are without any system of local government of an effective kind themselves, and what they lose by being without it, so they can the less understand the necessity of granting something of the kind to the Irish, though they see in a dim way what a necessity there is.—Ever your affectionate M. A.

*To the Same.*

STOCKBRIDGE, *July* 26, 1886.

MY DEAREST FAN—I hear on all sides of your being written to, but I must not get out of the habit of writing myself. Nelly and I have been away for a week, first at Long Branch, on the New Jersey coast, with Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Childs; he owns the *Philadelphia Ledger*, and has entertained all the English who come

[1] "After the Elections," *The Times*, August 6, 1886.

over here. From thence we went to Cresson, on the Alleghanies, a journey of twelve hours. Mr. Childs saw to our luggage, brought us our tickets, for which there was nothing to pay, and as the express dropped us fifteen miles from Cresson and we should have had to wait three hours for a local train, the Pennsylvania Company ran us on to Cresson in a special, without charge, immediately after the express. The ascent of the Alleghanies by the famous "horse-shoe curve" is interesting, but all the mountains lose by being rounded in form and wooded to the summit. One longs for bare ridges. The endless brooks of Northern Europe are also wanting, and the streams in the bottoms run over such good soil that they are seldom perfectly clear. Cresson is 2000 feet above the sea, and was beautifully cool and free from mosquitoes. The railway company put the hotel there because of a beautiful and unfailing spring of water; it is a kind of toy hotel to look at, in wood and quite pretty; it holds 1000 people. It is common for the richer people to live in wooden cottages in the grounds and only to take their meals at the hotel. Carnegie does this, and we were at his cottage. We stayed three days. The first day we went down to see his works at Pittsburg, one hundred miles by rail. The country round Pittsburg is full of natural gas, which you see here and there towering into the air in a clear flame through an orifice in the ground; this gas they have lately conducted to the works and made to do the work of coal; no more coal is used, and there is no smoke. As a consequence, Pittsburg, from having been like a town in the Black Country, has become a seemly place. Its situation is beautiful—it lies between two rivers, the Monongahela and the Alleghany, at a tongue of land where the old fort, called after the first Pitt, was built; Pittsburg is now a city of 250,000 people. The two rivers after joining become the Ohio,

which we saw, with its islands and a width like that of Windermere, disappearing under the setting sun. The next day we had a long drive through the Alleghanies to Holidaysburg, a country town in the plain; we drove through woods and gorges, chiefly interesting to me from two new flowers which were everywhere, the great *Veronica Virginiana*, from three to five feet high, with great spikes of white flowers, and the pokeweed, a great herb yet taller, with tassels of pink flowers, from the berries of which red ink is made. Once I got Carnegie to stop near the stream, and got out, that I might look at the water; to my joy I found edging the stream, and running back over swampy ground into the forest, great rhododendrons still in flower; the blossom is white, the plants as big as the big ones at Fox How, and the trusses of splendid size. We gathered a good many. The kalmia, too, was everywhere, but going out of flower. We lunched at Holidaysburg, and returned through the mountains by another route, over awful roads; but the horses here can go anywhere. We did not get home till after eight o'clock.—Ever your most affectionate

M. A.

*To Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff.*

STOCKBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS,
*July* 29, 1886.

MY DEAR GRANT DUFF—I had a letter from you before I left England in May. I like to think that you will have been in general agreement with what I said about the Irish question and Gladstone in the *Nineteenth Century*.[1] There was a rumour you were coming home, but I suppose you will stay out your time. The Elections are a great relief. What a power

[1] "The Nadir of Liberalism," May 1886.

of solid political sense there is in the English nation still! And now, unless the Conservatives let things drift and miss their opportunity, we have a really interesting and fruitful political work before us—the establishment of a thorough system of local government. How different from the Wife's Sister, Church Rate and Disestablishment business familiar to modern Liberalism! I thought (and said in the *Times* six weeks before the election) that Gladstone would be beaten, but the majority against him exceeds my best hopes. Then I came here, where the newspapers are all Parnellite and Gladstonian, suffering nothing to appear but what favours the side they are on. They now console themselves (like John Morley) by saying that in six months Gladstone will be in again, and carrying his measure triumphantly.

But I am not going on about English politics. You should read Carnegie's book *Triumphant Democracy*. The facts he has collected as to the material progress of this country are valuable, and I am told the book is having a great sale, being translated into French and German, etc. He and most Americans are simply unaware that nothing in the book touches the capital defect of life over here: namely, that compared with life in England it is so uninteresting, so without savour and without depth. Do they think to prove that it must have savour and depth by pointing to the number of public libraries, schools, and places of worship? But I must not go on about the politics and sociology of America any more than about those of England.

Nature—I must give the rest of my letter to that, in memory of our walk at Eden when you showed me the difference between hawkbit and cats-ear, took me to where the *Linnæa* and the *Goodyera repens* grew, and founded my botanical education. In beauty and form the landscape of the Eastern and Middle States (I

have seen no more) is deficient. This Berkshire county in Massachusetts, where I now am, which the Americans extol, is not to be compared to the Lakes or Scotland. The streams, too, are poor—not the great rivers, but the streams and mountain brooks. The heat is great in summer, and in winter the cold excessive; the mosquito is everywhere. But the flowers and trees are delightfully interesting. On a woody knoll behind this cottage the undergrowth is kalmia, which was all in flower when we came. The *Monotropa uniflora* (Indian pipe or corpse-plant, as they call it here—excellent names) is under every tree, the *Pyrola rotundifolia* in masses. Then we drive out through boggy ground, and towering up everywhere are the great meadow rue, beautifully elegant, the *Helianthus giganteus* and the milkweed—this last (*Asclepias*) in several varieties, and very effective. I believe it is an American plant only, and so I think is the shrubby cinquefoil, which covers waste ground, as the whin does with us. The pokeweed (*Phytolacca*) is, I think, American too, and quite a feature by the wood-borders in Pennsylvania. But the great feature in Pennsylvania was the rhododendron by the stream sides and shining in the damp thickets—bushes thirty feet high, covered with white trusses. I was too late for the azalea and for the dogwood, both of them, I am told, most beautiful here. The Cardinal flower I shall see—it is not out yet. A curious thing is our garden golden rod of North England and Scotland, which grows everywhere, like the wild golden rod with us. They have more than thirty kinds of *Solidago*. What would I give to go in your company for even one mile on any of the roads out of Stockbridge! The trees too delight me. I had no notion what maples really were, thinking only of our pretty hedgerow shrub at home; but they are, as, of course, you know, trees of the family of our

sycamore, but more imposing than our sycamore, or more delicate. The sugar maple is more imposing, the silver maple more delicate. The American elm I cannot prefer to the English, but still I admire it extremely. And the fringe-tree, and the wigged sumach !—this latter growing with a strength of shoot and an exuberance of wig which one never sees in England. Still, I shall be very glad to be back in England, the more so as I have a slight heart trouble, which this climate and its habits do not suit. Write to me at Cobham and tell me all about yourself and your wife—my love to her and to Clara. We have taken our passage for the 4th of September. Between this and then I am going to the Adirondacks. The fishing is, as the Americans say, "a fraud"—the rivers all fished out. "Where every man may take liberties, no man can enjoy any" (Coleridge).—Ever yours affectionately, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To Miss Arnold.*

STOCKBRIDGE, *August* 10, 1886.

MY DEAREST FAN—I had your letter yesterday. I did not know the *Thalictrum majus* grew on Windermere; I knew the *Comarum palustre* did. It is hard not to talk flowers to you, you are so interested in them, and there are so many here to interest you. A dear girl called Emily Tuckerman took Nelly and me to a river meadow yesterday where we could find the Cardinal flower (red lobelia). I send you a specimen, though I don't know whether it will reach you in a recognisable shape. Never, since I turned aside from the hill-road from Mentone to Gorbio and entered a little enclosure where the double scarlet anemone was in flower, have I had

such a sensation as when I pushed yesterday through a thicket of milkweed, blue vervain, meadow rue, and yellow loosestrife, and saw a plot of scarlet lobelias by the stream side, nodding in the breeze. They are from one and a half to three feet high. We found all sorts of other things, the wild smilax or greenbriar, and the wistaria of the north (one garden wistaria is wild in the Southern States), the *Glycine Apios* of Linnæus, with its beautiful leaves and fragrant brown-purple flowers. Also the plants of the great *Cypripedium*, lady's slipper, very interesting in leaf and stem, though the flower is over. But I must not go on about the flowers, or my letter will contain nothing else.

I thirst for England, and this climate has not entirely suited me. Here we have it very warm again, and the voice of the mosquitoes also is again heard in the land; in the Adirondacks there were none, and it was quite cool. But it is not so bad by any means as when we first came; the thermometer does not reach 90 by day nor keep above 70 by night. It suits the dear baby perfectly, who gets prettier and more flourishing every day; really, one of my pleasantest moments in the day is my first visit to her when I am on my way to the bathroom. At that time she is lying awake in her little crib, enchanted to see visitors, and always receives me with a smile or two. The other day she snatched a five-dollar note out of my hand, and waved it in triumph like a true little Yankee. To-day, for the first time, she has clutched my eyeglass and played with it. Tom's letter was interesting, and, of course, the value to a people of having such an object of "admiration, hope, and love" as a great religion cannot be over-estimated. Still, Irish Catholicism cannot last as it is. On the whole, I am in good hope about politics. The great points are to

keep the Unionists together and to produce a local government plan.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

*To the Same.*

STOCKBRIDGE, *August* 24, 1886.

MY DEAREST FAN—We had our English letters yesterday. How faithful you are in sending me what you think will interest me! But for you I should not have seen my letter in the *Times*. The state of things here is curious; no part of the letter which spoke of the best American opinion being adverse to Gladstone's proceeding was given, but a telegraphic summary of part of the letter appeared with this heading—*Mr. M. A. favourable to Home Rule*, and so they go on; not a word from any one except the Irish, or Englishmen who take part with them, and a constant assertion of the embarrassment of the Government, and of the estrangement, rapidly growing, of the Unionists. The situation is in truth so critical that it is easy to become alarmed when one is at a distance, and I shall be sincerely glad to have done with the American newspapers.

The enclosed will show you what was in store for us at Bar Harbour. I could not go last week. I was not sure enough of being free from pain, and this week we found that it would be a comfort to dearest Lucy if we gave it up, so give it up we did. It would have been a hot two days' journey, then two days in a whirl, and then a hot two days' journey back, so we are well out of it. This place has become very enjoyable. I see at last what the American autumn which they so praise is, and it deserves the praise given it. Day after day perfectly fine, the thermometer going up from 60 to 75, but not higher, in the course of the day,

and averaging 60 at night. I wish you could have been with us yesterday, that is, if you are not nervous in a carriage, for the roads look impossible in places and the hills are awful. But the horses are the best tempered and cleverest in the world; the drivers understand them perfectly, and the carriages are so light that they rebound from all shocks. We went to a lake called Long Lake, and at last I found a solitary spot for a house, a clearing which looked upon the lake, a wooded range behind, and to the south a wide valley with the Dome and the other high Taconie Mountains in the sunset at the end of it. We were perpetually stopping the carriage in the woods through which we drove, the flowers were so attractive; we settled that you would be particularly struck with the *Gerardia* flower and the *Desmodium*. But I think myself you would be so plunged in the varieties of the golden rod and the aster, that you would go mad over them and be left in an asylum. I steadily refuse to concern myself with their varieties; I will only say that you have no notion how beautiful the asters are till you see them. I remember the great purple one (*A. patens*, I think) grows wild about Yarmouth and the Isle of Wight. There is a nice youth here, a German called Hoffmann, who is an enthusiastic botanist. Did I tell you we have a grand specimen of the Osmunda in the field below the house. The orchards are getting splendid—the apples scent the air as you drive along. The feeling against drink is such that the people are even ceasing to make cider, and quantities of the apples are really left to waste. My love to the Walters, and to Lake, if he is still within reach.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

### *To C. E. Norton.*

STOCKBRIDGE, *August* 27 (1886).

MY DEAR NORTON—I am better, but this climate makes me feel too sensibly my mortality, and I shall return to it no more. I am the more glad to have had those two glimpses of you at Ashfield. I read the account of your meeting; the speeches were good, but I am doubtful about your petty academies, just as I am more than doubtful about your pullulating colleges and universities. *Das Gemeine* is the American danger, and a few and good secondary schools and universities, setting a high standard, are what you seem to me to want, rather than a multitude of institutions which their promoters delude themselves by taking seriously, but which no serious person can so take.

But I suspect your opinion on this matter is much the same as mine, though you sacrificed to the local deities at Ashfield.

I like Berkshire more and more, and having given up Bar Harbour, I have seen more of this neighbourhood than I expected to see. The Dome is a really imposing and beautiful mass; I have seen it now from many points, and in many lights, and with ever-increasing admiration. But your Ashfield country has more variety of outline than Berkshire. How strange it will seem to be looking at Coniston Old Man and Helvellyn in a week or two's time! I was shown the Green River yesterday, the river "immortalised by the American Wordsworth," *i.e.* Bryant. But the Dome, at any rate, will live in my admiring memory.

I hope we shall see Sally. Tell Richard, with my love, that I have made out the third flower—*Gerardia* flower, the false foxglove.

Love from both of us to all your party, and let us

see you in England before long.—Your ever affectionate MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To Miss Arnold.*

STOCKBRIDGE, *August* 30, 1886.

MY DEAREST FAN—We have had another hot wave, 85 to 90 in the day, and up to 70 all night. Of course, in New York it is yet hotter than it is here. I could not have got about among the hills here to fish the brooks even if we had had rain. As it is, they are so low that to fish would be quite useless. Much is to be said for the certainty of fine weather in this climate, but I greatly prefer the English climate, on the whole. The great relief will be to cease seeing the American newspapers. Here one must read them, for through them only can one get the European news; but their badness and ignobleness are beyond belief. They are the worst feature in the life of the United States, and make me feel kindly even to the *Pall Mall Gazette* by comparison with them. The *P. M. G.* remark on my possible drowning was touchingly friendly. The accident was nothing: a wave carried me heavily against a taut rope under water, put there for the safety of bathers; but the shock exhausted me rather, and was followed by a week or so of troublesome attacks of pain across the chest. I am slowly getting back my powers of walking, which is what I most care about. The heat is beginning to tell on the flowers, but we shall bring you a list of found plants which will make you envious. I must make an effort to get at the pitcher plant before I go, but it is in bad swamps. If we reach Liverpool on Sunday, the 12th, we shall, of course, sleep that night at Liverpool. I make out that the Croppers will be at Buxton. We will tele-

graph to you when we arrive. I hope we shall be with you either the 13th or 14th. How delightful it will be!—Ever, dearest Fan, your most affectionate

M. A.

*To Mrs. Forster.*

COBHAM, *October* 21, 1886.

MY DEAREST K.—I was going any way to write to you this week. I am afraid I do not watch South Africa very attentively just now, but it is very necessary that South Africa should be watched attentively by some one. I think Stanhope[1] is a good man, though a little defective in health, and therefore also, perhaps, in energy. On the whole, I think there is hope. Lord Randolph[2] has *freshness*—a great thing. The fatal thing at this moment, as I have so often said, is drifting. And the stale old hacks always love to talk plausibly and to drift. I do not wish to have anarchy in Ireland, or to disestablish the Church of England; but Lord Clanricarde as an Irish landlord, and Lord Lonsdale as the patron of forty livings, have become impossible. They must be seriously dealt with. The old hacks want still to leave them as they are, to talk plausibly about them, and to drift. The same as to Winans in Scotland. Lord Randolph, as I say, is *fresh*. He perceives that something serious must be done. Lord Salisbury's intellect is such that he perceives the same thing, perhaps with clearer and deeper view than Lord Randolph; but I doubt whether, without Lord R.'s freshness and go to stimulate him, he would act. I shall probably write one political article for Knowles at Christmas, simply to try to be

[1] The Right Hon. Edward Stanhope, Secretary of State for the Colonies, 1886, died December 21, 1893.

[2] Lord Randolph Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1886, died January 24, 1895.

of use by keeping people's eyes fixed on main issues, and preventing their going off on side ones. I should like to write one political article a year—only one—and an article of this nature. My leisure is delightful, but I can as yet hardly turn round, I have so many letters to answer and promises to fulfil. Then Ted[1] is at me for his magazine. I think I shall do General Grant's *Memoirs* for him. The Americans will like it. The book has hardly been noticed in England, and Grant is shown by this book to be one of the most solid men they have had. I prefer him to Lincoln. Except Franklin, I know hardly any one so *selbstständig*, so broad and strong-sighted, as well as firm-charactered, that they have had. But with all this, I cannot get to my own work, to things I had myself purposed to do, at all.

Horrid weather, not like October in Surrey at all; but the farmers say the water was failing with the August and September drought, and we want all the rain we can get. There is no colour in the trees. I go about the garden, and arrange little matters or planting. However bad the weather may be, it is good weather for planting. We have five or six dozen pears of the prime sort. We had many more last year, but these are something. I like gathering them and looking at them. They will not be eatable for ten days yet. We dine out too much—four days in this week! People hurry to ask us because we have been so long away. Has your beech hedge turned yellow?—Ever, my K., your most loving M. A.

When you see Mr. Wemyss Reid, thank him from me for the book[2] of Stevenson he has sent me. It is not to be compared with *Kidnapped*, however.

[1] His nephew, E. A. Arnold, editor of *Murray's Magazine*.
[2] *An Inland Voyage*.

### *To Miss Arnold.*

COBHAM, *Friday, October* 29, 1886.

MY DEAREST FAN—. . . I am in tearing spirits, simply from the weather. The east wind is gone, the south-west wind is come, and the thermometer is now (noon) 62 in shade to the north. The colour has come at last, and the horse-chestnuts and poplars are a sight. Yellows we can manage to perfection; it is the reds in which the States beat us. I send you some maple leaves I received from Stockbridge last night, and I send the note which came with them. I go about the garden—I cannot come in to work—examine the acorns on the Turkey oak, with their curly-haired cups, which I had never noticed before; they are very effective. Then I give Flu, who is driving to Lady Ellesmere's, a Duchesse pear to take to Lady Ellesmere, who says she shall carry it to her gardener to show him how much finer pears are grown at the Cottage than at Burwood. Then I go to pick up some Spanish chestnuts. At last I come in to work.

*October 30th.*—So far I wrote yesterday. To-day is again beautifully mild, but we have little sun to bring out the colours. Nelly and I have been cutting grapes, and then picking up acorns and giving them to the pigs. I have also been seeing some irises transplanted. Flu and Nelly drove with Mrs. Deacon to Ockshott to call on the Butts, who have just settled there. He is the Judge[1] of that name, and she is a very pretty and pleasing woman, an American—a Southerner. I drove out with the dogs and walked home, enjoying the country and the views and the air extremely. The lane I took is one where the spindle-tree grows abundantly, the berries on which are just reddening.

[1] Sir Charles Butt, Judge of the Divorce Court.

I send you a flower I put in a book I was reading in America; is it not a kind of sorrel? How well flowers dry by being merely laid in a book! . . . We have three dinner-parties for next week, which is too much, but the dining will abate presently. Now I must wash my hands for luncheon.

*Sunday Morning.*—Again a soft, south wind, thermometer at 60, the leaves falling fast, and everything full of colour, but unspeakably soft and lovely. I had never noticed till this year the exquisite light yellow which the *Abele* turns. We have a row of them in the Mole island opposite to us. I walked yesterday afternoon, after a tiresome hour at accounts, with Fanny Lucy along the Walton Road, and wished for you. The plantations are mainly Spanish chestnuts, and that and the fern did indeed make a feast of brown and yellow.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

## *To his Elder Daughter.*

COBHAM, *November* 13, 1886.

MY DARLING LUCY—I meant to have written on Wednesday, but I have had a horrid week with my speech to the Westminster teachers.[1] You know how a thing of that kind worries me. However, last night it came off, and very well. The things they have given me are very beautiful. I was afraid of a tea-service. Plate in general, and china, I do not care for so much as many people do. I could get through life with a wooden spoon and platter, but the jug and salver they have given me will look well on the sideboard. When Mr. Carrick Moore asked me, "But what would you really like, if you don't care about plate?" I answered, "A carriage, a pair of horses, and to have them kept

[1] On retiring from his Inspectorship.

for me! Not that I should use them much myself, but I should like to have them." The affection and responsiveness of the teachers was touching.

*Noon.*—I wrote the foregoing before breakfast; now the *Times* has come with a report of the meeting and a leading article. You shall have whichever of the papers is best. You can imagine the relief with which I have been going about the garden this morning and planting. It is a beautiful moment, a clear morning after days of rain, and the last colour on the trees showing charmingly. We have had no frost yet, and Dick's magnolia is still trying to come into bloom. Numbers of summer flowers—the red salvia, for instance—are blooming. The birds are happy in the open weather, and the sweet robins keep following Collis and me about as we open the ground to plant rhododendrons. Kai sits in the sun at the door of the greenhouse and watches us. The thermometer is 50, and in the night does not fall below 40. I so often think how fond the Midget[1] will get of this cottage. You cannot think how often Stockbridge and its landscape come into my mind. None of the cities could attach me, not even Boston; but I could get fond of Stockbridge. Do you remember our drive to Mohawk Lake, and the glorious briskness and brightness of it all, and Annie carrying the sweet Midget along the dyke and pulling everlastings as she went? What Virginian creepers trailed over the trees there! I cannot write a long letter to-day, things have accumulated on me so while I was worrying about my speech; but I send you a charming letter I have had from Henry Cochin, as my mind always turns to you when I am in relations with France and French things and people. Give me news of Mr. Whitridge *père*. My love to Fred and ten kisses to the Midget.—Always your own PAPA.

[1] His first grandchild, see p. 326.

*To the Same.*

COBHAM, *November* 27, 1886.

MY DARLING CHILD—This is the last time a Cunarder takes the letters. Every one talks of the letters, and of the loss as to time for posting letters if the Queenstown route is given up; but I think of passengers, and the blessing to them of going on without break when once started, and I hope and trust the Cunard Company will *not* come to an agreement with the Post Office. As I was getting up this morning I actually heard your dear voice. Our expeditions to the muddy promontory for snowdrop bulbs came into my head, I don't know why, and I saw you raise up your head from the oozy ground and half-dug-up bulbs, and laugh merrily and call out to Nelly. These are the glimpses which give me delight. We have dark, foggy weather, but not thick fog any longer, and no cold: the thermometer does not drop below 40. The strawberry plant and borage are in bloom in the kitchen garden, and I have just brought in to mamma a beautiful rose off Lady Charles Russell's tree. Collis has been digging the border, and there is a soft smell of earth, which a pair of sweet robins—the inimitable red robin, no American thrush—sit on the rails to enjoy. I am much pressed with work, but in good spirits, as it is work which is more or less congenial, and not school-inspecting. I have written a preface for the American edition of Mary Claude's stories which you will like; a short preliminary notice for an edition of Wordsworth, a preface for the popular edition of *St. Paul and Protestantism*, and now I have to write, rather against time, an article[1] for Ted on General Grant's *Life*, of which not three hundred copies

[1] "General Grant," *Murray's Magazine*, January and February 1887

have been sold in England. That makes it an all the better subject, as there are really materials in the book for a most interesting article, and no one has used them. Then I have promised Knowles a political article for the beginning of the session, and half a dozen pages on Tauler[1] (whom I was reading at Stockbridge) to help a poor ex-colleague who has translated him. There is also Amiel to be done, to fulfil a promise to Mary;[2] so you see I have my hands full. Amiel has not taken here at all. . . . I did not much think it would; it is not a book for the general English public, and the few can read it in French. If you have access to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, read my article on Sainte-Beuve in the last volume. He would have been pleased by it himself, poor dear man, I think. Now you have had enough about my writings. Nelly is quite right that the photograph you sent of the Midget will not give a good impression of her to strangers, but somehow it reminds me of the darling, and I like it. How I wish I could go into her room of a morning and hold her little feet while she stares in my face!

I am quite my old self again—walked about London all yesterday in the fog without choke and pain. My darling, how good you were when I was suffering!—Your own always loving PAPA.

## *To M. Fontanès.*

COBHAM, SURREY, *November* 27, 1886.

MY DEAR M. FONTANÈS—I was very glad to see your handwriting again. First, let me answer your literary question: the passage quoted in the discourse

[1] "A Friend of God," *Nineteenth Century*, April 1887.
[2] Mrs. Humphry Ward, who translated Amiel's *Journal*.

on Numbers is from a very good history of Greece by Dr. Ernst Curtius, a German professor. It has probably been translated into French.

I am sorry you cannot give a better account of the health of Madame Fontanès. I do indeed wish that we were all going to meet in Paris this winter, but that is impossible. I had four or five months of idleness in America this summer visiting my married daughter, and on my return home I find myself confronted by half a dozen editors, who allege promises made by me to give them an article when I became free; and, as I have at last resigned my inspectorship, they summon me to fulfil my promises. Something I must do to satisfy them, and this will keep me busy up to Easter; then I shall be able to look round me and decide upon my future course. Perhaps we shall go to Italy for April and May, and then we should have a chance of seeing you on our passage through Paris. Politics occupied me much during the first half of this year. The chief work I have done was a political article for the *Nineteenth Century*. The title of the article will give you a notion of the line I took; the title was "The Nadir of Liberalism." In the last months of Mr. Gladstone's Government the Liberal party did indeed reach its lowest, its *nadir*. The result of the elections gave me indescribable relief. The political prospect, however, is still very anxious. I confess I do not look forward to any close alliance of this country with France, the character and aspirations of the two nations have become so different, and are daily becoming more so. But that is no reason why they should not live peaceably side by side. You mention M. Pécaut; if you see him, pray ascertain whether he received a copy of my *Report on Foreign Schools*. Much as I dislike the *jacobinisme autoritaire* of your Ministry of Education, I like and admire M. Pécaut,

and have endeavoured to do justice to him in my Report. You do not mention Renan's *Abbesse;* he has been on the *pente* tending towards such a production some time. I suspect that outside of France he has almost annulled, by that production, his influence as a serious writer, which is a pity. I am republishing *St. Paul and Protestantism*—that old friend of yours—with a new preface and some additional matter. I shall send you the volume.

We all send affectionate remembrances to you and yours.—Most cordially I am, your affectionate friend,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To Miss Arnold.*

BURFORD LODGE, DORKING,
*Sunday, November* 28, 1886.

MY DEAREST FAN—Here we are at this pretty place under Box Hill, which looks really precipitous as it rises straight from the river at the back of the garden. The house has been rebuilt since we were here twenty years ago, and everything is the perfection of comfort. We have here the American Minister (Mr. Phelps) and his wife, a Mr. Reed (a philanthropist who gives away his fortune) and his wife, Sir Edmund and Lady Henderson, and Norman Lockyer. Sir Trevor Lawrence is one of the chief growers of orchids, and we have been through his houses with him and learnt something, though orchids are to me more curious than attractive. The fog hangs about, but is not so bad as it was; however, it makes breathing a little more difficult to me when I walk, so this morning, instead of going with the walking party to Mickleham, I went with the carriage party, Flu and Lady Henderson, to Dorking. Dorking church is a fine one, and

of a kind that I like; I had not seen it since it was rebuilt. We had our reward: a man in tumbled Episcopal robes got into the pulpit; I did not know him, but was struck with him at once. He preached a wonderfully good sermon on the text, "Take heed that ye despise not." One oratorical movement about the drunkard—not even the drunkard might be an object of contempt—was very fine indeed. A good deal of the actor, I thought, but the good actor, and plenty of thought, observation, and feeling. When we got out we met Mrs. Rate (Tait's great friend), and found that it was the Bishop of Ripon (Boyd Carpenter) we had been bearing, and that he was staying with her. She wanted us to come with her to luncheon, and to be introduced to him, but we had the Lawrences' carriage and horses, and could not. But I am glad to have heard him. I did not know that I had such a good preacher still to hear. My love to dearest K. and to Francis.—Ever, my dearest Fan, your most affectionate M. A.

*To C. E. Norton.*

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM,
SURREY, *December* 22, 1886.

MY DEAR NORTON—I was very glad to get your long and kind letter, but when I got it I was hard pressed. A nephew of mine, who is starting a magazine for Murray, appealed to me for help in his first number, and I had also promised Knowles a political article before the meeting of Parliament. . . . As for me, I could not have believed that what they talk of "native air" and its benefits could have come so true; but indeed I began to mend directly I got on board ship, and now am much as I was this time last year. If I go too quick, I am stopped by a warning in

my chest, but I can go about as much as I like if I go leisurely, and I have no attacks of sharp pain. There were some nights in America when I thought that my "grand climacteric"—an epoch in life which I used to hear a great deal of from my dear mother—would see the end of me; and I think, by the way you looked at me once or twice at Ashfield, you thought so too. However, here I still am, and what is more, I found myself able to answer to the spur, and to produce my two articles under pressure, without any bad effects, and I think the stuff produced is of about the same quality as usual—not worse. Opinion here is entirely with you in the Carlyle case, and Froude's fretful letter to the *Times* did him great harm; unluckily, he *has* begotten a distaste for Carlyle which indisposes the public mind now to give him the attention which they eagerly gave him not long ago. The account of your Harvard celebration in the *Times* was too brief, but well done so far as it went; only a few sentences were given to Lowell's address, but we shall get that entire in a volume which Macmillan is to publish. The solemnity seems to have had a thorough public importance, and it is just one of those to which it is so good for America to give public importance, and to be proud of giving it. I suppose you are now be-snowed and be-iced for the winter. We have had a characteristic week of an English December: three days ago, after open weather, a powdering of snow and a hard frost, the thermometer falling to 16; three days of this, the ice becoming strong enough to bear, and we all getting our skates out; this morning at breakfast Nelly looks up and cries, "Why, it's thawing!" and when we went to the window, so it was; dripping everywhere, and the wind south-west and the thermometer 42. I have been out a long walk, and it is like a cold, stormy day in April. But I do enjoy this Surrey country and

climate, and even this small old cottage; we hope to show it to you some day, and do not let it be too long hence. Love from all of us, and best wishes for Christmas and the New Year to all your party.—Ever affectionately yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

I am going to send you a new edition of my *St. Paul*, for the sake of a word of new preface.

### *To Miss Arnold.*

COBHAM, *December* 27, 1886.

MY DEAREST FAN—It was no use writing yesterday, for my letter would have stayed all day in London. I got yesterday, the 26th, your letter, and John's, and Jane's, written on the 23rd. Thank John for me, and give a kiss to my precious Susy. My love to Walter also, and tell him to cheer up. To-day we have no post at all, the mail cart has been waiting all day at Weybridge for the mail from the South. To London the line is open, and letters will be sent there to-night. How much farther they will get I know not, but Knowles will get the corrected proof of my article at his house in St. James's Park, and take it to the printer. I send you his note. That is being a good editor; to do everything to facilitate your contributor's task, instead of worrying him. Of course, it was an awkward circumstance, Lord Randolph's sudden resignation coming when my article[1] was already in type. Then came Chamberlain's speech also, to change the posture of things still further. But I have made everything right, and think the article will do very well, and, I hope, be of use. I am told the pantomime people are in despair. All their jokes and allusions have gone

[1] "The Zenith of Conservatism," *Nineteenth Century*, January 1887.

wrong. They were full of Lord Randolph, as the rising and powerful Minister. On Christmas Day we skated at Pains Hill—beautiful ice. Yesterday the weather changed to thaw. But, my dear Fan, the havoc! the cork-tree is a wreck; it has lost great limbs at the top and at the side. The ivied firs in the shrubbery have snapped off in the middle, half a dozen of them, and lie all over the evergreens. We have had a busy day. Dick has been sawing off the shattered branches of the cork-tree. I have been getting rid of the snow which was breaking down the evergreens. The hollies are terribly split and twisted. The yews and laurels have resisted better. Pains Hill lawn is a desolation, with the great limbs of cedars lying upon it. Even the oaks in the park have suffered, besides a number of trees that are down altogether. To-night it is a hard frost, with snow on the ground six or eight inches deep. It being Lubbock's holiday, no help could be got; but Dick has been a tower of strength. We dined with the Leafs on Christmas Day, and it was pleasant. We were to have dined with the George Smiths at Walton to-night, but can neither go nor telegraph. The roads are impassable and the telegraph wires broken. The Buxtons have theatricals to-morrow night, and how we are to get there I don't know. We dine out Wednesday and Thursday. A nice time for such pleasures! Susy ought to be at Cannes, but in the north of England their ideas of change do not go much beyond Blackpool. Good-bye, my dearest. I wish we were together at the top of Loughrigg in the snow, and had to get home as we could.—Your ever loving M. A.

You have sent me a very pretty little book. Burroughs is a good writer.

*To the Same.*

COBHAM, *January* 3, 1887.

MY DEAREST FAN—A great disaster—a thaw has come on in the night, with wind. I suppose the frost has made the stems brittle, and on going out this morning I find the great head of the Souvenir de Malmaison rose-tree, of which I am particularly fond, blown right off and lying on the lawn. The cork-tree has suffered much, but can be trimmed into shape, and will still be an interesting object on the lawn. The Pains Hill cork-tree has not lost a branch, but a great cedar near it, which probably you do not remember, has suffered more than any cedar in the place, and the ruin is really a grand sight to see, the trunk and boughs of big cedars are so vast and impressive. We have had very hard frost. I fancy you seldom have it so cold in Westmorland. It was at 12 on the lawn yesterday. Both that day and the day before the trees were more beautiful with rime than I have ever seen them. The Pains Hill lake and woods were a sight. I wished for you. The skating was good, and I still skate, though with a good deal of reluctance to try figures or skating backwards. Now we have a thaw, and I only hope it may continue, and not turn to snow. Travelling has been horrible, and I rejoice daily that I have not to go up and down to London. The Dicks leave us to-day; it has been very pleasant having them. The skating has been a great delight to him, and he is, and always has been, very fond of his home and its goings on. I send you the telegram we had from Lucy on Christmas Day, and one or two other letters. All may burn, unless you like to keep Goschen as an autograph.** I declined the speech, and to-day have another letter from him urging me again. His

last sentence makes me think he is going to take office; we shall know to-morrow.[1] I am sure Lord Hartington's taking it would have led to intrigues and to a wearing down of the majority. I am inclined to think Goschen may join without inconvenience. He is isolated. And then on local government he will be a tower of strength to them. I am very much afraid of a weak bill there, if Goschen does not intervene. Lord Hartington will exercise a very great influence on Chamberlain's section of Unionists by remaining as he is. Chamberlain himself is *remuant* and dangerous, but his followers will feel Lord Hartington's influence whether Chamberlain does or no—that is, they will feel it so long as he holds his present independent position. I think we shall go to London early in February. I hope Ted has been bestirring himself about his second number.[2] Now would be the time to get Lord Randolph Churchill. I read your Burroughs through yesterday. He is a naturalist of great merit, and a good critic of men too. What a pity he has the American disease of always bringing into comparison his country and its things! They all do it, however, except you get a man like Emerson. He much overpraises the song of the American (so-called) robin.—Ever, my dearest Fan, with all New Year wishes, your most affectionate

M. A.

## *To Mrs. Coates.*

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
*January* 29, 1887.

MY DEAR MRS. COATES—I had been thinking of you and your husband this Christmas, and had sent off

[1] The Right Hon. G. J. Goschen succeeded Lord Randolph Churchill as Chancellor of the Exchequer, January 3, 1887.

[2] Of *Murray's Magazine*.

to you a republication of one of my books, which contains some new matter, and would, I thought, interest you. Now comes your letter, which I am glad to receive, though it tells me of your grandmother's death. I remember her perfectly. She was a woman of great vigour of mind, and it was a pleasure to me to make her acquaintance. One should try to bring oneself to regard death as a quite natural event, and surely in the case of the old it is not difficult to do this. For my part, since I was sixty I have regarded each year, as it ended, as something to the good beyond what I could naturally have expected. This summer in America I began to think that my time was really coming to an end, I had so much pain in my chest, the sign of a malady which had suddenly struck down in middle life, long before they came to my present age, both my father and grandfather. I feel sure that the Philadelphia lecture had nothing to do with it. I do not think I enjoyed any days in America more than those I spent with you at Germantown; the heat did not oppress me and the beauty of your vegetation was a perpetual pleasure. Shall I ever forget your Pennsylvania tulip-trees? But the American summer I found trying, and I cannot resist the conviction that the climate does not suit the heart-trouble which I undoubtedly have; the tendency to pain in the chest diminished as soon as I went on board ship to return home; and now, in the friendly air of this dear, stupid old country, it has almost entirely disappeared. I am not likely, therefore, to attempt America again, though I should like to have seen the South and West. Philadelphia and Germantown have already a secure place in my affections, and cannot lose it.—Always affectionately yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To Sydney Buxton, M.P.*

3 WILTON STREET, *March* 25, 1887.

MY DEAR SYDNEY—I am refusing every invitation to lecture and to make addresses this year, or I shall never establish my freedom. It is the duty of a public man to appear in public, and he has many compensations; but I am not a public man, and the "saying a few words," which to a public man seems the most natural thing in the world, is to me an artificial and unnatural performance, quite out of my line.—Ever yours affectionately, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To the Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman.*

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM,
SURREY, *April* 25, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. TUCKERMAN—Your verses touch with feeling a matter of real and sad concern.

We made acquaintance at Stockbridge with some relations of yours; one of them, Miss Emily Tuckerman, became quite a friend of mine, as we botanised together. I asked about you, and found you were abroad.

I have sometimes talked of ending my days in Florence, but somehow when it comes to uprooting myself from my cottage and garden here, I cannot do it. But I think Florence the most beautiful place I know, and I hope to see it again before long. You may be sure I shall not come there without endeavouring to see you and Mrs. Tuckerman.

The Delanos[1] are now in London, and I hope to call on them the first day I go up there.

[1] Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Delano, at whose house on the banks of the Hudson he passed several days.

Lucy is not quite well informed as to the American rules for sending cards, but I am sure she has retained, as have we all, the pleasantest remembrances of our meeting with you, and would much like to meet you again.—Believe me, most truly yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To George W. E. Russell.*

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
*April* 28, 1887.

MY DEAR GEORGE—I am going to Aston Clinton on Wednesday 4th, and must return to my forsaken ones here on Friday 6th.

Besides, —— would certainly say, if I dined with you again, that it was because not a bone was left in the cupboard in Grub Street.[1]

We have designs on you for a Sunday here, but Mrs. Arnold will write.—Ever yours affectionately,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To Mrs. Forster.*

COBHAM, *May* 12, 1887.

MY DEAREST K.—I do wish you were more within reach, but I will certainly try to have two or three days with you before you leave Fox How. I was always fond of Tilberthwaite and Yewdale, and now I shall be fonder of them than ever because you found abundance of flowers there. I have just ordered a fly, that we may take Fan to see a thoroughly good cowslip field, which I know she likes. It is a beautiful moment, the pear and cherry

[1] M. A.'s letters in *Friendship's Garland* purport to be written from Grub Street.

blossom are abundant, and so will the lilac and laburnum blossom be in another week. But I wish it were brighter, or that we could have a few hours' rain. It is dull, and the wind is in the north. However, we had some rain on Saturday night, and we get so little in May generally that we may be thankful for that. We are going on a road to-day where the nightingales sing continually. You do not know what you lose by living out of the hearing of nightingales. I got a chill in going to Aston Clinton on Saturday, and have had a troublesome swelled face; however, it is better now, but it spoiled my enjoyment of one of the most beautiful days I ever saw, which was last Sunday. We drove to Chequers, a place in the midst of the Chilterns—hills crowned with beech woods, with combes full of box, and pure green spaces here and there among the box; one of these, Velvet Lawn, belongs to Chequers, and is so beautiful that people come from a distance to visit it. The owner, a young Mr. Astley, is seventh in direct descent from Cromwell, his ancestor having married one of Cromwell's daughters, and they have many memorials of the Protector—his sword, his christening clothes, and the only authentic miniature of him, done by Cooper for his daughter. In spite of my swelled face I enjoyed Chequers. Cyril Flower, who married Constance Rothschild, was full of politics. He is one of the Gladstonian whips, the other being Arnold Morley. He has kept friends with Chamberlain, but says that the feeling against him on their side of the House is intense, and that his following is very small, the strong man being Lord Hartington. This is, of course, true, but I think the man with a future is Chamberlain. I have promised to go to the House one night with Cyril Flower, to dine there with him, and go through the whole thing. He says he can probably get me into the diplomatic

gallery, where one is in comfort. It is years since I was in the House, and I should like to see the corps of Irish members as they now are. I hope they will not be always what they are now. Of course, you are quite right in saying that local government with these men to administer it is no pleasant prospect. But I think if their violence and disorder were fairly confronted and broken, and at the same time good measures were introduced, there would be a change in them. However, very cautious proceeding is requisite. But the Castle and its system are as surely doomed as Protestant ascendency. Lord Emly has been greatly pleased with my article.[1] He says the Pope is ready and willing to be dealt with, but the Government must frankly deal with him. Now I must get ready for going out. My love to Francie, and congratulations on the success of *St. Ignatius*.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

*To C. E. Norton.*

Fox How, Ambleside,
*August* 31, 1887.

My dear Norton—You will have received a little note from me, written to introduce a certain Perry, a devotee of casts from the antique; but that is no reason why I should not answer your letter just arrived. I am going to take Fred Whitridge a turn upon Loughrigg. I wonder if you remember the Fell behind this house; it stretches for several miles, and is the most delightful walking imaginable. The county is full of tourists—how many years is it since you came over here from Lowood?—but they keep on the roads and lakes, and you may wander over Loughrigg without meeting a soul. Ashfield is very pleasant to remember, and the newly bought hill where

[1] "Up to Easter," *Nineteenth Century*, May 1887.

we found the "Creeping shallon" and learnt the name of the Roman wormwood; also the long drive afterwards, when the *Fillium* was found. I had some bad attacks of pain while I was with you, the worst I had in America, the worst I have ever had; but when they were not on I enjoyed myself, and your country, greatly. The streams I saw in that long drive with the Curtises (remember me affectionately to them) were the most satisfactory and natural I saw in America; that drive was altogether beautiful. And how is your poor invalid, Mr. Field? remember me most kindly to him and his wife. We have had a long dry summer, but this county is as green as emerald and never too hot. I have been for a week in Yorkshire, in Wensleydale—a county of purple moors and great castles—Richmond, Bolton, Middleham. Why do you not come over more, and Curtis too? It is as you get older that you feel more and more the charm of this old civilisation and history. I heard of your eldest boy in Switzerland, but young America does very well at home, and is sufficient to itself; it is men like you, and Curtis, and MacVeagh (what a charming fellow he is!), who should come over. I am very much better; but have to be careful in going uphill; but directly I got on board the steamer and snuffed the Atlantic breezes I seemed to begin to mend, and have been mending ever since. I do not know whether I shall do any more poetry, but it is something to be of use in prose, and by coming out from time to time as the organ of "the body of quiet reasonable people," I believe I do some good. You will probably see the *Nineteenth Century* when you get back to Boston, and my remarks[1] on Godkin's testi-

[1] "From Easter to August," *Nineteenth Century*, September 1887; in reply to "American Opinion on the Irish Question," by E. L. Godkin, *Nineteenth Century*, August 1887.

mony. MacVeagh astonished Sir Charles Russell, Gladstone's Attorney-General, and a very able Irishman, by boldly maintaining at a dinner-party in London that nine out of ten of the men he himself habitually lived with thought Gladstone's policy wrong. Russell was at once astonished and furious. And now, you see, one of the Bunsens is speaking to the like effect from Germany.

Every one agrees with you as to Froude and Carlyle, but there is no doubt that one of the bad effects of Froude's extraordinary proceedings has been to tire people of Carlyle, and disincline them from occupying themselves any more with him, for the present at any rate. We all send love to you, Sally, and the dear boys. My sister wishes to be most kindly remembered to you, and would be glad to see you here again. Lucy sails for New York at the beginning of October; do not be in New York without going to see her.—Ever yours affectionately, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To George W. E. Russell*

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
*November* 10, 1887.

MY DEAR GEORGE—Only imagine poor Sichel writing the whole Christmas number of the *World*; well indeed may he desire a change! I would sooner be body-servant to the Hyrcanian tiger. I remember Sichel perfectly, and wish him very well, but to get him into partnership with a publisher is a pure business matter in which I can be of no use at all; his lawyer or a business friend are the people to go to. A man called Butler has just left the Education Department to join Rivington, and my nephew was with Bentley—but how they managed it, I have no notion. Introduce

Walter Sydney Sichel, author of [illegible]

Sichel to this and that publisher I can, but for the purpose of getting a book brought out, not of getting taken into the house.—Ever yours affectionately,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## *To George de Bunsen.*

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, CORHAM, SURREY,
*Christmas Eve*, 1887.

MY DEAR GEORGE BUNSEN—I know by experience how trustworthy your information is, and I want to fortify myself with it in a matter where I am rather vague. The editor of one of the Conservative reviews has begged me to give him an article on Disestablishment in Wales.[1] A number of the Conservatives are becoming very reasonable, and this editor thinks they will be willing to hear reason about the Establishment in Wales from me. The Liberal party has no idea beyond that of disestablishing the Church and secularising its funds, the old-fashioned Tories have no idea beyond that of keeping things as they are. I am anxious that the endowments should remain for religion, that the Episcopalians should keep the cathedrals, since in the cathedral towns the Episcopalians are in a majority, but that the Nonconformists, who are all of the Presbyterian form of worship, should have the churches and endowments, for that Presbyterian form, where they are in majority, as in many of the country districts. I know what is done in France, but this will not weigh much with people here. But I feel sure that in Protestant Germany, Establishment follows population, if I may so speak—that is, when you come in Saxony, for instance, to a town which is Catholic, the Catholics ha

[1] In the *National Review*, March

churches and are salaried by the State, just as, also, they have the public schools. What I am not sure of, is the manner in which this is accomplished; who decides that the Catholics shall have the churches and the stipends, and who satisfies this deciding authority that the Catholics are the majority? Tell me this, and you will do me a service.

As to appointment, I think I remember that the locality presents two or three names, and that one of these names is chosen by the Church authority—in Protestant parishes, at any rate. But who appoints where there are endowments left to trustees—or are there no such endowments?

Forgive my troubling you with these questions. Remember me most kindly to your wife, and to the daughter whom we have the pleasure to know, and believe me, dear George Bunsen, ever affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

A happy Christmas to you all.

*To Lady de Rothschild.*

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
*January* 4, 1888.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—I ought not to come, for I have engaged to make a discourse at Hull on the 31st inst., concerning Life in America—a very ticklish subject—and I meant to compose my discourse[1] during the week of the 27th. But I *cannot* refuse you twice, so Mrs. Arnold and I, who were going to Dick at Manchester on the 30th, from whence I shall go on to Hull on the 31st, will come to you on the 27th, and go on from you to Manchester on Monday the 30th, if you will keep us till that day.

[1] "Civilisation in the United States," *Nineteenth Century*, April 1888.

You know how I like to think of your reading what I write. In this article on Shelley[1] I have spoken of his life, not his poetry. Professor Dowden was too much for my patience.[2]

My love to Constance and Cyril, and believe me, affectionately yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## *To George de Bunsen.*

COBHAM, SURREY, *January* 8, 1888.

MY DEAR GEORGE BUNSEN—What you have told me is very valuable. But, as you kindly give me leave, I shall add a question or two. Did the settlement at the Peace of Münster give the Church property to Lutherans and Catholics only—to Lutherans in the Protestant regions, and to Catholics in the Catholic? Was there no recognition of the Calvinist Church? And cannot the United Church, in which the late King and his father took so much interest, enjoy stipends which, until the new form arose, were belonging to the Lutheran Church only?

Did the settlement after the Thirty Years' War recognise provinces only as generally Protestant or Catholic, and make no provision for isolated localities when the religion was not that of the province generally? For instance, I think some one told me, as we passed Bautzen in the train, that it was a Catholic place, and that the Catholic Church was rich there; but it is in a Protestant province. Have its Catholics, then, no endowments or stipends from the State?

I understand you to say that the State has taken possession of the Church property generally and pays stipends in lieu of it. But does not the Church,

[1] "Shelley," *Nineteenth Century*, January 1888.

[2] *The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, by Edward Dowden, LL.D. 1889.

Catholic or Protestant, retain its property in some parts of Germany.

I was taken by Baron von Canitz near Görlitz, to visit the pastor of his village, whom I had heard in church previously. How is such a pastor appointed? I know how a schoolmaster is, but am not sure whether the *Gemeinde* has any voice in the appointment of a *Pfarrer*.

You say that the existing religions were recognised after the Peace of Münster, although the majority cannot now alter the dispositions then made of endowments. But, at any rate the majority, the facts, determined those original dispositions. In England they never did; but the State devised a form supposed to be one in which all reasonable people could meet, and gave the endowments to that form only.

I am much interested in the reappearance of the name of Arnold in your son's family. You must make me acquainted with that son when you next come to London,—and from London, I hope, to Cobham. Come soon, and believe me, with kindest regards to your wife and daughter, and with cordial thanks to you for letting me learn of you, ever affectionately yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To the Same.*

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
*January* 19, 1888.

MY DEAR GEORGE BUNSEN—I cannot enough thank you for the trouble you have taken and for the information which you have given me, and I promise that the two questions I am now going to ask shall be my last.

1. I find "es sollte der Besiz der kirchlichen Stift-

ungen, Kirchen, etc., der Religionspartei bleiben welche sich 1 Jan. 1624 im Besiz befunden."

But you say that the majority's faith did not determine the disposition, but the ruler's faith. Surely the German words I have quoted seem to show that the *community* using the Churches was to keep them.

2. On the principle *cujus regio, ejus religio*—how is it that the Protestants in Saxony have the endowments when the King is Catholic?

A postcard to your brother Ernest was put up with your letter to me, and I posted it to Ernest.—Ever yours affectionately, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*P.S.*—You see the point at which I drive is this: In Germany the persuasion of the community governs the disposition of the endowments. In Wales, or in a great part of Wales, it does not.

## *To his Elder Daughter.*

COBHAM, *February* 12, 1888.

MY DARLING LUCY—I had thought of giving up my letter for this week, I am so busy with an article promised to the Tory review, the *National*, but I told mamma that I found it would do me good to scratch a line to you, only it must be a short one. Well, my darling, and so we are to see you in April, and the Midget too; how delightful! I love to hear of the sayings and doings of my Midget; I pity Fred for losing her, hardly less than for losing you; but he will know that you are both of you in a climate better for you than that of New York. It was very kind of Fred to telegraph to me about the Milton address[1]; I will send

[1] At the unveiling of a memorial window to Milton, in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, February 13, 1888.

it straight to Gilder to-morrow, after I have delivered it. I hate delivering things, and I hate to have a subject found for me instead of occurring of itself to my mind; still, I think the Milton will read pretty well in print. Nelly is in London, with the Deacons; I shall see her at the function at St. Margaret's Church to-morrow, where mamma is going up with me. How I wish my Lulu was to be there too; my faithful follower at Brooklyn, the first time I succeeded in making myself heard. I have just finished reading the *Pioneers* aloud to mamma and Nelly; a good deal of it is boring, but it is wonderful how the topography and manners gain in interest by having been in the country; the country described in the novel is round the Owego lake, in western New York; I cannot find it in the map, but it must be near Binghampton, where I have lectured, and where I insisted, though they thought me mad, in going out in the awful cold, when I arrived just before dark, in order to see the youthful Susquehanna. I am reading to myself the latter volumes of G. Sand's correspondence, and find them so interesting that I shall write an article on "the old age of George Sand." We have regular March weather here; cold north and north-east wind, and sometimes a sprinkle of snow, but the thermometer never below 30, and up to 35 in the day-time. In the north of England they have had heavy snow and severe cold; thermometer at Fox How down to 6, the lowest I ever heard of there. Now I must stop, and if you knew how my article pressed me you would say, "Poor old papa, it was not bad of him to write me even this stupid scrap of a letter!"

Love to Fred.—Always your own PAPA.

I send you two notes, one of Froude, one of Millais, because they may be useful to you as autographs, if you have autograph-collecting friends.

## *To Mrs. Coates.*

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
*February* 24, 1888.

DEAR MRS. COATES—We were all glad to hear of you. The weather here reminds me of our first visit to America, we are so wintry; not that we have more than two or three degrees of frost, but we have that day after day, and driving showers of sleet, though it does not lie, and a north-east wind which dries one up. How kind you were to us both in winter and summer! My remembrance of our last visit and of your tulip-trees and maples I shall never lose.

I had a special reason for writing about Tolstoi,[1] because of his religious ideas; in general I do not write about the literary performances of living contemporaries or contemporaries only recently dead. Therefore I am not likely to write about Tourguenieff, though I admire him greatly, and am going to read two of his novels this very year.

I think you will have been interested by a review I lately wrote of the *Life of Shelley*. I believe you get sight of the contents of the English periodicals not unfrequently, although my daughter in New York writes me word that there is difficulty about it, and begs me to send her any periodical I want her to see direct from England. And when are you coming over here? We are not likely to go again to America, the climate tried my heart too much the last time, so we are the more desirous that our friends should come over here.

We all three, Mrs. Arnold, Nelly, and I, send affectionate remembrances to Mr. Coates, Alice, and yourself; think of me when the tulip-tree comes into blossom in June, and believe me, dear Mrs. Coates, your affectionate friend, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

[1] "Count Leo Tolstoi," *Fortnightly Review*, December 1887.

## *To his Elder Daughter.*

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
*March* 3, 1888.

MY DARLING LUCY—We have had your charming long letter this morning. I like to have you pleased with your warm house, but I wish you had not to write your pleasure in it from your bed, to which you are confined with a cold. I went over the other day to dine and sleep at the Durdans, Lord Rosebery's, and very pleasant it was—the house the warmest I have found in England. But they all had colds, and that pretty little Peggy, whom Millais painted, has inflammation of the lungs. Lady Rosebery says she doubts whether the warm houses are expedient in this climate, and Lord Rosebery declares that he has ascertained that furs are not. But it is a delightful house, and I found him very pleasant company—so pleasant that I did not regret having driven the five miles into Leatherhead in the teeth of a bitter east wind. We have none of us had a cold, so we can match you. We have Alice Benson[1] with us, which is very pleasant; and Nelly's London friends invite her so faithfully that she need never be at home if she did not like; but she is a very good girl; I don't think any father ever had two girls who were quite so good in going out walks with him as you and Nelly; you both do it as if you liked it. We have quite fallen back into our old way of using the park as if it were our own; we took Ally there yesterday, and she was perfectly delighted; the lake is all frozen, but the ice is rotten. The weather has been curious; no rain, and only a slight occasional flurry of snow which does not lie; the thermometer at about 30 in the

[1] His wife's niece.

night and 34 in the day-time; but a persistent north-east wind. However, the glass is falling at last. I long to have the Midget here; I am quite sure the moderate cold will do her no harm—nay, will do her good if she is warmly clothed. I sent you an absurd newspaper which sells much at railway stations, because I thought the Midget might be interested in the picture of me; mamma thinks it very *weak*-looking, but upon my part I am well pleased to be made to look amiable.—Your ever loving PAPA.

## *To Miss Arnold.*

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, *April* 10, 1888.

MY DEAREST FAN—. . . We have since had a telegram from Fred to say they all went off by the *Aurania* safe and well on Saturday afternoon. They can hardly be at Liverpool before next Sunday evening. Both of them say the baby is more fascinating than ever. We have a flock of sheep—Southdowns, with fine black-faced lambs—in the paddock; what a sight for the Midget!

I had a pleasant visit at Wilton,[1] which is a place of immense interest and beauty. Goschen was in good spirits, as one might expect. I found Lady Charles Beresford enthralled by *Robert Elsmere*, tell Mary; and Lady Hilda Brodrick has promised to introduce her to Mary. Goschen had read only one volume yet. The rest at Wilton had not begun it, but were all meaning to read it. George Russell was here a day or two ago; he was staying at Aston Clinton with Gladstone, and says it is all true about his interest in the book: he talked of it incessantly, and said he thought he should review it for Knowles. They had

[1] Lord Pembroke's house near Salisbury.

it at Wilton that the book was by a sister of mine; by *you*, that is!

Now I must stop. The Bishop of Salisbury and Mrs. Wordsworth dined at Wilton, and I had Mrs. W. on one side of me; she spoke with warm affection of Lucy Selwyn—indeed of Mary too—but Lucy Selwyn in particular.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

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On the 14th of April Matthew Arnold left Cobham and went to Liverpool, where he hoped next day to meet his elder daughter on her arrival from America. That meeting never took place. He died suddenly on Sunday afternoon, April 15, 1888, having lived sixty-five years and three months.

To have known him, to have loved him, to have had a place in his regard, is

"Part of our life's unalterable good."

THE END

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